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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled Marjorie Pickthall: Selected Short Stories A Critical Introduction and Bibliography submitted by James Holroyd in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

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ABSTRACT

Marjorie Pickthall (1883-1922) was a prolific and popular early twentieth-century Canadian writer. Although a few of her poems still appear in anthologies, her short stories are completely overlooked. Pickthall the short story writer's absence from Canadian literary history results, I believe, from a number of factors: her decision to publish in magazines; her reputation as a poet; her gender-defined position as a writer of "feminine" sensibilities. The primary reason, however, stems from her refusal to write mimetic fiction, not from her inability to write ironic realist fiction, but from her decision not to.

Aware of the suffering in the world around her, Pickthall addresses the bankruptcy of the human spirit in the chaotic world of the early part of our century. Because hers is an affirmative, albeit idealistic, vision, the result is not a close-up of the underbelly of the world; while voicing her criticism of the inhumanity of one person towards another, her stories inevitably turn towards the desires of the human spirit for kindness, compassion, trust and a certain abstract ideal of beauty. Pickthall's is a distinct voice in early twentieth-century Canadian short fiction which should not be lost.

This thesis consists of three parts: an examination of her place in Canadian literary history and a critical introduction to her short fiction; a selection of her stories; and an authoritative bibliography listing the publication history of her stories. As the previous bibliographies of her short fiction are incomplete and plagued with errors, I hope that this work will make Pickthall's writing more easily accessible.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION TO STORIES 1

2. TEXTUAL NOTE 38

3. SELECTED STORIES

The Prisoner	40
Sergeant Africa	46
The Closed Door	53
House To Let	58
The Abiding City	64
The Worker In Sandalwood	71
Larrabie's Tree	75
Luck	83
Thirty Below	90
The Third Generation	97
The Men Who Climbed	104
A Great Temptation	111
The Stove	119
The Fisher of the Moon	126

4. NOTES ON STORIES 132

5. INTRODUCTION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY 133

6. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SHORT STORIES

SECTION I	142
SECTION II	159
SECTION III	161
SECTION IV	171

7. THESIS BIBLIOGRAPHY 173

INTRODUCTION

Marjorie Lowry Christie Pickthall (1883-1922) was a prolific and popular early twentieth-century Canadian writer, whose imaginative writings won her wide and enthusiastic acclaim during her lifetime. She published two collections of poetry and several novels; she wrote well over two hundred short stories and published a significant number of these in the leading British and American journals of her day. Angels' Shoes, a collection of twenty-three of her stories, was posthumously edited by her father and published by a British press. Even though she was placed on a pedestal, titled not only as "the flawless poet" but also as "Canada's Chief poet" (Logan 5), touted as a "genius" and as "the mistress of one of the rarest gifts of prose expression it has been this country's good fortune to witness, much less to claim" (Wilson 185), the name of Marjorie Pickthall has all but disappeared from the canon of Canadian literature. Being a writer of Victorian sentiments in the era of the rise of modernism, Pickthall has been summarily dismissed as having been behind the times. Although a few of her poems still appear in anthologies, her stories are completely overlooked. It is in response to "the trouncing of Marjorie Pickthall" (Murray 81), that I put forward this collection of short stories.

Marjorie Pickthall was born in Gunnersbury, Middlesex, England. The family moved several times during the first six years of Pickthall's life, each move providing her with access to rich, succulent flower gardens. The influence of these gardens on Pickthall's aesthetic sensibility is evidenced by the number of sumptuous descriptions of nature one finds in her stories. From early on in her childhood, Pickthall enjoyed being by herself. She delighted in wandering about fields and gardens, immersing herself in the beauty of the tame English countryside. Not having many playmates, she peopled the landscape with an array of fanciful pixies and fairies, and cultivated the friendship of several imaginary friends: "Belinda, Matilda, Annie and Susie, [and] . . .

a lone boy Reggie" (Pierce 2). These friends undoubtedly travelled with the Pickthalls as they moved to Toronto in 1889, where Marjorie's father, Arthur C. Pickthall (who later became her literary executor), pursued a career as an engineer. (This latter fact likely influenced Pickthall's novel The Bridge, whose protagonist is an engineer.) She grew up amidst middle class comfort and attended Bishop Strachan School, a private girls' school. Her attendance was irregular because of frequent bouts of illness,[1] but her sporadic attendance seemed to matter little to her, as she was highly motivated in pursuing her own academic interests. Pickthall spent much of her time studying piano, drawing and reading. Her diary indicates that she was drawn to the Victorian English and the nineteenth-century American writers: Scott, Arnold, Ruskin, Kipling, Conrad, and Poe. The classical allusions in her poetry reveal her interest in, and study of, Greek and Roman mythology.

Pickthall began writing and publishing at an early age. In a diary entry dated February 13, 1897, she gleefully declares that she has won a short story contest sponsored by the Children's Friend (Pierce 14). Later in 1897 she sold her story "Two Ears" to the Toronto Globe.[2] She submitted the same story to a competition sponsored by the Mail and Empire in the year 1900. She won the prize not only for the best story, but also for the best poem.

The poem, "O Keep the World Forever at Dawn," although written so early on in her writing career, exemplifies the thematic concerns central to much of her poetry. The poem is resplendent with images of jewels and flowers. The ephemeral nature of this splendor emphasizes the incompatibility of beauty with the passage of time. The appeal to "Keep fast the half-seen beauties of the rose/In undisturbed repose;/ [to] Check all the iris buds when they unfold," to ". . . keep the world for ever at dawn./Ere yet the opals, cobweb strung, have dried," is an expression of the desire to stop the

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[1] Pierce does not specify the nature of these bouts of illness.
[2] Pierce quotes this short story in its entirety: pages 27-30.

passage of time (ll. 1-2, 25-27). The poem describes an "imagined life [that] is like a Chinese box which opens upon the pleasure of half seen beauty, a pleasure which, in turn opens to a further contemplation of beauty and excludes all else" (Kizuk 17). The poem is a series of "rosy panels of stained glass illuminated not by the plain light of day, but from within. Her poetic expresses neither a form of knowledge nor a search for truth, but, rather, it presents a completely self-sufficient world of fabulous beauty" (Kizuk 17).

1908 and 1909 were productive years for Pickthall. In 1908 she won a short story contest in East and West, a young people's paper published by the Presbyterian Church. In these two years she published approximately twenty-nine poems,[3] in addition to over sixty short stories, many of which appeared in magazines for children. In this time she also published the third of her books for children, Billy's Hero; or The Valley of Gold. The story, like her earlier two books for children, Dick's Desertion; A Boy's Adventures in the Canadian Forests (1905) and The Straight Road (1906), narrates the harrowing tale of a young male who,

> isolated by orphanhood or financial straits, is forced to undertake a journey, during which he must solve a trying problem; its solution, through a combination of luck ("Providence"), a new spiritual and moral rectitude, and a fresh sense of duty, leads to his re-integration into the family or society. (MacGillivray 648)

This prolific period ended suddenly in the spring of 1910 when the trauma of her mother's death shattered the peaceful environment of the Pickthall home: "The future looks so lonely now that it does not seem worth stretching out one's hand to pick that dead-sea fruit" (letter to Helen Coleman dated Nov. 29, 1910).[4] The deep bouts of

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[3]The number of poems published in this period is taken from Pierce's bibliography, which, if anything like his listing of her short stories, is likely to be somewhat erroneous.

[4]Helen Coleman is the niece of Helena Coleman.

melancholy that followed her mother's death significantly slowed her literary output for several years.

Pickthall sought employment in an attempt to pull out of her melancholy state. She found work in the library of Victoria College at the University of Toronto, assisting Professor A. E. Lang in compiling an annual bibliography of Canadian poetry. It is during this time that she established connections with, and received encouragement from some of the members of the Canadian literary establishment: Professor Pelham Edgar, Sir Andrew MacPhail (editor of The University Magazine at McGill University), and Helena Coleman. As a result of the success of both her stories and poems in British and American journals, and the encouragement from her literary friends, Pickthall decided that she would attempt to support herself through her writing. She realized, however, that to accomplish this rigorous undertaking she would have to improve her physical health. To this end she journeyed in December, 1912 to London, England to rest in the care of her uncle, Dr. Mallard.

While Pickthall resided in London, her first volume of verse, Drift of Pinions, was published through McGill University Press and marketed through The University Magazine. The impulse behind this mode of publishing was, according to the publisher, "to print in Canada, and publish a book of Canadian verse which will be a valuable accession not only to Canadian literature, but to literature in general" (Logan 36). The edition of 1000 sold out in ten days and was a significant factor in establishing Pickthall's reputation as a poet.

Seeking the seclusion she needed to facilitate her writing, Pickthall, with her cousin Miss Edith Whillier, spent the summers of 1913 to 1919 in a quaint cottage at Bowerchalke. Here in the quiet repose of the English countryside, far from the tensions plaguing the rest of Europe, Pickthall wrote her first novel, Little Hearts, a romance set in early eighteenth century England. The following excerpt from an overly zealous review in the Morning Post provides a measure of its popular reception:

> It is a beautiful story, written in a style . . . which catches that rare and real charm of Eighteenth Century English. . . . If she never writes another novel the author is sure of her place in the hierarchy of English letters. It is like finding a water-lily in the mud-and-water of a war trench to chance on such a large and still book . . . in these dark and troubled days of confused existence. (Pierce 84)

Despite Pickthall's attempts to seclude herself, she could not escape the "dark and troubl[ing]" presence of the war. The following description, written by one of her companions, indicates that Pickthall was deeply bothered by the chaos and senseless death:

> When news came of the first gassing of the Canadians in the War we walked over the hills all day. I think we didn't talk at all. We lay down on a hillside at last, and there were heaps of little brown-and-white snail-shells everywhere. She fashioned a grave of the shells, pushing the tiniest on to the tops of grassblades, so that all the tall grasses hung their heads like mourners about the grave. Then she got up and went home, not speaking at all. (Pierce 94)

This symbolic action is interesting for what it reveals about Pickthall's process of dealing with horrific and tragic events, a process that defines the tone and narrative structure of a number of her short stories. Pickthall creates a miniature, imaginative world where the beauty of nature somehow redeems the horrific actions of men.

Pickthall felt that the beauty of human creation, not the ugliness of human destruction, should be the subject matter of art. In a letter dated April 21, 1915, she declares that, "This war is a heavier weight daily; I won't write of it." As the war progressed, she became less able to concentrate on her work: "One can't write with the heart and the brain on the racks. I must do something." Not being able to write, nor being satisfied with symbolic actions, Pickthall attempted to contribute to the war effort. She trained to be an ambulance driver, and worked in some large vegetable gardens, but each of these activities proved to be too physically demanding. She also worked as an assistant librarian in the South Kensington Meteorological Office; however, trouble with her eyes limited this employment.

In the spring of 1920 she returned to Toronto to visit her father. At the invitation of Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Pickthall ventured to the west coast to resume her writing career. She completed The Bridge, a rather problematic novel that she had begun while in England, and published numerous short stories and poems. She also wrote her play The Wood Carver's Wife, which had a successful run at the Hart House Theatre, University of Toronto. In 1922 this prolific period came to a sudden end; Pickthall died on April 19 from complications after a routine operation. Her death shocked the Canadian literary community. The numerous eulogies, including the tribute given by Duncan Campbell Scott in his presidential address to the Royal Society of Canada, mourned the loss of this unique poetic voice.[5]

Following her death, her father was instrumental in the publication of a number of collections of her works. The Wood Carver's Wife and Other Poems appeared in 1922 with an introduction by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Angels' Shoes was published in 1923, followed by the poorly edited Complete Poems of Marjorie Pickthall in 1927.

Even though the Canadian literary community valued Pickthall as a poet more than as a prose writer, the literary standards of the journals in which her short stories appeared indicate that a number of reputable editors considered her a competent writer of short prose. Pickthall managed to have her stories published in the prestigious University of Toronto publication, The Canadian Magazine. The list of writers who contributed to this magazine constitutes a "who's who" of significant writers of late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Canadian short fiction: Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Duncan Campbell Scott, Charles G. D. Roberts, Lucy Maud

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[5]See Logan p. 38, and Pierce pp. 145-53.

Montgomery. The magazine also published authors of international reputation: Joseph Conrad, for example.

As the opportunities for publishing short stories in Canadian periodicals were so limited, Pickthall, like many of her contemporaries, turned to the American magazine market. She published a number of stories in what Frank Luther Mott, in his study A History of American Magazines, has termed the "great," "distinguished" American magazines: The Century Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Weekly Magazine. Contemporary writers who published their stories in The Century Magazine include Willa Cather, Katherine Porter, Theodore Dreiser, Katherine Mansfield, H.L. Mencken, Stephen Leacock and Sinclair Lewis. Mott notes that Gertrude Battles, the editor from 1911-1941 of Woman's Home Companion, another magazine to which Pickthall contributed, "was recognized as one of the greatest woman editors of her generation" (769). Although the magazine's title might suggest to some critics a rag containing formulaic pulp fiction, Pickthall was in good company in the Woman's Home Companion. Writers such as Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Ellen Glasglow, John Galsworthy, and F. Scott Fitzgerald also published their works in it. A similar list of prestigious names could be made for Collier's, The National Weekly, The Metropolitan Magazine and McClure's Magazine, all of which featured Pickthall's work.

Having published her stories in prestigious American magazines, Pickthall caught the attention of the American critic Edward J. O'Brien (1890-1941). Although none of her stories appeared in his annual collections of short stories, Best Short Stories of 1914, 1915 etc., he lists a number of her stories in his "Roll of Honor," a list at the back of each collection. The "Roll of Honor" is composed of stories which O'Brien saw as "render[ing] life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form" and demonstrating a "distinction of technique" and a "persuasive sense of life" (O'Brien, Boston Evening Transcript). Between the years 1915 and 1926, he lists

fifty-four of her stories, of which four received three stars, five two stars, and thirty-four one star. Other writers whose stories O'Brien asserts, "may fairly claim a position in American literature" include notable Canadian writers: Raymond Knister, Gilbert Parker, and Lucy Maud Montgomery, as well as important British and American writers: Katherine Mansfield, D.H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Pickthall's stories were included in the first two significant anthologies of Canadian short fiction. Raymond Knister's Canadian Short Stories (1928), contains her story "The Stove." Robert Weaver heralds Knister's work as a "superbly edited" anthology which "summed up the achievements made in the short story form during the preceding decades . . ." (753). Desmond Pacey included Pickthall's story "The Worker in Sandalwood" in his 1947 anthology, A Book of Canadian Stories. Weaver describes this as "the most influential anthology of the post-war period" (753).[6] In his introduction, Pacey says that even though Pickthall's stories lack a certain "degree of authenticity," they "have much to commend them." He points to "a rich and modulated style, some fairly acute and subtle psychological analysis, and a careful portrayal of atmosphere and environment" (xxv). "The Worker in Sandalwood" he says "is a story suffused with tenderness and pathos, with simple piety and reverence [;] it is the sincere and striking impression of a distinctive personality" (xxv).

Yet, despite her inclusion in Canadian and American magazines, and her inclusion in several important anthologies, the Canadian critical community has dismissed Pickthall's short fiction. Why?

Pickthall, like most of her contemporaries, experienced the general prejudice against short fiction. The Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature notes that "writers [of short fiction] who began their careers in the twenties and thirties" experienced "only

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[6]In his description of the anthology, Weaver erroneously asserts that Pickthall was not a prolific short story writer.

minimal enthusiasm" on the part of publishers. "While the work of novelists in this period received feeble though steady support through book publication, serious short fiction, on the whole, was apparently thought unworthy" (753). In his study of the development of the Canadian and New Zealand short story, W. H. New explains this devaluing of the short story form through a comparison of the mediums of the book and the magazine. He describes how the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century viewed the magazine as

> a functional and popular vehicle for art--hence somehow, seemingly, a less than respectable one, a form of corruption that has taken a high art and brought it low, though many magazines have served art well. A book, by contrast, [came] away as an act of artistic respectability . . . . A book . . . [was] claimed as a "complete" unit, an "autonomous" text --explicitly pointing to the fact that the short story, as physically published, [was] usually only one element in a larger collection of some sort . . . and implicitly suggesting that it [was] therefore of lesser substance than a "book/novel" and incapable itself of expressing the "wholeness" which mankind desires. (17-18)

Another significant element behind the dismissal of Pickthall's prose stems, I believe, directly from her reputation as a poet. An essay entitled "Maker of Songs" states that "although her short stories may be seen from time to time in the monthly magazines [,] it is as a poet that Miss Pickthall comes most surely into her own." In a letter to Ann Elizabeth Wilson, Pickthall, shortly before her death, expresses frustration over this fact: "In Canada I am regarded as a writer of verse only, although I do not quite know why" (Wilson 185). This sentiment is expanded upon in an existing working draft of the same letter: "To my knowledge there is no information about my prose. You see, Canada has always persisted in regarding me as a verse writer only, while any name I have managed to make by some years of hard work for London and New York publications has been made almost entirely in prose."

The predominance of the idea that Pickthall was only a poet is clear from comments made about her prose. They all assert that its most praiseworthy element is its "poetic quality." These comments range from the quite subtle--"her mastery of [her

poetry] has tremendously aided in the perfection and enlargement of [her prose]" (Wilson 185)--to the quite blatant--"Even when writing prose, Marjorie Pickthall remains before all else a poet" (Anonymous obituary). In a review of her novel in the Canadian Home Journal, the reviewer puts forward a limp, ambiguous comment about the elements of prose in her work and then falls back onto the standard reference to her poetry: "The Bridge is unusual in both plot and characterization, and, although called 'A Story of the Great Lakes' is a poem in its most poignant paragraphs" (Canadian Home Journal, May 1922). In the Canadian Home Journal's review of the posthumous collection of short stories, Angels' Shoes, the writer states that "even in her fiction Miss Pickthall cannot resist the lure of poetry." In a review of the same book in The Canadian Magazine, Florence Deacon Black, after stating that the "strength" of Pickthall's stories " lies in the . . . perfect handling of situations, . . . the sureness and firmness perceptible in the drawing of character, [and] the genuineness of emotion," goes on to erase Pickthall's credentials as a prose writer by saying that the work has value because "some of [the] prose is pure poetry" (509).

That the reviewers of her prose could only praise its "poetic" quality clearly indicates that they found it difficult to see Pickthall as anything but a poet. The tendency to slot a writer into one mode of expression and refuse to acknowledge any other is clearly expressed in an editorial on "Diffuseness" in The Canadian Magazine:

> One lack among Canadian writers is the absence of a definite, steadily pursued aim. When they write they produce something, but it may be a poem, a novel, a short story, a history, or a political pamphlet . . . .
>
> Charles G.D. Roberts . . . has published two volumes of verse, a volume of tales for boys, a history of Canada, the first of a series of three novels, and a Canadian guide book. Then the question naturally arises, 'Is Roberts a poet, a historian, a novelist, or a literary hack?' . . . .
>
> To ensure success a man should have but one vocation . . . . Young Canadians who desire to shine in literature would do well to take this matter into their serious consideration. Tenacity of purpose--which many Canadians lack--should be cultivated. A definite, single aim should be created, and pursued relentlessly, fiercely and untiringly. (qtd. in New 50)

Pickthall was subjected to this kind of criticism from the most ardent supporters of her poetry. In an essay on Pickthall, Sir Andrew MacPhail, the man responsible for the publication of her first book of poetry, states unequivocally that he "did [his] best to restrain her from writing prose." According to MacPhail, "*A poet who can write prose is not a poet* ." Gloating over his power as critic, he quotes Pickthall's response to his regimen: ". . .you seem to be so thoroughly opposed to any prose from me that I had better not [write any]" (Photocopy of an article published in an unknown magazine).

These attempts to discourage Pickthall from writing prose were not, however, simply asserting a hierarchy of genres, but were intricately connected with issues of gender. As long as she stayed in the shrouded gardens of her poetic imagination, the predominantly male literary community was glad to sing her praises. The tone and form of these praises reveal a veiled if not a hidden agenda. Lorne Pierce, for example, in his Book of Remembrance states that the

> Critics and lovers of literature . . . heralded [Pickthall] as a new voice in the halls of the bards. Always shy and sensitive, she found herself led forth by the admiring hands of multitudes of new and fervent admirers. She was startled and became even more reserved. Fame sang beneath her window and she was momentarily thrilled, but when he praised her beauty and her high renown, she timidly drew the curtain. (50)

The passage "she found herself led forth" emphasizes the passivity of this newly discovered voice. The last sentence of this passage describes the transformation of Pickthall from an active creator of art to an art object. "Fame," the celebratory voice of the critical community, comes in the guise of a lover; he praises not the beauty of the creation, but the beauty of the artist. J. D. Logan, in Marjorie Pickthall: Her Poetic Art and Genius, commits the same offence. Although he struggles to stay true to what he sees as the "strict moral regard for the highest standards of criticism," his "heart incites [him] . . . to say of her, as she has said of another . . . 'In her deep eyes all beauty was

made clear'" (5).[7] These critical statements exemplify what Heather Murray, in her essay "Women in the Wilderness," sees as the "most noxious" representation of women writers: the demeaning critical gaze within which the "woman may be seen as . . . [an] art object, but not as an artist herself" (81).

Pickthall was acutely aware of the limitations imposed upon her because of her gender. As an independent woman trying to support herself, she was not fulfilling her socially defined role of wife and mother. In a letter written while in England, Pickthall voices through an imaginary dialogue the pressures she felt (Pickthall is referred to as 'Little Man"):

> '—talk too much, Little Man—'
> '—said to the farmer-chap, I'm a harvester, I didn't come to dig potatoes—'
> '—women could dig potatoes—'
> '—can't do anything, Little Man—'
> '—but I'm perfectly certain they will make a stand on the Hindenburg Line, & we shall never be able to keep up the advance—'
> '—always said what would happen if women tried to do men's work. They will pay the penalty—'
> [. . .]
> '—modern women are bad imitations of men—'
> '—let me catch a baby saying Gug-gug to me, that's all—'
> '—old Mavor caught him smoking gaspers under a hedge—'
> '—yes, I've thought so often—'
> '—unsexed women the peril of England—'
> '—it makes me shudder when I think of the Germans—'
> '—devil's the matter with this sausage? Don't eat it sonny—'
> [. . .]
> '—women managing everything, and damn it all, what's the result? Can't get a decent sausage—'
> '—you'll suffer for this, Little Man.'
> '—awful waste. Four coupons—'
>
> (qtd. in Williamson 169-70)

In a letter to Helena Coleman, she expresses an overwhelming sense of powerlessness: "To me the trying part is being a woman at all. I've come to the ultimate conclusion that I'm a misfit of the worst kind, in spite of a superficial femininity . . . what the deuce

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[7]Logan does not indicate the identity of the ambiguous "another."

are you to make of that?--as a woman? As a man, you could go ahead and stir things up fine" (Pierce 104).

The critical community could not reconcile the "feminine" nature (Logan 19) of Pickthall's poetry with the violent and highly dramatic incidents in her short stories. The latter, being incompatible with a crystal Pickthall figurine, were ignored. Fame came to the window of the short story writer, but the assertive voice bearing the masculine signature M.L.C. Pickthall did not deserve praise for its beauty.

Ironically, while Pickthall was chastised for wasting her time writing stories about adventure in the real world, she was criticized for not being sufficiently realistic. The fact that Pickthall's short stories do not measure up to the dictates of realism is, I believe, the primary reason for Pickthall the prose writer's absence from the canon of Canadian literature. The reasoning behind her exclusion grows clearer when one examines the theoretical framework in which literary historians have plotted the development of Canadian fiction. In Creative Writing in Canada, Desmond Pacey proposes that Canadian fiction has evolved along a linear path from "historical romance" to "regional idyll," on its way to the pinnacle of artistic expression: "realistic fiction." "To the first two of these forms he attributed a lower intrinsic value than to the last . . ." (MacLulich 43).[8] More than a decade later Hugo McPherson reiterates this theory in another of the pillars of the history of Canadian literature: The Literary History of Canada. He esteems writers who "have confronted their experience with critical independence and have recorded their insights with a new subtlety and technical power" (694). Those writers who did not embrace the new trend of realism are condemned because they still "inhabit romantic worlds which have very little to do with the realities of Canadian life" (722).

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[8]I am indebted to MacLulich for his analysis of the relations between Romance and Realism in the development of Canadian literature.

"In the eyes of most Establishment critics, realism seems to be the natural form of prose fiction in Canada, the condition towards which it has evolved by a sort of literary natural selection" (MacLulich 43). This elevation of realism over romance is evident in the way that critics, asserting the credibility of a select number of Pickthall's predecessors and contemporaries, go to great lengths to draw attention to the realistic aspects of the writings they choose to examine. Penny Petrone's introduction to the Selected Stories of Isabella Valency Crawford provides a good example. While spending most of the introduction outlining the aspects of romance in Crawford's writing, Petrone switches gears and asserts that "The last two stories [in the collection] . . . demonstrate [Crawford's] concern for realism at a time when Canadian subject matter was still strongly romantic" (15). She concludes the introduction by claiming that the last story "commands a legitimate place in the annals of the literature of Canada" because of its "historical realism" (16).

A similar example can be found in Lorraine McMullen's introduction to the Selected Short Stories of E. W. Thompson. Even if "the happy endings of most of his stories and the sentimentality of some are not consistent with realism," (xii) she asserts, Thompson was "the most skilled short story teller of his time" because his "observations are based on close observation of life and a genuine love of the common man" (xii). The realistic elements of the fiction are used to excuse the lapses into romance. The close connection implied in the above phrase between a writer making "close observations of life" and his/her exhibiting a "genuine love of mankind" seems to imply that writers of realistic fiction are better able to express "genuine love of mankind." This sort of moral overtone can also be found in S.L. Dragland's introduction to the New Canadian Library edition of D.C. Scott's In the Village of Viger and Other Stories. The introduction concludes with this endorsement of Scott: "By writing honestly about people and places he knew from experience, he helped engineer the revolution to realism in Canadian fiction . . ." (15). From this statement is

one to conclude that those who do not write directly out of their own experience write dishonestly?

Even though the writings of those claimed to be exemplary of the realist mode of fiction have strong characteristics of romance, even though "the mavericks seem . . . to outnumber the mainstream," the elevation of realism over romance has gained such a strong acceptance because critics "have felt, on what appear to be fundamentally moral grounds, that a progression towards realism *ought* to have taken place" (MacLulich 42). The writer is shirking his/her social obligations if he/she does not write mimetic fiction. This theory has resulted in an assumption that equates "realistic fiction" with "serious" fiction, and summarily dismisses "non-realistic fiction" as merely the products of writers pandering to the lowest common denominator of public taste. "Realism and non-realism have been turned into value judgements rather than simply being used as descriptive categories" (MacLulich 42).

Pickthall the short story writer's absence from Canadian literary history results, then, from a number of factors: her decision to publish in magazines; her reputation as a poet; her gender-defined position as a writer of "feminine" sensibilities. The primary reason, however, stems from her refusal to write mimetic fiction, not from her inability to write cynical, ironic realistic fiction, but from her decision not to. Her short stories have been judged by criteria that she did not aspire to fulfill. However, her refusal to fulfill the "moral obligation" placed upon the prose writer in the early part of this century does not negate the fact that she was an extremely popular writer of short fiction.[9]

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[9]Modernist criticism, however, does not value a literature's popularity. Its elevation of the work as object and its diminishing of the role of the reader result in an elitism that makes "popular" an extremely derogatory term. The scope of this subject is, however, far too large for an adequate consideration in this thesis.

The stories in this selection are closely linked thematically. Enlivening each of them are conflicts that test human virtue; most of the stories focus on a life-threatening situation or a period of psychological anguish. Aware of the suffering in the world around her, Pickthall addresses the bankruptcy of the human spirit in the chaotic world of the early part of our century. The result is, however, not a close-up of the underbelly of the world. Pickthall did not adopt the radical pessimism of the early twentieth century. Hers is an affirmative, albeit idealistic, vision. While voicing her criticism of the inhumanity of one person towards another, of one race towards another, her stories inevitably turn towards the desires of the human spirit for kindness, compassion, trust and a certain abstract ideal of beauty.

A number of the stories deal with international political problems. "Sergeant Africa," for example, chronicles the trials of an overly humble African goat herder caught between the battling powers of Germany and England. One of the British officers in the story naively wonders "how the war between Might and Right [could] have stretched out a line from Europe and jerked from the ocean-like fastnesses of his native forests this particularly miserable herring" (46).[10] The story ironically portrays the Europeans marching about Africa as the fish out of water. It criticizes the senseless murdering of the native population by power hungry Europeans, and shows how little their justice system has to do with the land they have invaded.

"The Third Generation" also addresses the problems that white anglo-saxons have caused aboriginal peoples; this story, however, is set in the Canadian North. It shows how the trappers and explorers betrayed the hospitality and generosity that some Indians offered them. Using the metaphor of disease, Pickthall describes how the whites have destroyed the Indian way of life. The protagonist, Bob Lemaire, outlines

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[10] All short story page references refer to the selection in this thesis.

the devastating results of his grandfather's consciously infecting an entire tribe with smallpox:

> ". . . only one family . . . escaped. All the others died; they died as if the Angel of Destruction had come among them with his sword--they died like flies; they died in heaps. And over the bones of the dead the tepees stood for years, ragged, blowing in the winds . . . . No one ever went to that place anymore. It was cursed . . . because of my grandfather." (99)

Pickthall deflates some of the grandeur surrounding the "great white explorer" by linking the words "hero" and "scoundrel." But she is not content just to point a finger of judgement; she emphasizes the collective responsibility that we bear for our forebearer's actions. The protagonist of the story states this emphatically: "As I look at it, we're all responsible" (99).

"The Abiding City," although addressing a different issue--the poverty and the slums in large urban centres--also voices a message of collective responsibility for the suffering around us. The protagonist, Rey Stanwick, discovers that the fortune he is about to inherit was made through slum landlording. He does not blame the poor for their plight, but accepts the responsibility for their condition, even though, through his naive idealism, he has only indirectly contributed to their degradation: ". . . there's nothing so profitable as those hideous foul rookeries, story on story, where we house the immigrant, the unfortunate, the criminal, the diseased. Where we make them. Factories for degradation. Stores for degeneration" (69). Stanwick states unequivocally that "we all inherit the errors and mistakes of the whole human race," and that we have "to shoulder the sins of the last generation." "I can't get away from the inheritance," Stanwick continues, "we're none of us separate" (69).

Both "The Prisoner" and "The Closed Door" deal with the horrors of war. "The Prisoner," set in a bombed-out French town, has at its center a German officer who has lost his sanity after being confronted with the atrocities he has committed. "The

Closed Door" focuses on a soldier who is going mad over his responsibility for the death of a fellow soldier. During an interview, the protagonist is unable to recall information about specific battles or troop movements. He is not even able to remember why they were fighting: ". . . there was fighting; but I don't remember . . . what it was all about" (56). The story that he tells lists only the suffering and hunger they experienced marching through the jungle: "When we came out of the swamps many of us had fever, and our feet were sore with leech bites" (55).

Although Pickthall uses these situations as the dramatic setting for her stories, she does not actively engage in promoting the cause of one group over another, nor does she strive for subtle political analysis; rather, she focuses on the one common denominator of all these situations: human suffering. While these stories are dramatic and engaging, they are never, to use a word that Pickthall used to describe fiction that graphically depicts the ugliness of human suffering, "grubby" (Letter dated 4 Aug. 1910). Her stories have a certain cleanliness about them. Although the description in "The Prisoner" acknowledges the potential that a bombed-out French town may be strewn with "unburied corpses lying where the tides of war had left them," the town in this story has been "scraped and scoured by destruction" (40). Where there is ugliness in the stories, it is tempered. In "The Closed Door" a soldier describes an experience in battle where he had to take cover near an unburied corpse lying where the tides of war had left it: " . . . I remember hiding in some thick bushes covered with pink flowers. There was a dead man near us, and when I fired my gun, the pink flowers fell until he was almost buried . . . " (55).

Pickthall constructs her narratives using a distancing technique: the horrific events central to the conflict in the story lie at the periphery of the plot. "Sergeant Africa" is the story of an African, nicknamed Sergeant Africa, avenging the murder of his wife. In writing this story Pickthall made a decision not to tell the story of the desecration of Sergeant Africa's home town, the story of the ruthless murder of his

wife, but rather to tell the story of Sergeant Africa's revenge. She spends the majority of the narrative describing his stay in a British military camp, focussing on seemingly innocuous details. Only late in the story does she reveal that he is awaiting the chance to kill the German officer who killed his wife. When Sergeant Africa actually gains his revenge the brutality of the act is filtered out of the narrative; the actual killing is only mentioned in retrospect and the body is discreetly hidden behind a curtain of tall grass. This story line, while highlighting the surprising ingenuity of Sergeant Africa's revenge, allows her to do something the story of the murder of his wife and the desecration of his town would not: it allows her to make reference to acts of cruelty without having to describe them in graphic detail.

The distancing technique is also employed in "The Third Generation." Pickthall makes reference to the story of the white explorer consciously contaminating an entire Indian tribe, but she does not tell that story. She jumps two generations away from the horrific incident and tells the story of the grandson discovering the results of his grandfather's actions. Likewise, in "The Abiding City" we are told that Rey Stanwick has driven through the slums and had a close enough look at the deprivation of the poor to be shaken out of his idealism, but as readers we do not experience the drive as Stanwick does. We hear about it later as he recounts the highlights to his wife. The narrative takes a careful leap over the mud puddle, acknowledging its presence without having to walk right through it and end up "grubby."

Pickthall also sanitizes her stories by raising the conflicts to a higher level through the incorporation of spiritual elements into the narrative. She does this by introducing ghost or ghost-like figures, and by having her characters experience visions or hallucinations. For example, in "The Third Generation," the Indian who follows the two explorers is portrayed both as a real person and as a phantom, a ghost of a past generation visiting itself upon Lemaire for his grandfather's sins. The Indian, described

as a "living shadow" (98), cries out and the weather and the seasons respond to his utterances:

> . . . before the fierce dawn, he rose to his feet with an inarticulate cry, stirred to some instinctive excitement. For in a moment the vast, chill dusk was filled with a musical thrill, a tremendous clamour and rush of life, as thousand by thousand after their kinds, teal and widgeon, mallard and sheldrake, lifted from the reeds and fled before the coming cold. As the old man dimly watched, two delicate things fell and touched his face; one was a feather, the other was a flake of snow. (100)

After this cry the two explorers feel that the elements have turned against them. The weather turns cold; the fish disappear; they are surrounded in thick mist, a "pearl white prison" in which they sense the presence of other ghost like figures: there "were shadows, wandering voices, trees as men walking." Even the sounds of the forest cease except for the sounds of "water beading and dripping everywhere with a sound of grief" (100).

A similar sort of mist appears in "Sergeant Africa." As Sergeant Africa takes revenge on the German oppressor, the British soldier--an element as foreign to the African landscape as the German--sees a mist rise off the grasslands and feels the spirit of the land telling him to leave: "The heat following the rain had soaked the air in mist; mist beleaguered the Kondarivi camp . . . . it seemed to beat noiselessly on the gates of that desolate city like ghosts seeking entry" (49). Riding out into this mist, the British soldier feels "as if he [was] riding into an increasing vacuum, as if the night [was] slowly drawing in its breath before emitting some vast ejaculation of surprise or terror"; he feels as if "all Nature [is] in collusion with the native--that between the deep mist and the moon hovered the very spirit of that dark land" (50).

In "Thirty Below," a tale of Jack Rayner, a rugged Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer "getting his man," the spiritual presence operates in a somewhat different manner. Rayner travels to an isolated town to pick up a prisoner. On the return journey

the prisoner escapes, and leaves Rayner to freeze in the snow. Yet as he drives the dog sled away from Rayner, he stares ahead, "as if he saw something beyond his yellow leader. And whether he looked ahead or behind, it was always the same thing he saw -- the face of the man he had ruined--Jack Rayner's face" (95). Rather than the spirit of the land or of a people rising up, in this story the spirit of an individual man manifests itself in the conscience of another.

"The Prisoner" also offers a good example of Pickthall's raising human tragedy to a spiritual level. Preceding the time frame of the narrative, the children of the French town were killed in an artillery barrage. The story describes how the spirits of these children visit themselves upon the German Commandant responsible for the attack. They trap him in a small room. One of the elderly citizens of the town explains that, "He will not pass the children in the doorway. He sees them there always, all about him . . . . He could not get away from those little children--our little children . . . " (44). The old woman in the story, who is described as being as mad as the commandant, also sees the children, their "small happy faces under a whiteness like the veils of the First Communion" (45). The few elderly French people left in the town cling to the spiritual presence of these children as a manifestation of the justice of God. When asked why he remains in the town, watching the mad German who will not leave his room, an old priest replies,

> ". . . do you not think that we have need to believe in God? Do you not think we have need to keep under our eyes the beginning--the so very little beginning--of the judgement of God? Without the faith in that justice, we could not live, we could not save our souls." (44)

Pickthall here is able to write of the horror of the First World War in a way that, while acknowledging at a distance the physical and psychological suffering, foregrounds the spiritual aspect of the cataclysm. Pickthall uses a similar correspondence between the suffering of children and divine intercession in "The Worker in Sandalwood," where a

Christ-like visitor comes to assuage the suffering of the poor apprentice wood worker because God cannot bear to hear the cries of children (73).

The story "House to Let," although not as overtly spiritual as "The Prisoner," also deals with unusual phenonema. The story narrates the unusual relationship between an artist and his wife. The wife, a student of the artist, has the uncanny ability to translate into her drawings the hidden thoughts of her husband. The conflict in the story arises out of the husband's concern about his wife's friendship with another male artist. After the other artist disappears, the wife's drawing reveals that her husband has murdered him. In this story, as in the two other stories in the collection that deal with love affairs, "The Stove" and "The Great Temptation," love is never physically consumated (although an attempt is made in "The Great Temptation"). As Pickthall elevates the spiritual aspects over the physical aspects when describing crises, so does she when writing about love. This approach is most clearly stated in "House to Let":

> Her husband saw it [his wife's love] all go, as it were, from *his* keeping to Frère's--like a flight of birds to a new nesting-place . . . . But understand me, she was a good woman, and she remained one, to the increase of the tragedy. The infidelity was of the soul only. Only! It's more dividing than any of the flesh . . . . (60)

While this elevation of the spiritual over the physical may be seen by some merely as evidence of Pickthall's prudishness, it is, I believe, an indication of her sophisticated moral sensibility. By placing the infidelity of the flesh lower than that of the soul, she asserts her own individual vision of human ethics and not the pat, predictable moralizing of formula fiction. Pickthall also raises other complex moral questions. In "House to Let," she poses the question: ought a man who kills to protect the one he loves be considered a common murderer? In "Thirty Below," she questions the limitations of the legal system. Her protagonist, Jack Rayner, leaves the Royal Canadian Mounted Police after the prisoner he was transporting to justice ends up

saving his life. Rayner can not remain part of a system of "justice" which will lock away a person capable of such an act of heroic generosity.

The word "soul," as is evidenced in the above quotation from "House to Let," appears in one way or another in most of Pickthall's stories. For the most part she refrains from using language pertaining to psychology; instead, she uses the word "soul" for its spiritual resonance. In "The Third Generation," Bob Lemaire says of his Grandfather's generation that "Men had no souls in those days . . . . I think the tremendous loneliness--the newness--the lack of responsibility--something killed their souls" (98). Here she uses "soul" to represent that which is commonly referred to as conscience, some essence out of which comes the impulse to treat others with kindness and generosity; however, in Pickthall's view, this essence is so essential to one's humanity that to lose it is to lose that which is at the very core of one's person: the soul. The word "soul" is used in a similar way in "Larrabie's Tree"; the hard nosed business tycoon reveals that his "soul [is] not stifled in him" by feeling ashamed at having cheated poor old Larrabie out of his land and his beloved, if ugly, tree (77).

Pickthall felt people to be naturally kind and benevolent, that only circumstances of suffering, oppression or unfulfilled desire hinder or destroy their ability to express kindness. She speaks of people's souls being damaged: in "The Worker in Sandalwood" Hyacinthe's depression caused by the abusive treatment he receives at the hand of his employer, is a "living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in black hands" (72); in "Sergeant Africa," a British soldier, not understanding Sergeant Africa's plan to avenge himself, considers him as one irrevocably scarred by suffering: "How can you help those without soul to help themselves--those too crushed to feel wrong as wrong?" (48); in "The Abiding City," those forced to dwell in abject poverty have souls marked by poverty and ugliness (69).

In "The Abiding City," she asserts an idea central to her aesthetic: "ugliness" scars the human soul as much as the lack of basic physical needs does. In this story she

lists those things necessary for a fulfilling life: beauty, peace, health, freedom, love. For Pickthall, beauty is essential; if one experiences beauty, "The rest would be added in the course of Nature" (64). Art is not the mirror of the world, but rather a transformation of the world; it has to work "with the flawed, misshapen stuff that has come down the ages . . . [and] wrestle the mass one infinitesimal degree nearer the perfection of [one's] dream" (69). She sums up these ideas in the following statement: "There's nothing but romance to redeem this life, this world. What's religion but the romance of the soul? What's art but romance of the mind?" (69).

However, in spite of the absolute nature of the above assertion, Pickthall was interested in the tension that exists between romance and realism. The narrative framework within which she places both "The Worker in Sandalwood" and "House to Let" reveal her interest in playing with this tension. In both stories the narrator lays out the possibility that the events of the story might or might not have happened. This play is most interesting in "House to Let," where her narrator calls into question the credibility of the story by questioning the sanity of both the man who recorded the story in his diary and the man who told it to him. Pickthall continues to explore the tension between romance and realism in two of her other stories: "The Men Who Climbed" and "The Fisher of the Moon."

In "The Men Who Climbed," Forrester the great mountain climber visits a photography show celebrating his greatest climb. The photos constitute a documentary of his climb, proof of his accomplishment. Although some of his language is romantic, Pickthall, by connecting him with the documentary aspect of the photographs, presents him as somewhat of an embodiment of realism. She contrasts his character with a two-dimensional, comical character who has effortlessly scaled mountains to prove his love for his girl. The story reveals that in the climb that made him famous, Forrester relied

on the footholds that the romancer had previously made when climbing the mountain for his girl. The realist has trouble attaining the heights that the romancer easily scales.

The play with romance and realism in "The Men Who Climbed" leads in quite a different direction in "The Fisher of the Moon." This story relates the legend of a visitation by a lunar woman to an Indian chief and the problems that result from their relationship. The narrative relies heavily upon magic and the celebration of ideal love. After the magic woman is sacrificed for love, the story draws to a rapid conclusion with the following paragraphs:

> And of the rest of Congese's life I know nothing, nor of the love or grief or fighting that might have been in it.
>
> But Congese's great-great-grandson I know, who is also a chief. He wears a red sweater and rubber boots and he owns a big white painted powerboat, the *One-Dollar* . He is a very modern Indian. (131)

The Indian's identifying feature in the legend, his red skin, corresponds to the red sweater in the description of the modern Indian. The boat that was transformed by moonlight is now painted white. The silver crowning the head of Congese is now represented by the name of the boat: dollar. The great-great-grandson's fishing boat has stuck on the "stubby mast" the ivory token that Congese took from the moon woman. Now this symbol of the romantic legend is reduced to a good luck charm allowing the great-great-grandson to make more money from fishing. Its purpose is to benefit the pocketbook, not the soul. Although in most of her stories Pickthall celebrates the qualities of romance, here she demonstrates that she is also capable of stepping outside romance and having a bit of fun with it.

In her sometimes overzealous attempts to intensify the passion and color of her stories, Pickthall ends up creating passages that, because of their ambiguity, logical inconsistency and awkwardness, diminish rather than build the intensity of her stories.

A number of her modifiers and modifying phrases reduce the clarity of her writing. For example, in describing a character's reactions to a tree that disrupts the view from his estate, Pickthall says, the character "hated it with a personal hatred" ("Larrabie's Tree" 77). The word "personal" does little to define the nature of this hatred. One has cause to ask if there is any hatred which is not a personal hatred. In another example, here describing the depression experienced by the abused and abandoned child in "The Worker in Sandalwood," she says, "There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know" (72). Is there a type of despair that only children experience? Do children experience only one kind of despair? In another instance, she defines the physical characteristics of a character by saying, "Her face [was] very pale, very pure, fragile for one of her life and race" ("The Stove" 124), without ever indicating her race specifically. Unlike the above examples, where the modifiers have a tenuous relationship to the thing modified, the following example demonstrates a different kind of ambiguity: in describing the manner in which two characters confront each other, she writes, "Brickdale met [his eyes] hardly enough" ("Larrabie's Tree" 77). She intends the word "hardly" to describe a look that is severe, cold and reproachful; however, the way in which the phrase is structured, the word "hardly" reads "barely": their eyes barely met.

Likewise, some of the metaphors and modifiers are illogical. She describes falling snow lit up by a setting sun as "molten gold," and the sound of snowflakes falling "like the thunder of guns" ("The Third Generation" 103, 101). The inappropriateness of these similes is obvious: snow falling has neither the physical properties of molten gold, nor the auditory qualities of artillery. While trying to create a remote wilderness setting, she undermines her desired effect by describing the night sky as full of "electric stars" ("The Stove" 121). In describing the evil nature of a criminal, one of her characters says, "He's as full of wickedness as an old log is full of ants" ("Thirty Below" 91). The logical relationship between these elements is flawed:

first, not all old logs are full of ants; and second, little insects gnawing pathways through wood do not embody the essence of wickedness. The analogy is unintentionally droll.

Some of Pickthall's writing is awkward and clumsy. In "The Fisher of the Moon," one encounters an incident of poor parallel structure. In attempting to account for the wedding between Congese the Indian Chief and the mysterious lunar woman, Pickthall writes that "Perhaps some far off racial affinity made it possible; perhaps for all her beauty, she was a low born woman of her race; perhaps, she counted herself dead, and the doings of a ghost of little account: but they loved each other" (127). The passage is confusing because the elements are neither grammatically nor semantically parallel. A similar lapse in grammar can be found in "The Stove": "But he seemed gentle when he lifted the end of one of Dorette's dark plaits, which had fallen to the soiled floor, and laid it on the cot beside her just because he hesitated and was clumsy" (124). Pickthall manipulates syntax in an attempt to have the form convey the meaning of the sentence. She emphasizes the awkwardness of the man's gesture by placing the words "hesitated" and "clumsy" at the end of the sentence; however, because of its construction, the sentence seems to imply that he lays "['the end of Dorette's dark plaits'] on the cot beside her" because he is "clumsy." This, of course, is not the meaning that she intended.

Several other, slightly smaller aspects of her writing detract from the stories. Although Pickthall shows admirable restraint in her use of archaic diction, occasionally its appearance seems arbitrary and distracting. In "Thirty Below," she uses the phrase "wherefore there are trees twelve feet high" (90) to emphasize the strangeness of a wilderness landscape, but she only succeeds in drawing attention to the strangeness of her language. Although for the most part Pickthall chooses names for her characters and settings that are interesting yet unobtrusive, occasionally her indulgence gets the

best of her. Names like "Go-Soak-Valley," "Fort Recompense," and "Grim Lawson" inhibit serious reading.

Although these examples of ambiguous and awkward writing reveal that Pickthall was not as rigorous an editor of her own work as she might have been, they do not negate the fact that her stories display capable prose fiction by one who demonstrates, for the most part, ample control over her medium. Two stories in particular exemplify her ability to write a short piece of prose with a strong sense of unity: "Luck" and "The Closed Door."

The structure of "Luck" is simple but effective. It divides into four parts. Part one introduces the protagonist, Desmond, gloating over his newly acquired gold--his luck; as well, it gives a brief description of the three miners asleep in their beds and the Indian taking refuge from the cold. The Indian, through a mysterious gesture, gives Desmond three dreams. These three dreams, dramatizing the manner in which each of the other three miners will try to kill Desmond to gain his gold, make up the second, third and fourth parts of the story.

Although the relations among the four parts of the story are by no means novel ones, Pickthall deftly handles the transitions among the sections. Section two, the narration of the first dream, begins with Desmond awaking and hearing Forbes, one of the three miners, listing three possible options for him:

> "We'd ha' let you sleep on, but we wanted to know what you'd be doing. Will ye stay here with me and rest--I'm all but blind the day--or will ye go into Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?" (85)

Pickthall uses variations of this passage at the beginning of each of the following two dreams. As Desmond thinks that he is waking up at the beginning of the second dream, he imagines that he hears Forbes speaking the above quoted passage. He imagines the words reverberating in his head and only gradually realizes that Forbes

had spoken to him earlier and that he had decided on the second option. At the beginning of the third dream, Desmond feels that there is "an echo of words in the air" (88). He realizes that Forbes is asleep, rationalizes that the other two have left, and acknowledges that he has chosen the third option. Only after this preamble does the narrator state that "Forbes had asked him, 'Will ye stay here and rest . . . ,'" and so on. This progression, from waking and having Forbes speak to him, to waking and hearing Forbes' words only to realize that the words had been spoken earlier, to waking with the immediate acknowledgement that the words were spoken earlier, not only effectively links the section, but also creates the distinct impression at the beginning of each section, that the previous section was only a bad dream and that now Desmond is really awake.

Pickthall also uses imagery to make subtle transitions among sections. At the end of section one, Desmond lays down "and yield[s] to the oncoming of sleep, as a weed yields to the tide" (84). This aquatic imagery is echoed in the first sentence of the second part: "He opened his eyes to the pale flood of day." She uses a similar device in the transition between sections two and three. The word darkness occurs in both the last sentence of section two and the first of section three. The transition is also aided through her use of images of precious metals and jewels. Towards the end of section two, the narrator describes the landscape: "the depths were veiled with glittering silver, now and then shot through with the blue-green gleam of a glacier"; "the wind-driven white below was plainer, cut through with turquoise" (86). Section three begins with a description of the stars: "Each [star] was a blazing world hanging in nothingness, rayed with sapphire and rose" (86). Like the jewel images, the image of being "hung in nothingness" unifies the two sections; it echoes Desmond's precarious position of hanging over the precipice at the end of section two.

Pickthall accomplishes the tight unity of the story in a number of other ways as well. The first sentence of the story--"There were four bunks in the shanty, and three of

them were filled" (83)--is a terse factual description. The last few sentences repeat such description. Also, the emptiness of his bed in the first description foreshadows the situation that regardless which dream comes true the bed will soon be empty. The ironic play with the words "dream" and "luck" echoes throughout the story. Desmond fancies himself to have obtained his "luck" in finding his gold, gold which will allow him to reach his dreams; however, the dreams that the Indian gives him allow Desmond to see that he will never reach his "dreams," that he will need luck to survive the troubles his "luck" has brought him.

Like "Luck," "The Closed Door" demonstrates Pickthall's ability to create a tightly unified story. Food is central to the main incident in "The Closed Door." The protagonist recounts how he caused the death of his friend, who had gone to find food, by baring his entrance to the "house with the yellow roof." His friend, locked out of the house with the two stolen hens and several loaves of bread, is killed by the revolutionaries pursuing him. Pickthall uses references to food to unify the elements of the narrative framework. The opening of the story introduces Fellowes, the man who conducts the interview with the soldier, and his servant Tonio. Tonio carries on two levels of discourse, the first providing somewhat questionable information about the battles being fought around them, the second describing their domestic situation: ". . . does the señor wish me to open another tin of milk? There is no more fresh. The cow is dead" (53). The reference to the dead cow connects the first part of the story with the soldier's narrative because of the linking together of food and death. Fellowes' response to Tonio's message about troop movements also relates to food: "the victorious troops [will] probably straggle back to the Town for . . . refreshment." The place where the soldier is interviewed by Fellowes, the cellar of a café, also ties in with the food imagery.

Pickthall uses one other device to unify the story. The title of the story refers to the soldier's repeated commands that the doors of the café's cellar be kept open. His

obsessive fear of closed doors stems from his inability to deal with the action that caused the death of his friend: his closing the door and locking his friend out of the "house with the yellow roof." The door is a threshold, dividing space into inside and outside. Pickthall unifies the story through the manipulation of inside and outside space. The story opens in the quiet security of Fellowes' house. Fellowes goes outside, crosses the courtyard and enters the café in order to interview the soldier. Both Fellowes' home and the café are calm and quiet. At home he carries on a relaxed conversation while resting in his hammock. The cellar of the café is even more a place of seclusion: "The thick walled room was cool and dark . . . and as still as a chapel. The noise outside penetrated only as a murmur" (54). In contrast to the repose of the inside space, the outside is chaotic. As he crosses the courtyard, Fellowes is accosted by a frantic mob: "Brown hands caught at him, eyes gleamed and darkened, and half the mouths in Town screamed . . ." (53). Above the crowd the impending storm casts a forboding tone over the scene:

> A storm was coming . . . . Sky and forest were so much of a blackness that it looked as if the trees had suddenly and silently surged upward and swallowed the day . . . . the square flared with uncertain light. The church seemed at one moment to waver near the ground; the next, it flickered aloft, striking into the inverted pits of dark like a reflection in a well. (53)

The rhythm that the beginning of the story sets up (inside--calm; outside--turmoil; inside--calm), builds a sense that inside space provides security, a refuge from external threats. The soldier's fear of being closed inside a space is, therefore, intensified because it stands in direct conflict with this rhythm.

In addition to her ability to create unified stories, Pickthall's descriptive passages reveal her as a competent stylist. A predominant number of the descriptive passages deal with sunrises and sunsets. Pickthall was fascinated with these times, because they constitute the threshold between day and night where time seems to stop

and the world is transformed by golden light. The following is an example from "Sergeant Africa":

> He awoke as usual at dawn, and went to the wall of this city of the sick . . . . The air, which later would be as stale as that of a great town, was exquisitely fresh; the light of the unrisen sun was veiled in low fog, and tender as pearl. Thorn and stone and mud at that hour seemed to blossom with mysterious iridescence, to be on the verge of some revelation of beauty . . . . But it lasted no more than a breath. The mist lifted from the river; the silence was riven with harsh voices of birds; the shadows grew hard as wood; the stones dried. (47)

The ephemeral nature of the beauty of this passage is reminiscent of that described in Pickthall's early poem "O Keep the World Forever at Dawn." This desire to capture the landscape as a bejeweled spectacle is also evident in the following description of a northern scene:

> She stepped into a world of white, blue, and black; solid, translucent, and motionless as though built from gems. Where the blue sky touched the black trees there seemed to run a setting of gold; where the black trees trailed branches to the snow, was a stain of sapphire shadow. ("The Stove" 120)

Whether describing a scene in Africa or in the Canadian North, Pickthall's primary concern is not to provide, with documentary accuracy, a realistic scene, but rather to simply convey the mesmerizing beauty of light and color.

Nature is, for Pickthall, not a neutral background against which her stories take place. It has an animate spiritual quality. In the above description from "Sergeant Africa," Pickthall evokes the "desert in the very act of rejoicing and flowering as a rose" (47). While nature in "Sergeant Africa" conveys a sense of blossoming presence, in "The Stove" it conveys a cold and stark sense of absence:

> Mile after mile, she knew, on each side of her was nothing but the same silence, the same stillness, league after league of the desolate fir forest of the North. She went into the cabin and bolted and barred the door behind her, as if the solitude were an enemy which she must keep out. (119)

Awaiting the arrival of her brother she peers down the trail: "Almost afraid to look, she saw the long track before her--empty. There was something conscious and deliberate in that emptiness, as if the forest knowingly withheld from her a secret" (121).

In spite of the examples of ambiguous and awkward writing cited earlier in the paper, Pickthall's stories show her fully capable of manipulating syntax to convey the precise meaning that she desires. For example in "A Great Temptation," in order to express the matter-of-fact aggression of Grim Lawson, she uses short clipped sentences with a noticeable absence of modifiers. In "The Third Generation" she uses repetition, variation in rhythm and sentence fragments to convey the frantic energy necessary to navigate through foaming rapids:

> Now for the trained eye, the strong hand--the eye to see the momentary chance, the hand to obey without falter.
> Now for the sleeping instincts of a brain inherited from far generations of wanderers and voyageurs. Flash on flash of leaping water, the drive of spray and snow, the canoe staggering and checking like a thing hurt, but always recovering. (102)

This passage finishes with the following: "[Barrett's] life lay in Bob Lemaire's hands . . . . But those hands failed--by an inch. They were in smooth water" (102). The dependent clause "but those hands failed" clearly indicates that something has gone wrong and that they will not make it, yet the following sentence, "They were in smooth water," indicates that everything is all right. The reader has to move to the next paragraph to find out that a rock has torn a hole in the bottom of the canoe. The jamming together of a dependent clause describing impending disaster with a simple, calm sentence about smooth water, momentarily disorients the reader. This temporary sense of confusion heightens the dramatic effect of the passage.

Pickthall's most overt experimentation with syntax is to be found in "The Abiding City" where she breaks down the syntactical order of a passage and butts images up against one another:

> A long night journey, full of enormous dreams, always building, building. And as you heaved a stone into place with effort, the stuff crumbled, melted in the hold, ran like water. An intolerable jolting at a junction. White blanks of electric light seen under the blinds of a sleeper. A vast wall and Rey and Bessy trying to find an opening in it; and then Bessy said, "Why, it's only a dream," and the wall was just smoke, and they walked right through. The glare and thunder of a train passing. Stars over a black country, mysteriously still. A soaring golden dome, that was only a bubble Elizabeth had blown from a bowl of soapsuds. Reality and dreams tangled together. (67)

Bits of narrative from Bessy's taking Rey to the train are interspersed with fragmented descriptions of their daughter Bessy blowing bubbles. Pickthall breaks down logical order, and spatial and time sequences in this passage as a jarring contrast to the order of utopian world that Rey Stanwick naively believes he can create.

In the opening paragraph of "The Abiding City" Pickthall writes,

> This is a very quiet story, principally about things that happened in a young man's mind. You may write about things like murders, shipwrecks, and explosions; but, after all, these are but the outward signs of events which really took place, quite quietly, in somebody's mind. (64)

The stories in this selection "took place quite quietly" in Marjorie Pickthall's mind. Pickthall did not write from her experience; she did not "help to engineer the revolution to realism in Canadian fiction" (Dragland 15). But nevertheless she is a competent stylist who wrote out of a unique social consciousness. Pickthall's is a distinct voice in early twentieth-century Canadian short fiction which should not be lost. Hers is a writing suffused with a refined moral sensibility, a writing where "reality and dreams tangle together."

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TEXTUAL NOTE

The fourteen short stories in this selection are a representative sampling of Pickthall's best short fiction. They exemplify her ability to write compelling and well crafted stories. They also reveal Pickthall's delight in sumptuous descriptive passages and her interest in various forms of the short story: moral tale, adventure story, Indian legend. The appearance of ghosts as well as her emphasis on the spiritual aspects of human conflict indicate Pickthall's interest in the gothic.

The stories in this selection have been grouped according to their settings. They represent three general environments in which Pickthall sets the majority of her stories: exotic, including "Sergeant Africa," "The Prisoner," and "The Closed Door"; urban, including "The Abiding City," and "House to Let"; and Canadian wilderness, including "A Great Temptation," "Thirty Below," "Luck," "The Stove," "The Third Generation," and "The Fisher of the Moon." Two stories, "The Worker in Sandalwood" and "Larrabie's Tree," fall between the urban and wilderness categories; both are set in the countryside close to a large urban centre. The stories in each section are arranged chronologically. The publication dates of the stories range from 1909 ("Worker in Sandalwood"), which marks the first appearance of Pickthall's work in the prestigious American magazines, to 1924 ("Abiding City"), two years after the author's death. The majority of the stories were, however, published between 1917 and 1922, the author's most prolific period.

Seven of the stories ("The Prisoner," "The Closed Door," "The Worker in Sandalwood," "Luck," "The Third Generation," "The Men Who Climbed," and "The Stove") have previously been anthologized in Angels' Shoes, while the remaining seven have not been published since they appeared in periodicals. Although a significant number of Pickthall's early prose writings appeared in magazines for children, I have not included any of these stories in this collection: they tend to be

overly didactic and are quite disappointing because of the predictability of their plots. The fact that Pickthall stopped writing for children's magazines after she received recognition from significant American and British periodicals, indicates, perhaps, that she was frustrated by the limitations she experienced in writing for children. The selection by no means includes all of Pickthall's good short stories, but it does exclude those stories that are poorly conceived and poorly executed: stories that are overly sentimental, such as "The Basswood Bough"; as well as stories whose plots seem arbitrary and out of control, "Wilderness Gold" for example.

Because the stories have been taken from British and American periodicals, I have taken some liberties in standardizing spelling and punctuation. I have Canadianized the spelling in the stories published in American periodicals ("colour" rather than "color"), and have omitted hyphens from a number of words ("cherry tree" rather than "cherry-tree"; "sandalwood" rather than "sandal-wood"). I have also standardized typographical elements, eliminating some extraneous quotation marks, and substituting commas for the colons used to introduce dialogue, to bring the stories in line with contemporary rules of punctuation.

THE PRISONER

The car was hopelessly dislocated, that was evident; when Berry started the engine, it clucked like a dying hen for a few revolutions, and failed. He was minded to waste no more time on it. He stowed the contents of the tool box mysteriously about his person, hid the spare can of petrol in the ditch, and departed to find his bearings, and, if possible, a warm barn to sleep in. Once he looked back at the car. "You look lorst, old girl," said Berry, "but you aint 'arf so lorst and lonesome as me."

There are degrees of lostness. Private Berry was lost in the superlative degree — utterly, hopelessly, intensively. It was one o'clock in the morning and cold. The moon was up, so round and white, it reminded him of a peeled onion but persistently in the wrong quarter of the sky. He sighed. He had with him a tin of those striped delicacies known as humbugs, and with these he stayed himself while proceeding to cross the very loneliest landscape he had ever seen in his life.

Nothing moved within the scope of the moon, but Private Berry. He moved stiffly, chinking a little, and leaving behind him an almost visible trail of peppermint. As he walked, he considered and rehearsed what sort of excuses might most reasonably be offered for his late chapter of accidents. "Waited an hour in the market place for Private Corkery, Sir," he said aloud in a high, hurt voice. "Not my fault I was alone, Sir . . . I dunno, Sir. Maybe 'e got lorst too . . . No, Sir, not when I see 'im . . . Yes, Sir, workshop job. I tried an hour . . . I should say twenty mile, or maybe twenty-two, or a bit to that . . . Yes, Sir, *all* the way . . . Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir." But the silence spun out his voice so startlingly that he stopped and looked about him. "It's a cemetery without no monuments," said Private Berry.

"Talk about a silence that might be felt! You can jolly well 'ear this one."

It was the quietness that troubled him. Into what country had he wandered, and where were the lines? He had been moving towards a low ridge that ran about a mile from the road where he had left the motor. He topped this rise at last, grunting a little, and very wary. And there beneath him, in the hollow, was the little town.

If Berry had been an imaginative man, he might have thought that the deathly silence possessing the world had its source and origin in this hollow. But he had seen many such villages before — unburied corpses lying where the tides of war had left them; won and lost, lost and won so often that now they had nothing more to win or lose forever, and so were briefly, at peace. He found a downward path contentedly enough. If there was anything left in the place, a roof, an egg, a heap of straw — he relied on himself to find it. But as he descended farther, he began to doubt if he should find even as little as the straw. He had never seen a town so scraped and scoured by destruction. He wondered if he would not have done better to stay by the car.

His boots rang on the first of the paving. A cracked trough with a puddle in it, reflected the moon frostily, and a whirl of dead leaves rustled past him and settled on a doorstep that had no house behind it. "Bare as the back of my 'and," muttered Berry. "I wonder which side 'eld it last. Them, I'll bet." And for no reason, a name sprang into his mind — "Von Eichensau." It was said that no one swept a place so bare as Von Eichensau; other things were said of him too. A fear took hold on Berry that he might be straying into the enemy's lines; he tried to tiptoe along the cobbles. He tiptoed massively for several minutes down the long wall of a building that might have been a school, but was so torn and shattered by shell that only a paved court and a small cupola over the gate remained to suggest its past. This court was raised from the street; half a dozen steps led to it. And here Berry stopped with a jerk. For an old woman was sitting there.

He couldn't have told you why she startled him; "Seeing her so sudden," he would probably have said. But the shock lay in seeing her so orderly, so secure, so very *usual* ; she must have affronted him almost like an indecency in the midst of that ravaged corpse of a town — she, stout, fresh and unfrightened, in a blue cloak and clean apron, and holding on her knee a big basket covered with a square of shiny waterproof cloth.

For a moment the old woman gazed at Berry, not with fear, but with a certain promise of blank resistance. The moon, however, was kind to Private Berry's honest "chunky" countenance, accentuated the appeal of a pair of eyes as innocent as a hungry calf's, glinted on a battered badge. He could feel the precise instant when, without smile or sign, the old woman became friendly. He took heart and a long breath, and achieved his linguistic triumph — "Gee swee perdoo."

A torrent of rapid nods and words answered him. The old soul clattered to her feet, patted his arm, beckoned him to follow her. She whisked off so quickly that he was left behind, staring in the moonlight; overtaking her in three strides, and relieving her, with a not disinterested gallantry, of the basket, he nearly tossed it over his own head; for he had expected it to be heavy, and found it light. Peeping under a corner of the cover, he saw that it was full of little paper toys — rosettes, streamers, windmills, red blue and yellow. He wondered greatly. But his French was not equal to the whole of the situation; he followed in silence through the moon-whitened sepulchre that had been a town.

A single window warmed the black shadows behind the half burnt church with a glow so dim it would have been invisible in the moonlight. Here they stopped and crept through a door veiled in ruin and drunkenly ajar. The room they first entered was so wrecked that they crawled over piles of dust and rubbish, under sooty beams that let the blank white night through. Berry, very much on the alert, saw nothing unharmed, nothing that had kept its shape and use, but a single shelf upon which set a row of tiny wooden dolls. Then they went under a curtain of dirty canvas, into warmth and firelight and a singular peace.

The room beyond the curtain was undamaged, except that the plaster had fallen from the brick in many places; and it was neat and clean. A cheap lamp with a bright tin reflector was on the wall, there was a table covered with a blue checked cloth, a dresser with some old blue earthenware, a chair or two, an old painted bench, fire in a brazier. Two men were sitting on the bench as Berry entered, and they flashed to their feet with a swiftness of movement that was uncanny, for both were old. The woman began to explain in a shower of nods, patting Berry's arm. He caught "Anglais, Anglais," and patted his own chest, saying vigorously "that's me . . . ." At the sound of his voice, they relaxed; one, who was a priest, dropped back upon the bench; the other came forward, bowing and rubbing his hands; he shook Berry's hand, timidly. He was a small man who carried his head bent, and continually looked up under gray apologetic eyebrows. Berry liked him somehow; he returned the handshake heartily, and even attained to a "Bongser, Mosoo le cury," for the priest. The old woman passed into a room beyond, smiling and nodding back at Berry. And after a pause the priest answered in a voice rough and rich with the country's accent, "I speak some English, my friend."

"And very well too, Sir," returned Berry, politely at his ease and unburdening himself of the heavier portions of the tool kit. "I can get along well enough in the Francy, but it takes time . . . and maybe you could tell me where I am, Sir, for it's a matter of three hours since I knew!"

"This was St. Aubyn." The priest spoke with long pauses and hesitations, as if not sure of what he would say. The little man, who had been standing aside with his meek look of inquiry bent on Berry, now said something friendly, helped him off with his coat, patted him into a chair near the brazier, and called gently, "Judic, Judic!" The old woman came back with something thin but hot in a bowl and a plate of bread. Berry

shook his head at her, he had some rations left, he didn't want to deprive them . . . . But the curé said in his heavy voice, "You need not hesitate. There is plenty." So he ate and drank, watched by three pairs of eyes that were singularly incurious; it was not so much that they were uninterested in him as that they were absorbed in something else. And Berry, trained by war to be never entirely trustful, wondered what it was. He resolved to know.

St. Aubyn . . . "You may well say. This *was* St Aubyn." He addressed the company in general, and beamed on Mère Judic as she took away the empty bowl. "I've seen some places . . . None so bad as this, though. None so downright thorough. Which makes it all the queerer, if you'll excuse me, to find this" — he circled a thumb slowly about the dim, quiet room — "to find anything so 'omelike as this at two o'clock in the morning." To myself he added, "You've a fine old face, Mosoo le cury, but it's a listenin' face. I wonder what you three are waitin' here for?"

"You know where you are?" asked the priest calmly. "You have perhaps heard of this — this town before?"

"I 'ave." Berry was blunt. "Most of us 'ave. But I'd never 'ave thought to find a livin' soul inside of it, though."

"Ah!" The word was a slow sigh. "And yet there are three — living souls. Three."

"What makes you stay?" asked Berry suddenly, and he had not meant to say it. "If it'd been me — if this'd been my town — "

"Yes?" The old man on the bench smiled faintly.

Berry leaned forward. "Well, look 'ere," he went on rapidly, almost in a whisper, "wasn't this where Von Eichensau turned the guns on a school — because 'e said a shot had come from a winder?"

Again, faintly, the priest smiled. "Yes, my friend," he answered, with the air of politely answering irrelevant questions, "Yes, it was here. And that was the school where our old Judic saw you first. You can see the marks on the walls. There was — how do you say it? — no place of refuge for the children — the little small children . . . Two of our good Rogiet's were there."

"Oui, oui." The small meek Rogiet seemed to catch the sense, and nodded and smiled nervously, like a shy child to whom attention has suddenly been drawn. "Oui, oui. Deux de mes petites filles."

"Well, then — " Berry stammered, and fell suddenly silent. The two Frenchmen had exchanged a brief glance, as two intimates exchange glances in a crowd of strangers; and it was like the revelation of a hidden country by flashlight, a momentary rending of a veil in the temple of human pain. He felt himself a stranger, an alien to the passions, the thoughts, the memories that gave to the stuffy cheerful room the atmosphere of a spiritual battlefield. Here in truth was a language he did not know. He turned with relief to old Judic, who had appeared, with a candle end, at his elbow.

"You will rest an hour or two — yes?" asked the priest. But it was not a question, it was a dismissal. Without a word Berry followed her up a little laddery staircase into a sort of loft. When she wished him good night, he answered absently in English. He wished to be alone, to think whether it had been fancy or reality that before Judic had taken him to the stairs, she had turned to the door of the other room, and that a voice had whispered with a fierce emphasis, "Non, non, pas là . . . ."

Well, as soon as the door of the loft closed behind her, Berry had his wish; he found himself quite shudderingly alone, resting his arms on the sill of the one small window, and covering his hands over his ears. He swore at himself in pure astonishment, for the action had been involuntary. "You're looney," he told himself, "going looney like the lot downstairs. Sittin' up all dressed at two in the mornin' and listenin'! . . . Wot do they think they're listenin' for? You've no call to listen, any'ow." He pocketed his hands resolutely and turned away from the window; but deep down in his soul something was crouching and crying that it didn't want to know, it didn't want

to hear . . . Private Berry flung himself down on the straw mattress that lay under the window, rolled himself up in a couple of things that looked like tablecloths, pulled his coat over him, and determined to go to sleep.

Once he woke himself, saying "But wot do they want to *stay* 'ere for?" Again, he found himself awake and standing at the window, which he thrust open. It was very stiff and the hinges creaked; outside, the world lay still, shorn, desolate in the moonlight; a dead world lighting the dead. The priest was standing under the window, looking up at it; when he saw Berry, he lifted his arm in silence and made the sign of benediction. Berry closed the window. He had a file in his pocket; this he wedged under the door, so that it could not be opened from the outside. There was something else in another pocket, a small neat weapon, of a kind not supplied by government to the private soldier. This he placed ready to his hand, and lay down again. He intended to stay awake, but sleep took him irresistibly.

The third time he woke as if forcibly wrenched out of that sleep. The voice inside him seemed to be shouting "This is it! Now you'll know, now you'll hear!" And he heard — what? A voice in the room below, or the ghost of one, singing an old French version of "One, two, buckle my shoe." But the voice was not French. And presently the song broke off and ended in a hurry of shouted orders that sent Berry to his feet and to the door in a single cat like bound. For voice and words were German.

"Trapped, by Gord!" panted Berry. He crouched at the crack of the door, the revolver fidgeting in his hand. He was remotely sorry for himself; it seemed so stupidly unfair to have come through two years of war unhurt, only to be 'done in' at last by three traitorous old peasants in a deserted town. But he'd do the French a good turn and take half-a-dozen along with him . . . . He waited. He was not a man; he was himself a weapon tense with death. And through the long-drawn minutes, nothing happened. All was still.

At last he could bear it no longer. His boots he had taken off. Silently he worked out the wedge and opened the door. He stole down the stairs and into the room below. It was dark now, but there was a white patch of moonlight on the far wall, like a square of paper stuck there. Across it was creeping the black figure of a man. In an instant, Berry had him pinned.

There was a certain satisfaction in gripping and holding and feeling the frightened heart pound under his arm . . . . He wondered if the revolver would go off if he used the butt; and why the man made so little effort against him . . . . He turned the face up in the square of light, and it was the meek Rogiet, apparently half-dead with fright. Berry gave an ugly little laugh under his breath. He was suddenly and savagely angry. "Where are the others, you Judas?" he whispered, forgetting the little man could not understand. He slid the revolver forward until it rested almost against Rogiet's grizzled cheek.

Over his own shoulder an arm passed, and the revolver was strongly grasped and held. He wrenched it free and sprang back by one instinctive movement, covering both Rogiet and the priest, who stood quite still before him. Only Rogiet made a little scared movement to get in front of the curé. "Well?" gasped Berry hoarsely. "Well?" The priest raised his hand.

"My son," he said gently, "you are mistaken. Go again and sleep."

Berry began to laugh, silently, rocking a little on his feet."I 'eard 'im, I tell you, you dam liar," he whispered, "I 'eard 'im, — singin' and shoutin' orders to his men. Tell 'em to come and take me! Tell 'em . . . ." He wheeled to the door of the other room, for suddenly within it the voice rose again, shouting commands. With a sob, Berry backed away, but only as far as the wall, waiting for death when the door should open.

It opened. And there came out Mère Judic.

It was too late to stop the shot; not too late to jerk up the barrel in the very act. The bullet ripped into the ceiling, and old Judic's face stared at him horrified in a cloud

of dust. The place was full of dust, and furious talking and confusion; out of which the priest came, and stood in front of Berry, and laid a kind hand on his shoulder.

"You are mistaken. But you have not the blame. That is ours. We should have told you . . . . But we thought he would be quiet."

Berry simply waited.

"That is our prisoner you hear in there."

"Your prisoner . . . ?"

"Yes. Do you understand? It is how you say it? — our prisoner. When they left the town — the last time — one, he remained."

"Why?"

"He would not go," said the priest gravely.

After some time, Berry passed his hand over his eyes. "O Yes!" he agreed wearily, "I understand — just about as much as I understand what'd keep an 'Un 'ere on his own, and what'd keep you three, who are none of you as young as you was, 'ere to look after 'im; and what brought me into it at all . . . And you take it in turns to guard 'im, you and Mister Rogiet and the little old lady?"

He rubbed his eyes again with his knuckles.

"We do not guard him."

"Not guard 'im . . .?"

It seemed to Berry there was a certain chill, a certain stillness abroad. That the priest's voice came from a distance when he said "There is no need. All the treasures of the whole earth, they would not call him from that poor room . . . ." And he led Berry to the door, and opened it.

It was a very small room, with a slanted roof and a truckle bed, and it was full of shadow. From the shadow sprang one clear and unforgettable face, with loosened mouth and eyes fastened on the doorway at about the level of Berry's belt. And Berry knew that face; knew the arched nose, the singular long jaw, the hair black and close as sealskin; knew them, as did thousands of other men, from whispered stories in billets, from half-uttered tales under the stars, when voices broke into curses forgiven of God . . . .

"My son, I said to you — is it not? — that there were but three living souls in St. Aubyn. And it is true. This is a dead one. Soon its body will die also, and then we shall go."

When had the door been shut and that face hidden? Berry did not know. He was sitting at the table with his elbows on the blue checked cloth and his hands over his eyes.

"Why does 'e stay?"

A silence. Then — "He will not pass the children in the doorway. He sees them there always, all about him — the little young children — so very small and young . . . . When they went, and we came back, to see if there were any of the others, we found him in hiding in the crypt, you understand. He could not get away from those little children — our little children . . . ."

"E's mad, of course."

"Of course. Perhaps we are all a little mad."

"And you stayed — Gord, you stayed! — with that mad devil!"

The priest cried in a terrible voice. "Do you think it was not good for us to stay? We of St. Aubyn — we three who are here and live — do you not think that we have need to believe in God? Do you not think we have need to keep under our eyes the beginning — the so very little beginning — of the judgement of God? Without the faith in that justice, we could not live, we could not save our souls. We were lost . . . lost . . . . But 'panem de coelo praestitisti eis, alleluia. Et tecum principium in die virtutis tuae, in splendoribus sanctorum . . . . ' "

"And — and the ole lady — the little toys in the basket?"

The priest's voice changed. Berry knew that he was weeping. "Eh, what shall I say? I am an old man. I have no children of my flesh . . . . *He* is mad, and Judic is very mad too, and very old . . . . She says they are there, the children. She says that she sees their faces between the light and the dark. Small happy faces under a whiteness like the veils of the First Communion. Eh, we are very old and we have seen too much . . . . So she makes the little toys still, singing as she twists the paper. And she takes her basket to the steps of the school, and sits there as she did used to — and — sells them. What do I say? I know not what she does, or what is given her . . . . Only that she returns, and sometimes her basket is . . . empty . . . ."

"And the madman in there?"

"Is Kurt Von Eichensau. Yes." Presently he added, "If you do not object, I will open the door. If the door is shut, it causes him to make an outcry. We do not want a noise. You need not fear, he will not come out. He will not cross that threshold where stand the little children he killed."

When dawn, colourless and cold as the moonlight it replaced, drew a faint line along the rim of the ruined land, Berry slowly climbed the path that led him back to his world. Once he stopped and raised a hand to the curé, standing — though Berry could not see him — in the soot-black shadow of the church; where the one window still glowed dimly, like a watching eye whose light was soon to be quenched. Again he stopped, and looked at something that lay in his hand; it was a little paper windmill which Judic had given him out of her basket for a keepsake. But he stopped a third time by a little bush which grew on the slope, where a few green spires promised crocuses. He stuck the windmill stick in the earth; the gaudy little toy began to twirl merrily in the wind.

"I won't take it away," said Berry jerkily to himself, "the kids — might miss it."

The ridge rose behind him and hid St. Aubyn. Striding very quickly, he went on to meet the dawn.

Sergeant Africa

He drifted into the melancholy convalescent camp on the hill-spurs of Kondarivi at the heels of the rains. The tribal marks incised upon his hollow cheeks showed that he came from far away. Questioned, he told a vague yet imposing tale about five goats and a grandmother. He told the tale several times and without emotion. Mason said that by the time he heard it, the legend dealt Homerically with one goat and five grandmothers. But the effect was the same in an artistic sense. Mason was nothing if not artistic, though at the time he possessed only one-and-a-half shirts, and his gaunt knees,under the khaki shorts, were tattooed with leech bite scars. The waif also spoke some Arabic. Mason annexed him into his personal service.

He regretted it almost immediately.

Said Carpenter, "That fellow of yours is the most abject human being I ever encountered. He crawls with humility. He makes me ill."

"It's his nerves," said Mason, but without conviction. "He's come from the outskirts of German territory, and seen the gentle Hun a-colonising."

Hayes wanted to know if he was a human being. "I saw a cook-boy, standing about four-nothing, whacking him over the head with a bundle of firewood. Your chap stands about two foot higher; he has the bones of a baboon. He just cowered in silence while the boy whacked. I wanted to kick him — shrinking and trembling in some better man's khaki coat. By the way, where did he get it? It's a sergeant's coat."

"I don't know," answered Mason thoughtfully. "He just — got it. By the way, Hayes, did you notice what became of the firewood?"

"The boy threw it at him, I think, and he crawled away with it."

"M-m-m!" said Mason. Returned to the grass hut behind the old mule-lines which he temporarily called home, he gazed upon his servant carefully, wondering if so chicken a heart had ever beaten under khaki, but noticing, too — for he had the same shame-faced pride in his man as he might have had for a cur he'd saved from drowning — that the black skin was gaining a purplish bloom and the front of the old tunic a roundness.

The waif was cowering under his gaze, rolling abject eyeballs. Suppressing some irritation, Mason said "Hither!" From his place in the shadow of the hut wall the black crawled to him, shivering, like a dog when it sees punishment, with little twitches of the skin.

Mason was at a loss for a moment. He wanted to question the creature, and he realized that he had no words to clothe his curiosity. It was not personal, his curiosity. He wanted to know how the war between Might and Right should have stretched out a line from Europe and jerked from the ocean-like fastnesses of his native forests this particularly miserable herring; and he foresaw that the herring would be able to tell him nothing of the process. He asked abruptly, "Why did you come so far from the place where you lived?"

"Lord, I had many goats ——"

"Yes, yes." Mason was impatient. "I know about the goats. What had you besides?"

"Lord, I had some brass pots, and a grandmother. She ——"

"I know also about thy grandmother," said Mason desperately. "Where are these thy goods and thy household?"

The man cringed, lifted a pinch of dust and strewed it on Mason's boot-toes. "Thus, lord," he said, and giggled deprecatingly.

"Well?"

"One offered me four more brass pots for a milch-goat ——"

"Go!" commanded Mason at the word. The creature fawned and went. Going, he yet found courage to say timidly, "Master!"

"Speak."

"There was a woman too. I had a wife."

"Well?" Mason was pleased — no one had heard of the wife before — and, seeing his pleasure, the man giggled again. "She died," he said. "She died so soon that I did not have to pay any goats for her. I had many goats, and many brass pots, and a grandmother. She ——"

"Go!" said Mason again, in a voice of thunder and the native fled.

They called him "*Sergeant*" for his tunic and his unwarlike ways, and "*Africa*" because he was a mystery. "And probably," yawned Hayes, "he's just like all other mysteries — nothing in him. Mason, I'm due for fever again. I thought I heard machine-guns."

"I'll see to that," said Mason quietly, feeling his wrist. There was another mystery here, for the pulse was not frequent. He had been long enough in the land to despise no mysteries. The shadow and dearth of that country had laid hold on him. He felt sometimes, even in sleep, the weight and pull of the unknown beyond the Konda hills. He went to the mud wall about their dreary city, evanescent as the grass and canvas of which it was built, and listened.

Had Hayes's hearing been abnormally sharpened? Was there really a sound, as of the ghost of a woodpecker, beyond the river? He was not sure, though he listened till the stars came out. He thought he saw Sergeant Africa listening too, and shaking in the twilight.

But one of the mysteries was soon made plain to him. Word came of a fight at Rohumba, and the escape of a small German force.

Sick men brought that word; sick men and wounded followed it. For hours the grass plain from the river was furrowed with their slow passage. Mason, the weight of the land heavy on him, began to wonder if in all the world there were any sound men left. His old sick helped him care for the new.

They told him wearily what there was of news. "Another break through," they said. "It's von Esten's lot, of course. But he's lost heavily, and there can't be more than fifty of 'em scattered between you and Kondarangi. They won't attack. They're more likely to crawl in in threes and fours and give themselves up. Even von Esten won't be able to hold 'em together now. There's nothing south of Rohumba but sand and thorn. They'll be dead of thirst in four days. Send out, and you could round up the lot."

"Ghosts to round up dead men!" said Mason, and laughed for he had been working for forty hours.

"Who's in charge of the military business here? Hayes? Well, tell him von Esten's worth taking, if he don't know it. He's been the driving power behind every column and gun for two years." The sick man turned and slept. Mason also went shakily to his house and slept.

He woke as usual at dawn, and went to the wall of this city of the sick for the enjoyment of those few minutes which somehow encouraged him to go through with the other thousand odd minutes which made up his day. The air, which later would be as stale as that of a great town, was exquisitely fresh; the light of the unrisen sun was veiled in low fog, and tender as pearl. Thorn and stone and mud at that hour seemed to blossom with mysterious iridescence, to be on the verge of some revelation of beauty; it was the desert in the very act of rejoicing and flowering as a rose. But it lasted no more than a breath. The mist lifted from the river; the silence was riven with harsh voices of birds; the shadows grew hard as wood; the stones dried. Mason was turning with a sigh, when he saw something moving up from the river ford.

He was aware of Hayes, discontentedly in search of breakfast. He called, and Hayes went to him. Together they watched. Mason said at last, "What is it?"

"A man on a mule," answered Hayes slowly, hesitating as the bands of mist dimmed and cleared. He corrected himself. "What was once a man on what was once a mule. Another man leads the mule, and the rider is impartially whacking the mule and the man who leads it with what looks like a rifle-butt. Well?"

"I thought it was that, but my eyes are a bit groggy. Anything else?"

Hayes was silent while the men and the mule made perhaps fifty feet. Then he said, "Where's your new boy?"

"Sergeant Africa? Why — upon my word, Hayes, I don't know! Haven't thought of him for two days."

"Well," answered Hayes briefly, "he's there — leadin' the mule."

Five minutes later, down at the gates with a couple of Hausas, he said again, "Ever seen von Esten?"

"No."

"Well, that's him, *on* the mule."

Later still, Mason was badgered by his sick men, who wanted to know if it was true that von Esten had been brought in single-handed by a native camp follower.

"It seems so," said Mason doubtfully. "At any rate, von Esten's here all right, in a hut, with a Hausa guard over him, and my only other shirt on, ordering everyone about and condescendingly interviewing Hayes."

There was a silence. Then someone said abruptly, "But the natives would run a hundred miles from von Esten! And Sergeant Africa ——"

"Ask him," returned Mason.

Sergeant Africa had deserted the shadow of Mason's hut for a shadow as near that of von Esten as the scornful Hausas would allow him to go. Gaunt white men came here and questioned him, and he writhed before them in quivering self-effacement. Yes, it was true. He was a very poor man, but once he had owned goats . . . . "Lord, I had many goats. I desired now a mule to ride on. Yes, it is true I went away where the fighting was without the leave of my master Masoni. But I thought there would be things there — beasts, a bottle, perhaps a broken gun — which men had thrown away. I desired many things, that I might exchange them for more goats. Once I had many goats, and some brass pots, and a grandmother ——"

Here he caught Mason's eye and crouched, fawning. Mason drew back almost with disgust — the thing was too abject. Urged by many voices, Sergeant Africa continued confusedly, with trembling gestures of hands thin and delicate as black leaves —

"I found a mule that yet lived, also a broken gun and some other things. Will these be taken from me? I am a poor man. I would change them for goats. Then the white man came upon me. He took away my mule; he took away my gun and beat me with it. I am all over sores. He commanded me that I should bring him to a place where he could get food and water, for all his men were dead in the scrub. I brought him here with what haste I could, and all the way he beat me and my mule, which I will change for goats. Once I had goats — many of them — and brass pots——"

Here and there men laughed; most were silent, staring at the black in the dust at the shadow's edge. Mason said under his breath, "He's all Africa. He's squatting here at von Esten's command as if by blows that brute had established a *right* over him. How can you help those without soul to help themselves — those too crushed to feel wrong as wrong?" But he said this to himself.

The Hausa sentry spat in the dust. "Allah, Who made men and frogs, knows why this thing wears the shape of a man," he growled to his fellows. "Had I been in thy skin, O miserable, that white man should have ridden a spear and beaten the wind."

But Sergeant Africa only giggled and blinked deprecatingly.

He got no credit for the affair, and looked for none. In a desultory sort of way he was fattening his mule. Mason saw him grazing it sometimes in the plain towards the river, nursing the broken gun on his arm. He had attached himself abjectly to von

Esten, which hurt Mason's feelings. He was always there when he wasn't busy with the mule, squatted as near the prisoner's hut as possible. The Hausas spurned him from the neighbourhood a dozen times a day, but he only giggled and shivered and crept back to it. He was so abject, so persistent, that they began to think him mad, and let him alone.

Von Esten was the only prisoner in that camp; he was the most important that had been taken for weeks. Until he could be sent elsewhere, his safe-keeping devolved on Hayes, who cursed him in his heart — von Esten had a black record — and outwardly treated him with the extravagant consideration an Englishman shows his captive enemy. His nerves, though, showed the strain, and after a couple of weeks of it, and no relief in sight, he spoke sharply to Mason.

"I wish you'd clear your nigger out of my men's way," he said; "Ibrahim's complaining of him."

Mason was tired of being regarded as the responsible owner of Sergeant Africa, and said so. "What's he been doing now?" he asked wearily.

"Ibrahim says he has the evil eye — says he's upsetting the prisoner with it. *That* doesn't matter, of course, but ——"

"I'll see what I can do," agreed Mason. He had been long in the land, and saw no reason for amusement. He went and spoke roughly to Sergeant Africa, who abased himself utterly, stammering timid gutturals while his shaking hands pawed at Mason's ankles. Mason kicked himself free in a frenzy of irritation. Sergeant Africa fled, and for that day the prisoner's hut was free of him. Mason was faintly troubled; the interview had left him with a shadowy impression of something he ought to have understood, something he ought to have known — he was bewildered by a vague self-reproach.

Returning late that night from his fever tents, he saw the Konda hills flickering heavens high in wave upon wave of rosy sheet lightning. The scrub hissed under squalls as fierce and local as waterspouts. One drove down on the camp, and Mason ran for his own quarters the shortest way, past von Esten's hut. Von Esten stood at his doorway, grinning at the drowned sentries. Mason saw his teeth glimmer in the lightning. In the shadow beyond the sentries' beat Mason fell over a native who crouched there in the shelter of a ragged blanket, shuddering abjectly in the flashes. Mason knew him, before he melted into the rain, for Sergeant Africa.

The next day the camp at Kondarivi was humming like a bees' nest. Sergeant Africa had taken advantage of the storm to pick a hole in the back of von Esten's hut. The prisoner was gone, and sergeant Africa and the mule likewise.

Hayes was in despair, and very angry with Mason.

"First that black brute of yours brings me a prisoner I don't want," he said, "and then he lets him go. Well, there'll be an accident to Sergeant Africa if my men catch him; he'll be shot at sight. As for you, I do think ——" He thought quite a lot on the subject. Mason listened quietly. He said nothing and continued to say nothing. There was something in the affair which puzzled him utterly; the shadow of that which Sergeant Africa had never succeeded in telling him was heavy on his mind.

Hayes took his sullen Hausas and went in search of von Esten and Sergeant Africa. There was no chance of finding them. He dared not let his party scatter, for fear of wandering askaris or a stray machine-gun, and he hadn't enough men to beat all the Konda hills. It was as hopeful as hunting for a mouse in a stack-yard. But he went.

He had not returned by nightfall. When the moon rose, Mason took the best mount he could find and went too.

He had no business to leave the camp, but he did leave it. He left it stealthily in a cloud. The heat following the rain had soaked the air in mist; mist beleaguered the Kondarivi camp, though it stood high; it seemed to beat noiselessly on the gates of that desolate city like ghosts seeking entry. The river bottom was a solid-seeming level of mist, through which the trees and the tall scrub thrust suddenly into yellow moonlight.

The flanks of the hills were hung with fogwebs; as the uneasy airs lifted or sank, rocks and bushes flattened or towered in a moment.

Mason urged his beast uphill. His nerves were for some reason tight-strung as wires, but he could hear nothing but the frogs croaking under the roofing mist of the river.

He rode very cautiously for some few miles under a growing sense of oppression. It was not a sense of danger, though he was doing a reckless thing. He felt as if he were riding into an increasing vacuum, as if the night were slowly drawing in its breath before emitting some vast ejaculation of surprise or terror. He told himself frankly that he was in search of Sergeant Africa, not of von Esten, and he felt as if all Nature were in collusion with the native — that between the deep mist and the moon hovered the very spirit of that dark land.

As the way grew rougher he dismounted and led his horse. He walked revolver in hand, yet he felt uncannily sure that nothing would harm him — that the very fog and shadow were shepherding him in the way they would have him go, that something finer than air opened to admit him, and closed behind him when he passed. He must have been visible and audible a long way, but nothing disturbed him. The stage for the unknown drama had been swept clear even of the little creatures of the night.

Perhaps he had a touch of fever on him. He began to feel that the weight of the silence, the pressure of the fog, and the dead electric light of the moon were more than he could bear, that he must yell aloud, throw stones, dance on the rocks — anything to assert his silly little human identity in the face of crowding inhuman powers. He began to wonder whether sheer funk would not drive him back to Kondarivi with his heart in his mouth, when he saw, across a stony defile brimming with mist, a wavering shadow — two shadows — that came to meet him.

Mason stopped and waited. He was saying foolishly to himself, "Now — *now* it's coming."

Whatever it was came slowly — one minute tall as a tree, then squat as a stone. It descended the far side of the gully and went out in wreaths of fog, emerged slowly on Mason's side — first the lopping ears of a lean lame mule, then the head of a man thrusting the beast on. The man saw Mason, ran ahead of the mule, and came to him, clucking and cowering.

"Lord! Master!"

Mason stood very still, looking down at Sergeant Africa, who clawed among the pebbles at his boot-toes in an agony of humility. He was living a dream. They were alone, he and the native, the patient horse and the shabby mule, in the midst of an immensity of silence and moonlight, stretching for miles and miles and miles. In a still voice Mason said, "Thou hast done a great evil. Where is the prisoner?"

"Master, come and see."

Held in that great stillness, Mason shook up his horse and followed where Sergeant Africa led.

Sergeant Africa led him by a winding track, a devious native path through the scrub; it was born of nothing and ended nowhere, that path. The lame mule drifted along it noiselessly. Sergeant Africa ran beside the mule, stumbling in the grass tufts, continually looking back with a glint of eyeballs to see that Mason came after, cringing and bobbing when he met Mason's gaze. He stopped at last at the base of an acacia tree, beautiful in the light, and waited for Mason to come up with him, clucking the while like a frightened hen.

"Well?"

"Lord, he is here," said Sergeant Africa, bending double. He pointed to the deep grass under the tree. Mason went and looked.

After a long time he walked back to Sergeant Africa. He sought twice and thrice to control his voice before he said, "Speak."

"Master!" Sergeant Africa abased himself till he was no more than an obscure heap of khaki rags and purple-black skin; his hands pattered at Mason's feet — hands slender and delicate as a girl's — and Mason shuddered a little from their touch. "Master, I am a very poor man. But once I had many goats, and some brass pots, and a grandmother. She would change a milch-goat for three more brass pots." He glanced up at Mason, cringed, giggled in propitiation, and hastened to say, "Master, I had also a wife!"

"Tell me."

"She was very young. I went away to deal with a man for four more goats, and I left her in the hut with my grandmother. She smiled upon me when I went; she said I should hasten back. She was a merry girl, a fat girl. I should have had to pay many goats for her. While I was gone, there came *That* " — he pointed to the long grass — "with askaris, searching for a man that had run away. He said we had hidden the man. The elders of my people lay at his feet; they swore they knew nothing of the man. He kicked them, and some he beat till they died. It was true; we knew nothing of the man who had run away. We should have given him up if we had, so that we might not be beaten."

"Then the white man gave orders that the huts should be fired, to drive the women out. The women ran out crying, and my wife ran out too, holding my grandmother by the hand, and carrying in her arms a kid that was sick, for I had many goats. The white man laughed to see her running for the trees with the kid and my grandmother; he made jokes in his language. When she had reached the edge of the trees, he lifted his little gun and he fired at her. Just when she had reached the bush she fell and died. My grandmother took the kid, which was running about and bleating, and brought it to me where I was. I had many goats. My wife had died so soon, I did not have to pay any for her . . . ."

Mason glanced about him. He thought a wind went past him like a released breath — that the dark land breathed upon him. He said quickly, "Go on with the tale."

"Master, it seemed good to me that That should die as the young woman died — when he had thought to reach safety." Sergeant Africa giggled anxiously, and his hands fluttered in the stones. "If I have done ill, let me be beaten. I said in my heart, 'Great is my master Masoni. If it is an evil in his eyes that this justice should be done, he will beat me with stripes.' Lord, I do not like to be beaten. I am a poor man, I am a frightened man, but I have lived many months of many days to do this thing."

"Speak on."

"Lord, it was not very difficult to follow That, for wherever he would go, the news went before him among my people. I followed him, but not so that he should see me, for I am a poor man and timid. I do not know what has happened to my goats while I have been away — perhaps they are dead, too. I came to this place to dwell under the shadow of Masoni, for I knew That was not very far away. There was fighting, and I was very frightened; but I took a mule that yet lived. It was in my mind that presently I would take *That* . I wanted a beast to set him on when I should let him go — a little way."

He giggled again. "Lord, shall I be beaten because I made a hole in the hut and led him forth — a little way? It is only a little way. I have lived to do this thing a long time. And I am a poor man. Will my mule be taken from me? I would change it for many goats. Once I had a herd of goats, and brass pots, and a grandmother, and a wife, but she died so quick that I did not have to pay any goats for her."

The clicking, clucking whisper died to silence. Mason heard a tiny wind sighing in the delicate acacia leaves; the grass moved faintly where lay the thing that had been von Esten. And in that moment he was afraid.

He said quickly, "There shall be no punishment," and as he spoke he felt how inadequate were his words in face of that vast, dark justice which had made Sergeant

Africa its instrument. Sergeant Africa fawned upon him abjectly, and Mason shuddered.

"Lord, if it might be permitted, if I might leave your high service, now that this thing is done, if I might go and see to my goats; for I am a poor man, and I would change my mule for goats."

"Take the beast and go. There is no punishment. But I would see no more of thee. It will be well for thee that the Lord Hayesi does not find thee, for his anger is kindled. See, here is money. Take it and go — go in peace."

Sergeant Africa grabbed the little silver coins in a writhing delight; he stowed them somewhere among the rags of the old tunic. He would have embraced Mason's feet, but Mason had mounted his horse. He was in a fever to be gone — to be done with the terrible abject creature who fawned about his stirrup, to be rid of the exquisite tracery of the acacia leaves in the moonlight, and the stony slopes, and the little wind that moved in the grass. He watched Sergeant Africa mount the lame mule, and, urging it with guttural cries, ride down the wandering path, looking back to grin and shiver. At last Mason could stand no more; he turned and rode for it, with the night baying at his heels.

Once, pausing on a slope, he heard far behind him a voice uplifted in an endless quavering song. It was Sergeant Africa singing the goatherds' song to his mule; and, hearing it, Mason swore and wiped his face on his sleeve. "When I can get away from this beastly country," he said — "when I can get away, back to a white man's land — to a nice tame land — back to Margaret, back to the wife —"

But for that also he had to live many months of many days.

THE CLOSED DOOR

Tonio brought the news after dinner with the turgid mix he called coffee. "Concepcion says," he remarked, "That there has been a battle beyond Cienaga and all the insurgents have been destroyed. But Concepcion is a liar anyway, and does the señor wish me to open another tin of milk? There is no more fresh. The cow is dead."

Fellowes lifted his head with a jerk from the sticky leather cushion where he had just laid it, too tired even to swear. "Hello! say that again."

"The cow is dead and Pepita wept. There is no doubt that it is dead . . . ."

"Never mind. I mean about the battle."

"Saints! Concepcion says there has been one beyond Cienaga, and all the insurgentes have been killed."

"Who told him?"

"A man who fought in the battle, señor, a man who was there. Pedro is hiding him in the cafeteria."

"Why?"

"Quien sabe? Pedro says he is frightened. And there is no fresh milk. Little Mother of God, that cow was exhausta . . . ."

"Be quiet. Give me my boots again."

For all his tiredness, Fellowes dropped out of the hammock lightly enough. If there really had been a battle, and the insurgentes really had been wiped out, then the victorious troops would probably straggle back to the Town for rest and refreshment. In that case the Company must be warned, and the Company's loose property swept up and secured. "Damn all governments, anyway," said Fellowes, as he struggled with the boots, and wondered where he might lay a hand on one of his foremen.

After the heat of the lighted room behind the nettings, the dusk was almost cool as he plunged into it. A storm was coming, and the sun had dropped early into dark cloud. Sky and forest were so much of a blackness that it looked as if the trees had suddenly and silently surged upward and swallowed the day. The foul little roads were dim and deserted; only the square flared with uncertain light. The church seemed at one moment to waver near the ground; the next, it flickered aloft, striking into the inverted pits of dark like a reflection in a well. Only in front of the café a compact and sweating crowd fought and screamed whole-heartedly, tiny by contrast of the night.

A man whirled from the outskirts of the crowd as Fellowes paused, and caught him by the coat. "There is a man!" He shrieked above the din. "One who has seen the battle!" Fellowes shook him off, lowered his head, and drove through the mob by sheer weight of bone. They took his charge with perfect good-temper. Brown hands caught at him, eyes gleamed and darkened, and half the mouths in the Town screamed at him in unison.

"There is a man in the café. A man who saw the battle! Little Mother of God, a man who was there!"

He was in the hard breathing front rank pressed against the wall. The closed door of the café was in front of him. He could see a pale blot wavering like a moth within the glass, — the anxious face of Pedro. Then a darkness appeared in the blot, and two smaller blots appeared with cautious gestures. Fellowes worked forward till he leaned against the door. It opened suddenly. Fat hands dragged him within. And Pedro clapped to the door again in the excited faces of his friends.

"That was well done," said Pedro, puffing heavily. "I saw the señor. I thought, he wishes to question me, to ask me the truth; I will admit him. And you are here, señor."

Fellowes looked round. The thick walled room was cool and dark, bitter with the smell of stale cheap wine, and as still as a chapel. The noise outside penetrated only as a murmur. "And the man?" he asked, with a breath of relief. "You have him here?"

"The man who was there?" said Pedro. "Yes, señor. You wish to ask him of the battle? Yes, señor. I will give light."

He brought him a little reeking lamp of the sort they light in shrines. Shapes dawned on them cloudily — barrels, jars, an old door like a cave's mouth, and a flight of steps. "He is . . . ?" began Fellowes in some astonishment. And Pedro finished quickly, "In the cellar? Yes, señor. Why? Because he is afraid."

The last word came back deep and hollow as Pedro led the way into the cellars. "Afraid . . . ."

If the upper floor had been as still as a chapel, the cellar was as still as a tomb. The steps led straight down into a square room full of broad mud pillars; on three sides of this room smaller ones opened, bins and cupboards for storing the wine and the aguardiente. Each opening was hung with a rough door, and every door stood open, so that beyond the circling shadows of the pillars there seemed to wait a monstrous company of wings. Fellowes turned mechanically to close the door at the foot of the stairs. And a voice cried to him quickly, "Señor, señor, leave the door open, in the name of God."

"Yes," said the fat Pedro in a whisper, "that is the man. Leave the door open, señor. In the name of God."

Fellowes looked. The soldier sat on a straw mattress with his back against the far wall, so that all the open doors were in view. His slender brown feet were wrapped in strips of native cloth that had once been white, but were now stained a thick dark brown. His knees were drawn up and his hands clasped them. He wore some sort of uniform coat with gaudy yellow flannel facings, and a broad hat lay beside him, together with an untouched bottle of Pedro's wine. His voice, singularly sharp and quick, was yet the voice of a sound man.

"Are you . . ." began Fellowes, and then stopped. The face touched with a strange reflection not of light, but of darkness, answered him. It was the only answer he had. For the soldier was counting the doors on his fingers, — "Four — seven — nine, and all open."

Fellowes turned to Pedro. "Is this man — is he a little mad?"

"O no, señor. He is only afraid."

"Of what?"

"Of a closed door, señor. He is not mad. He was there, beyond Cienaga. Wait. I will speak for you."

He leaned forward and spoke loudly, a fat hand on either knee. "This caballero wishes to ask if you were in the fight beyond Cienaga."

The echoes of the deep voice rolled in little thunders; each echo died before the man answered in his sharp, breathless voice.

"Yes, I was there."

"He wishes to hear about the battle. Will you tell him all you know?"

Another silence. Then, — "Yes, I will tell him all I know. But do not shut the doors."

Fellowes took it up eagerly in his best Spanish. "Tell me all you know, my friend, and I'll make it well worth your while." He felt in his pocket for a pencil and a scrap of paper. "Go on. I'm ready."

"There was a river," said the soldier quickly, "and a house with a yellow roof in a clearing.

"Yes. Go on, please."

"A house with a yellow roof. I was in the house."

"Yes, but before that?"

"Before that, the swamps, señor. Then the river, and the village, and the house with the yellow roof. I was in the house."

"But — this is no use." Fellowes turned to Pedro. "I want facts, all he knows—"

Pedro's full moon face was turned gravely on the soldier; his eyes, gentle as a girl's, watched him only. "Señor," he said, with an air slightly absent, "I think he will tell you all he knows. Listen. In the name of God."

Pedro's voice, the little shrine-lamp sending up a thin black finger to the roof, the shadows, the open doors, — all these chilled Fellowes a little. He glanced curiously from Pedro to the soldier. "Let him tell it in his own way, then."

The soldier began again, as if he were speaking for the first time.

"There was the house with the yellow roof. But before that we crossed the swamps. It's very bad in the swamps. We walked one behind the other on logs laid down in the mud; they were very old logs, very slippery. We walked for a long time, I don't know how long. One man took the quick fever, and when the pain came, he cried and fell into the mud, in a deep place. He was gone before one could cry on the saints, and his gun too, which was a pity. This man was the first who died. I forget his name now, but he was very lucky at cockfighting.

"It was very dark in the swamps, too, dark almost like night. Sometimes the trees broke, and a line of light lay across the mud. As the long trail of men crawled along the logs, each as he passed under the light would go very slowly, and lift his face to it, until he was pushed on by the man behind who wanted to feel the sun on his eyes too. In this way two more men were drowned in the mud. But I was safe, and so was the man in front of me. I was glad of that, because he was my friend."

"But can't you remember how long you were in the swamps?" asked Fellowes, gently. "Who your captain was? Anything that happened?"

The soldier looked troubled. "No, I don't remember. But I had a gun, and cartridges, and a bayoneta; and I was afraid of the insurgentes. I was afraid they would come up behind us. We didn't know where they were. The man in front of me didn't care. He was a young man and merry, with no hatred in him. He said, 'If a Señor Insurgente gave me a good dinner, I'd build him a shrine.' But I was afraid of the insurgentes. They were devils.

"When we came out of the swamps many of us had fever, and our feet were sore with leech bites. There was a road, but it was very bad. Soon one part of our army was far ahead of the other. Those who went in front had shoes, those who went slowly, hadn't any. I was afraid the insurgentes would catch us, but I couldn't go fast. My friend had shoes, but he stayed with me. And one day he went off by himself, and came back laughing with a pair for me. 'There's a village yonder,' he told me, 'all shut up except the church. A poor place. Only the fleas are fat. I said a prayer in the church, amigo, and stole the jefe's shoes for you.'

"Now that we both had shoes we left the rearguard behind us, the men who had none. I don't remember where we went. We went on for a long time, and there was fighting in front of us. I think we fought too, because I remember hiding in some thick bushes covered with pink flowers. There was a dead man near us, and when I fired my gun, the pink flowers fell until he was almost buried, — only his feet out. There were lots of dead men, though we didn't mind them. But there were a few who were not dead. Those insurgentes are devils. I was not afraid of fighting — I was afraid of insurgentes. I would call to my friend in daylight, like a child at night. 'Are they here, have they come, amigo?' And he would say, ' No, we must still keep the dinner hot for them.' He was a merry man even when he was hungry.

"I still had my gun, and some cartridges and my bayoneta; but we had no food. When we came to the river, and the village, and the house with the yellow roof, my friend went away to find food. I hid in the house with the yellow roof, waiting for him; I hid in a corner of the lower room behind the door, where there was a little window,

high up. I had my gun, and my cartridges, and my bayoneta. I was going to fire on the rebels through the window if they came. But they didn't come.

"It was very still in that house. The room was a very nice one, very clean. A water pot hung under the eaves and dripped, and that was often the only sound I could hear. A child's shoe lay in the middle of the floor; they must have been well-to-do folk if even the children had shoes. But I couldn't find anything to eat, not so much as a mouldy plantain or a bit of bread. The door was open. I left it open and stood in the shadow behind it with my gun and my cartridges and my bayoneta, looking out of the little window and wondering where my friend was. There was a clearing outside, surrounded with tall trees. Sunlight hung like ropes made from gold between the trees. Birds talked; one flew in at the open door of the room where I hid. It was so quiet you would never have thought of fighting, of anger, of dead men. Except when the sunny wind blew off the woods."

As if the remembered quietness locked his lips, the soldier was silent. The door at the foot of the stairs swung in a draught and he watched it anxiously with drawn in lips until it was still. Then he went on breathlessly, "I will tell the gentleman all I can remember. It is not much. But there was fighting, but I don't remember where or what it was all about. It is all gone. Only I was in the lower room of the house with the yellow roof, behind the door. And the door was open. I was waiting for my friend. I waited a long time, but he came at last.

"He broke through the trees on the far side of the clearing, running as if he were mad, and leaping from side to side. He had a dead fowl under each arm, and as he ran, their long necks jerked together. His tunic was all stuffed out with things, and his ragged trousers fluttered round his legs like flags round a flagpole at a fiesta. He looked very funny. He was laughing as he ran. I laughed too, and I was just going to run and meet him, when I thought, is there a kettle here to cook the fowl in? I looked for the kettle, and looked back through the window. And I saw the little blue puff break from the trees . . . .

"The crack followed, little and foolish in that big quietness as the crack of a twig. And three men ran out of the trees after my friend. They were insurgentes. I had never seen them so close before. I was afraid. But he wasn't, I saw his white teeth flashing as he ran for the open door. He ran as fast as a dog, with the fowls' heads jerking against his knees. And he laughed.

"I became very cold, there behind the door. Something jerked in my chest, and the gun jerked in my hand. I wondered what I should do. If I fired, I might have hit my friend. I didn't fire. I watched the insurgentes coming nearer. I saw their faces, as they ran through the streaks of light and shadow in the clearing, now bright, now dark, and all with one thought in them . . . . Then I was afraid. Afraid as I hadn't been before. The light went out, my flesh trembled, my sinews shook against my bones. Mother of God, I died, — died many times."

The soldier bent forward, panting. His eyes for the first time met Fellowes'.

"I was there. I will tell you all I know, señor. He was my friend. I was afraid.

"I shut the door."

The cellar was very still. The lamp fire trembled, and Pedro's immense squat shadow surged like a cloud.

"I shut the door. The square of sunlight on the floor grew thin and went out. There was a place for a bolt, but no bolt. I drove in my bayoneta, — drove it in with the child's shoe I picked up from the floor. I leaned against the door, staring at the floor where the sunlight had been. My hands were over my ears, but I could hear everything, rolling like stones in my heart, in my head . . . .

"I shut the door. It was fast when he flung himself against it, calling me to open in the name of God. I wanted to open it, then, señor, I wanted to open it. But I couldn't move. I was afraid. And they killed him against it. They killed him with their bayonets. The points came through to the other side and pricked me, — twice, — as I leaned

against it. Then they took the fowls and went away. I don't know how many there were or why they went away. Perhaps they didn't see the door had been open.

"It was very quiet again. I crushed my ear against my side of the door, but there was no sound from *his* side. I put my lips to the wood and spoke to him in a whisper for fear the insurgentes should hear and come back. I couldn't believe that *he* didn't hear. I thought he was listening in silence and laughing, — just to pay me out — but there was no sound but the drip from the water jug. It was very loud, like a bell. A drop would flash in the shadow and fall, and then the sound would come in my head, — 'Boom.' Soon I saw that there were two 'Booms' to every drip that fell. I couldn't understand it at first. But the other drip, the other noise, were outside. I looked down at my feet. The jefe's shoes he had stolen for me were very dark, very wet, with — with what had dripped and run under the closed door from his side to mine . . . .

"I was afraid again. I kicked off the shoes and ran round and round the room. I couldn't believe that he was dead. He was such a merry one. As I ran, I kept saying, 'I'm afraid of the insurgentes, afraid of the insurgentes,' and I called, 'Are you here, amigo, have they come?' But he didn't answer 'We must keep the soup hot.' Then I knew I wasn't afraid of the insurgentes, but of my amigo on the other side of the door.

"When it was dark, so dark I could see nothing, I went to the door. My hands were quite steady as I worked out the bayoneta. But I opened it the breadth of a hand. Señor, the door opened inwards. As it came, something came with it, heavy, dragging on the ground — pinned to it as a bat's skin's pinned on a board . . . .

"I don't remember much. I shut the door again. I was very cold. I took my gun and broke down the window and climbed out that way.

"The clearing was in very dark shadow, but the tops of the trees were white in the coming moonlight. I knew I must be away before the moonlight shone on the door. I dropped from the window and my foot struck something, — a loaf of bread. His tunic was all fat with things as he ran and laughed . . . .

"I was very hungry. I caught it up and ran, wondering why the insurgentes had left it. I went on and on. The moon rose and the light came on my hands. They were dark, señor, the bread was dark. No wonder the insurgentes had left it. It was all spoiled . . . .

"I don't remember much more. I went on, — went on. Then it was day, and there was a town, one of our towns. When they saw my feet, they let me ride in the wagons. They offered me bread, but I couldn't eat it. They thought I was wounded and starved. They thought I had fought the rebels. Perhaps I had. But I only remember that I was afraid. And so I shut the door."

"But the fighting?" asked Fellowes under his breath. "Under whose command? Who cut off the insurgentes? Where will the troops retire? He must . . . ."

"Hush, señor." Pedro lifted his hand and turned on his heel. "Hush. He knows no more."

"More?" The man in the yellow facings caught at the word. "Tell the gentleman that's all. There was a house, and an open door, and I shut the door."

"Come," said Pedro again. "There is no more. He has told you all he knows."

They went softly up the steps. And behind them the breathless voice called, "Señor, señor, for the pity of God, do not close the door!"

HOUSE TO LET

What Garratt wants to know, and what I want to know, is this: Did Clint in reality meet with the curious incident of the house to let, or was it one of the delusions which so strangely beset the later years of his life? We now know that he suffered from these delusions for months before they forced him to give up the criminal investigation work which — to a few — made him famous. Witness the case brought against Sir Lucien Gore, in all good faith, and chiefly through Clint's instrumentality, in which the defense simply produced an overwhelming alibi, and the damages ran into five figures. Clint was never his own man after that. But was he his own man before? And do those curious, unlocalized entries in the last of the grey ledgers, which only he saw when he was alive, and to which my partner and I alone have access now that he is dead — I say, do these entries refer to genuine cases, or are they, wholly or in part, the product of an individuality already, and in a sad secrecy, dwelling in that Land of Shadows which lies just beyond the vague frontiers of sanity? If the incident was a real one, why did Clint take no steps to bring the criminal to justice? If the account is imaginative, then — well, you shall judge. The incident is entirely unconnected with any known case. The entry is not a long one.

First let me point out two things: It is absolutely against Clint's usual custom to provide even an imaginary name for a place; however, a precedent is not a proof. Then, there are two St. Osmund's squares, but in one there are no almond trees, and in neither has there ever been a large house with grey stone cats on the posts beside the front steps.

Now for the entry itself. It is written in a normal manner, and stands about one-third of the way through the ledger dated 1911. It begins abruptly.

I was always fond of those small squares [wrote Clint] and would often sit in one of them. They are all alike, yet all different. They are alike in the sense they give of a certain social seclusion, if you will allow the paradox — of a security narrow, it may be, but very successful. The very look of the fourfold grey frontage of houses, the fourfold grey road, inclosing the square of grass and pretty bushes where grave grey pigeons walked and orderly children played, gave me quiet pulses and clear thoughts. I should find it difficult to say how many hours of my life I have spent in those little grey squares, or how many decisions, affecting how many lives, they have helped me to form. An hour on a green bench, under an old plane tree, freed Warren Rand, and another hour spent beside a wired-in pond full of ducks helped to bring Parker to ultimate justice.

I liked St. Osmund's Square best of all. There are almond trees in the little rectangle of garden it boasts, and I think they bloom earlier there than in any other part of the city. Flowers in a city affect me strangely, especially flowering trees; they are such an appealing marriage of strength and evanescence.

If I had been a man with a family and a home, I should have lived in St. Osmund's Square, I'm sure.

I was idle [the memorandum continues] and sitting on one of the sober St. Osmund's benches. I was thinking something like this, and even picking out, from the gentle-voiced children playing near, the particular children I should have liked to be mine. It followed very well with my mood, then, when I looked up and saw a house to let on the opposite side of the square.

It was a charming house, in the Square style. I had never noticed it before. I need not describe it very particularly now. It had good windows, and I like good windows in a house, as I like good eyes in a face. For a moment I was drawn to the

idea of taking it and living in it. But — well, the children were *not* mine. However, I strolled across to look at it.

It was, perhaps, a little less charming when seen at close quarters, but was still a most satisfactory house. The steps were somewhat discoloured; the grey stucco was a little chipped and peeled here and there; the windows were a little blank. But there was nothing that a month's living-in would not have put right. I liked it, and I remember that I was particularly taken — in my sentimental mood! — with two fat stone cats which sat one on each side of the front door steps. They were such round, purring sort of pleasant little monsters. I imagined children's hands caressing them as they went in and out. Then I laughed at myself and turned away, though wondering why such a home of a house should stand empty. And a man's voice said civilly, "Do you want to get in?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I was only looking at the outside."

"If you want to see the inside," he answered, "I'm going in. I'm the owner, and you can come with me."

I turned then and looked at him. He was such a man as you see by the dozen every day — tallish, thinnish, fairish, indefinite, but a gentleman; neither old nor young, rich nor poor — in short, the perfect Average. I said, "You understand I don't want to take the house?"

And he said, "Oh, quite. I have to go in anyhow, and it's no trouble if you'd like to come too. That's all." I hesitated a moment, and looked again at the house. Then I said, "Thanks very much — I will, then. I've never seen a house that took my fancy more." And I followed him up the steps. He opened the door with a key, and stood aside to allow me to pass in.

The hall was good, but rather dark. I waited there while the owner opened some doors on the ground floor, felt the walls for damp, and so forth. While I waited, I examined a very handsome frieze, in black, white and gold, painted on the dull red walls. I said, "This is an unusual thing," and my unknown friend answered hollowly from the closet under the back stairs, as I guessed, "Yes, it's remarkable, isn't it? The last tenant of this house was an artist. The decoration's his."

He joined me, carrying a stub of candle, and we went up to the second floor. The rooms there were delightful — of a period just old enough to be dignified. They were spacious, kindly, not too large and not too small. Some of my silly fancies came back to me there, and I nodded agreeingly when he went on, opening the white door of the most charming room of all, "This was the wife's sitting room; and this" — opening the next door — "was the artist's studio."

I said they were ideal, and meant it — and glanced at a door, evidently more modern than the others, which had been cut between the two rooms. He said instantly, with a quickness of perception I had not credited him with, "Yes, and they were a very ideal pair, you would have said. The wife was an artist too. The husband taught her, but not too much. He was an immense believer in individuality." I said, "You knew them?" And he answered, "Yes. Very well. He was in the process of getting himself known, and taught a good deal. Some of his methods were uncommon. He was, as I have said, strong on individuality, and also on the high-speed registering of impressions; he thought that as little time as possible should elapse between the impression on the artist's brain and the impression of the brush on canvas. But perhaps I'm boring you?"

I said, "On the contrary. His theories are interesting, and I should think, sound." He answered at once, with a rather irritable emphasis, "They're the *only* sound ones . . . . If I am not boring you, perhaps you'd like to hear some more? Their story is a curious one, and the details uncommon." I said, "Yes, I should like to hear." I was in an idle fit, you see, and whimsically interested in the couple who'd lived in my fascinating house.

He wandered round the rooms rather fussily for a few minutes, testing the shashes, et cetera, before he spoke again. Then he began with a detail. At least, I took it for a detail.

"He — this artist — had an odd method of training his pupils in what he called immediate impression-transference — the transference of thought into the action of painting. He used to read out to them, or describe, some incident or scene; and as rapidly as possible, they had to sketch their version of it with charcoal. It was most interesting, the diversity of these rapid-fire sketches in a class of twelve or so. He trained his wife in this method. But the — the sympathy between them at that time was so close that some sort of thought-transference must have taken place, other than what he intended. She began to introduce into her sketches minor details which he had not described, but which had been present in his mind at the time. This occurred so frequently that it disturbed them, and at length they gave up their practice of dictation-sketching; later, they went back to it, with no further upsetting results of this sort. The winter they went back to it — as a sort of game in the long evenings — was the winter in which they first made a friend of Benedict Frère. You have, of course, heard of him?"

Naturally, I said yes. Who had not heard of Frère and his extraordinary paintings and yet more-extraordinary disappearance? It's too early as yet to judge of the place his work will take, or how much its present vogue owes to the brilliance and mystery surrounding the man himself. Something of this sort I said to my friend the landlord. He listened with attention, smiling faintly. When I had finished, he said, almost with an air of indulgence, "Yes, yes. That, of course, is the popular view. But as I know the real story of Frère's disappearance, the element of mystery does not enter into my estimation of the man."

"You know why Frère disappeared?" I asked incredulously. But my landlord, who was now over at the door between the two rooms examining the bolt, only looked back at me over his shoulder with that faint pleasant smile. "Yes, yes," he repeated, "I know all about it. Frère disappeared because he died. I'll tell you *how* he died, if you like."

"Do," I urged. And now I was quite sure I did not believe a word he said. But if he heard the open disbelief in my voice, he took no notice; he just bent over the bolt, working it free, and went on talking in his pleasant, unremarkable voice.

"Why is it that a certain kind of brilliant scamp makes such an unfailing appeal to a certain type of good woman — to a certain type of strong woman? Motherliness enters a good deal into every passion, every affection, that such a woman feels. And the artist's wife was that kind, and she had no children. The motherhood in her first went to erratic, pathetic Frère; for by force of the contrasts in him, he *was* pathetic; and everything else followed. Her husband saw it all go, as it were, from *his* keeping to Frère's — like a flight of birds to a new nesting-place . . . . But understand me, she was a good woman, and she remained one, to the increase of the tragedy. The infidelity was of the soul only. Only! It's more dividing than any of the flesh, isn't it? But the soul is the master, and so the artist never blamed her. She could not help it. And he saw it was breaking her heart. She was not made to stand the strain. He loved her; and he had to see the grimly victorious fight she was making, and stand aside and give no sign. No sign whatever! She sent Frère away, and her husband saw him off at the station — bought him magazines and papers for the journey, for they'd been very friendly. When the train pulled out, he stood in front of the station newsstand and prayed to God that Frère would never come back, because he — her husband — knew that she'd die if he did. She would never yield, but she would die. It became his one interest in life — to keep Frère away."

My unknown informant — I still did not believe a word he said — left the door and went over to the deep-paneled wainscoting that ran all round the studio. I now saw that the panels let down on hinges, revealing shallow slip-cupboards of a size to hold

drawings and canvases. He opened one, and drew my attention to the neatness of the device. While he talked, he examined hinges of all the cupboards in turn. I thought that he was deeply attached to his house, and made a sort of hobby of it.

"The man we're concerned with — the artist," he went on, "did not see Frère for two years. And then he met him in a tiny fishing village on the Cornish coast. The artist was there for a week or so, making studies of fishing boats, and grey stone walls, and fuchsias, and things of that sort, for a book he was illustrating. He used to walk miles along the coast, with his sketching materials and some food in a knapsack. Once he walked so far, and across such strange country, that the tide cut him off from the village where he was staying; he walked on, therefore, and in the moonlight came out on top of a big pile of rocks. There was a cove beneath him, a pretty place, and on the far side were the lights of a little village of which he never knew the name. A man was standing among the rocks. He turned as the artist came up to him, with an alert swing of the shoulders, and then cried out cheerily and came forward. It was Frère."

"They greeted each other warmly, for they had been very friendly that winter two years before. There were a good many questions asked and answered. Frère had been in the East, he said, and had some wonderful results to show. 'Are you going back there?' asked our man. And Frère looking at him clear-eyed, said no, he was tired of wandering and would settle down in town, and hoped to see a great deal of his friends . . . . Why shouldn't he look at our man clear-eyed? It was only an affair of souls; and he'd no idea the artist knew anything. But our man thought of his wife; she'd won a sort of peace in the two years; now her martyrdom would begin again. 'Not if I can help it,' he said aloud, and Frère asked him what he meant; and was easily put off. 'Come and share my diggings for the night,' said Frère. 'You won't be able to get back to yours for hours. But first come and look at a queer thing here in the rocks, the sort of thing you like.'

"He led him to a place just above the sands where there was a sighing pool of sea water. It was never still. 'Be careful,' said Frère, 'that's not a rock-pool. It's a well — a sheer shaft connected with the sea. Anything falling in there's never seen again — the currents draw it out to deep water. Weird place, isn't it? I'd like to show it to your wife.' He knelt there, the artist — our man — struck him full on the temple with the heavy stick he carried. He remained kneeling an instant without a sound; then, still in perfect silence, his body doubled forward on itself; he slid into the well as softly as a shadow. Was gone!"

"Murdered!" I exclaimed. The owner of the house looked gravely around at me.

"If you like to call it so," he said. "You would not call yourself a murderer if you removed a man who was offering some intolerable physical violence to your wife; why should you call this man a murderer because he protected his wife from a more intolerable spiritual violence?"

"Our artist did not blame himself; he felt no guilt. But he was inexplicably disturbed. He had no regrets, no compunction; he did not, I believe, care very much if he were found out or not. He really felt nothing, on the moral side. But he was troubled by the curious ease, the quickness, the commonplace everyday sort of manner in which Frère had been — removed. It had been as unremarkable as throwing away an old boot. He felt that it left him in debt to something. And he could not get the scene of his action out of his head; he carried with him a perpetual photograph of the rocks and the moon and the sighing pool of salt water.

"Perhaps all along the strain had been too much for him also."

My unknown friend [Clint continues] looked at me again vaguely, pleasantly, as if appealing for my sympathy with *his* unknown friend. There was a dirty mark on the wainscoting and he pulled out his handkerchief and rubbed it off with little clucks of distress. "Workmen," he said in his mild voice, "are so wantonly careless." Down

below, some door that he had left open slammed in a sudden draught, and I remember how I started.

"No," he went on, "he felt nothing. He went home — came here, you know. His wife met him, with her loyal smile and her haunted eyes. Looking at her, remembering her suffering — a two years' crucifixion! — he was even glad. They took up their life, the husk of happiness, the valiant game of *let's-pretend* — all Frère had left them. Our man played that game well; he knew that once the bubble of make-believe was pierced, everything would come down with a crash. He played on — my God, how he played! And the woman, the dear woman, never guessed he knew.

"Frère had been so erratic in his movements that for a long time his disappearance made scarcely any stir at all. The couple here in this house spoke of it quite naturally. The man could never get that picture out of his mind, though; he could never get a rest from the rocks and the moonlight and the black-and-white pool.

"His wife was working hard, and he began giving her lessons again. Every evening they'd sit in the studio here, and he'd look over what she'd done during the day. He tried her with his dictation scheme, and it worked well; very pretty things she made of his descriptions; she had a very delicate, quick imagination — could give a sort of fairy touch, a mystery, to a barn door and a pig. At her request, he described to her some of his Cornish scenes. She had never been to Cornwall. It was astonishing how nearly she caught the spirit of the place. It seemed as if the work brought them nearer; each was conscious of a tender, autumnal return of happiness, now that Frère was gone .... Do you notice a leak in the ceiling here?"

I said no, I thought it was just a discolouration of the plaster. My unknown friend examined it from every possible angle before he was satisfied; then he went on with a jerk.

"But he couldn't get that photographic memory of a single scene out of his mind. It was there *always* , you understand — like a sort of drop-scene at the back of a stage. A score of times he'd caught himself with words describing it on his very lips. And then he thought, 'Why not?' He'd done — it — for her. And perhaps the very act of telling her about the place would help him to put all thought of it aside, as he strove to do, as utterly as he'd put aside all thought of Benedict Frère."

"At their next lesson he carefully dictated to her a minute description of the rocks, the early moon and the sea pool.

"He was working in this room, she in her sitting room, the door between being open. At the end of his description he called out as usual, 'Got that?' and as usual she answered, 'Yes, dear.' He did not look up from his own work. Both were intent and busy for about ten minutes, the period allowed for these dictation-sketches. At the end of that time he sang out again, 'Time's up,' and waited for her to bring him her work. She did not move or answer. The silence was like the silence of death. While it lasted the man thought in an abstracted sort of way, 'Now I am going to pay my debt—'

"He swung round on his high stool and looked into the other room. She did not look up. She was sitting and staring at her little sketching-block, and her face was chalk-white. I don't know — I don't remember — whether some blinding foreknowledge of what had happened struck the artist; but he could not leave his high stool, or he would have fallen. He gripped the sides of it and said, in quite a natural voice, 'What is it, dear?'

"It was at least a minute before she answered. When she did, you'd have said her voice matched her face, somehow — chalky. She said, 'Tell me what you have just described,' and he told her, 'Rocks and seashore, and a pool among the rocks.' The words were like dust in his mouth.

"Again after a silence she spoke 'You did not tell me anything about a — figure?' And he said, 'Nothing.'

"'You are sure?'

"'I am sure.'

"She was silent a long time. Then she said in that strange crumbling voice, 'I have put in a figure — there is a figure here.'

"He repeated, 'A figure?' And she said, 'A face. A face —'

"He said, 'I did not tell you to put in any face.'

"Her voice was a cry as she answered, 'But I tell you I have put in a face — and it is the face of a dead man — here in the pool.'

"He heard no movement. But she was standing there by the door; and he went, and took the sketching block from her hand, and looked at it. It was a very good sketch. Everything was exactly as he had it in his mind. And there in the pool was the face of Benedict Frère.

"She said, terribly, her voice coming from an infinite distance like the voice of the dying, "It is *his* face, and he is dead!'"

My unknown friend [wrote Clint] was so long silent, staring at the discoloured spot on the ceiling, that I said, "Go on, sir, with your interesting story." I still did not believe a word of it, you know. I was wondering what eccentric fictioneer I had fallen in with.

He turned to me with his air of polite appeal, his faintly inquiring smile. "Go on?" he said. "On, nothing went on after that. It all stopped. She — the good woman — standing there in the doorway, looked from the face she had drawn to the face of her husband; *and she knew* .

"It was quite a common case of thought-transference, I believe. The same thing had happened to them half a dozen times when they first practiced their dictation-drawing. His mind had simply passed to hers the picture it so vividly contained. Anyway, she knew. She slid down in the doorway there, and beat him away from her. The drawing was almost spoiled."

"Never mind the drawing," I said, half-laughing, half-shuddering. "What happened to her after that?"

He looked at me again in his pleasant, wistful way. "To her? I don't just remember. I think she died. Anyway, it all stopped . . . . Would you like to see the upper floor?"

"No, thanks, "I think I'd like to get outside again! And you may take it as a great compliment to your storytelling powers, sir, and my sincere thanks as well." He stood in front of me, tidy, precise, the absolute Average whose name I never knew, smiling his civil, appealing little smile. And he said, "Would you like to see the drawing?"

I stared at him, taken aback as I'd only been taken aback once or twice in my life before. I had a sudden sense that light was falling on those dim, empty rooms — fierce, appalling Light. I cannot explain the sensation. He repeated again, "Would you like to see that drawing?" and went to one of his slip-cupboards in the wainscoting. This he opened, and took from it a boxed block of drawing paper, and laid it in my hands.

I looked at it in silence. It was a rough sketch of rocks, and a moonlit sea, and a lonely shore. There was a pool among the rocks. and as if just beneath the surface of the pool, a few masterly strokes had suggested a face.

"So that's it?" I whispered under my breath. And my companion nodded. "That's it," he said. "*Wasn't* it a good thing the sketch was not spoiled?"

"It's an interesting thing," I said, still staring at it. "But — forgive me! — but how did it come into your possession?"

He looked down at me — he was taller than I — with the beginning of one of his vague, surprised smiles. "My possession?" he said. "I have always kept it — since that night."

And there the entry in the ledger ends abruptly. Nor have Garratt and I been able to trace any further notes in elucidation of the matter.

THE ABIDING CITY

This is a very quiet story, principally about things that happened in a young man's mind. You may write about things like murders, shipwrecks, and explosions; but, after all, these are but the outward signs of events which really took place, quite quietly, in somebody's mind.

Rey Stanwick's was rather a peculiar mind, though you would never have known it to look at him. It had a little of that mixture of imaginativeness and assertiveness which has given the world its greatest generals, reformers and burglars.

Stanwick was none of these. He was just an assistant in the drafting office of a big house building firm.

But again, to judge by the behavior of his associates, you would never have known it. The genial tolerance of the head draftsman — Stanwick was not very punctual — the breezy deference of the cashier, the assiduity of the lift-boy — all this seemed out of scale, somehow, when offered to Rey Stanwick.

They were not offered to him. They were offered to the heir of the Stanwick fortune.

And, knowing this, when he was late two mornings running, or kept the lift waiting, or wanted an advance on his salary, and they were peculiarly jolly to him about it, Stanwick was hard put to it not to growl at them like a dog, or like Harver Stanwick, and hate them for it.

Harver Stanwick was a cousin of Rey's father. He and Rey were the only two absolute, genuine, watermarked Stanwicks left in the world. When Rey dined with the old man, which he did heavily twice a year, Harver always told him of this, and of the money that he would one day enjoy because of it. "And you won't know how to use it, I bet!" he would say.

Rey, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of a millionairish chair and hoping the collar of his dress coat, where Bessy had cleaned it, didn't smell very strongly of petrol, thought he'd know very well how to use a few hundreds of it right away. He had never had a penny of Harver's money — he who was to have it all . . . .

"I bet you've no idea what you'll do with it when you get it, eh?"

"Yes," said Rey at once, lighting up, "I'm going to . . . . "

"Don't *tell* me," rapped Harver, "or maybe I'll hate to die more than I do now!"

So only Bessy knew what Rey was going to do with the fortune. And she had long ago given up thinking he was crazy.

He was going to build a city with it.

It would be, of course, a very little one. Perhaps it might have a hundred picked inhabitants to begin with. It would stand on some fair height near the western sea. He and Bessy had picked out several good sites two seasons back, when Rogers took them on that splendid trip up the Inside Passage in his launch. A little city set on rock among red-stemmed plants and the everlasting fir. A little city of gleaming and perfect beauty and impeccable plumbing . . . .

Like another city, nothing evil was to come into it. Ill health and sorrow might come, to be healed. Peace would be there, and industry. The old stately crafts would be revived, and the community would be self-sustained, self-contained. Later, as the children of the first inhabitants grew up, the city would increase, but always in unity with its ideals: Beauty, Peace, Health, Freedom, Love. The greatest of these was Beauty, because Stanwick held that to children brought up in the highest attainable conditions of moral and physical beauty, the rest would be added in the course of nature. And in long time, other cities, greater offspring of his, would rise on the same foundation ideas, and the world would be changed.

"And if the children were born sick and ugly and just *stopped* so?" Bessy once asked him.

He stared at her. He could not connect the thought of anything imperfect with his city.

As the thought grew and possessed him, she said, "It'll need a heap of money."

"There is a heap. It's a huge fortune."

"Is it oily?" asked Betty.

"No. I believe, queerly enough that most of it comes from real estate deals, and enormous house property in the provincial cities." He smiled at her, luminously. "When — when it's mine, I'll sell out everything and accumulate capital."

Bessy thought that sounded very well.

Up to now the city had been an idea only. But the next day Stanwick, in the defiant growl in which he always preferred the requests he knew would never be refused, asked Parkes if he might — if it would be permissible — to use the office an hour or two after the others had left — a little private work . . . ?

"Certainly, Stanwick. Certainly. No objection in the world. The firm — ahem! — well, it's a pleasure to see a young fellow with your prospects having a real interest in his career."

Stanwick scowled and thanked Parkes. That night, under the green shaded swing-lights, four stories above the street, between the hours of seven and eleven p.m., was produced the first plan of the city-to-be.

Bessy rang up three times to know what was keeping him, but he'd taken the receiver off the hook.

After that he spent most evenings at the office. And plans, wash-drawings, designs, sections and elevations of the buildings of the city thus becoming visible, were taken home and shown to Bessy. She stowed them away in the linen cupboard between sheets of pink tissue paper as if they were sacred things; perhaps they were.

There was the Municipal Hall, the Library, the School, the Theatre, and house after house; all of the same unity of design and varying charm of detail. Stanwick never put in such good work for the firm. The city began to take on a queer reality both to him and Bessy. They knew the run of every street in it, and which houses had the best south aspect; and once they had a tiff over the construction of the beautiful twin lighthouses at the opening of the harbour.

"Where's the church?" Bessy asked him in her soft, sudden way.

He was at home that evening. Bessy had not been well. She had not been just herself since the boy came. She was tired, and lay on the lounge, looking at little Elizabeth, who bounced a sofa cushion up and down in front of the solemn eyed beautiful baby.

Stanwick showed her, in silence, the drawing he had brought home. It showed a lovely double colonnade, white as ivory against dark green. Presently Bessy said in a curious voice, "Why, there isn't a thing inside of it!"

"Just a tree. The biggest tree in the city."

"Is that all . . . ?"

"That's all that's wanted to lead the mind *higher* . There'll be no need for anything more than that in my city . . . ."

He gave her the radiant, half-shamefaced smile with which he always spoke of the city. Perhaps he guessed that for the first time she was not in agreement with him. He rose and put the drawing away. She was still looking at the children. "A tree," she whispered, "a tree . . . ." When Stanwick came back she was unaccountably crying.

That was Monday. He'd intended to work out the details of his colonnade that week. But each evening he came home instead, for Bessy was still tired and queer. It fretted him. He tried working on the dining room table, but Elizabeth always bounced at the wrong moment. On Friday he flung up to the spare bedroom in one of his rare tantrums, threw the wardrobe out on the landing, and worked there. After that Bessy

didn't see or hear much of him even when he was at home, except when he yelled down to her to make Elizabeth quit bouncing on the stairs.

Stanwick was disappointed in Elizabeth. She was a bouncer. Somehow, he never could imagine her in the city. But the boy was different. Stanwick acquired the habit of carrying the baby up with him to the spare room; ostensibly to relieve Bessy, actually because, as his city became more real to him, he wanted company. The chosen people of its shining streets were but a shadowy throng. But one young man there was among them who trod with a step as sure as Stanwick's own — strong, splendid, free. And Stanwick would look at the baby embedded in pillows in the chair opposite; the beautiful baby who never bounced, never kicked, rarely cried. "Son," he would say, "when we're there together . . . ."

Bessy only went into the spare room now when Stanwick forgot to fetch the baby down.

She went up one night on this errand when the boy was over a year old. She opened the door and stood in it a moment, unseen and seeing. It seemed to her she saw more in that moment than she ever had seen in her whole life before. Her heart felt as if it stretched, broke and went on beating with the pieces . . . .

The city had risen from the paper plane. It had become a three-dimensional dream. And she hadn't known.

Stanwick had spread a sheet of deep blue crinkled paper on the table; and upon this, with mossed stones and tiny fir seedlings, he had made a sea-coast, and rocks, and a harbour. At the mouth of the harbour gleamed the white shafts of twin lighthouses. Within the harbour lay bright ships. And behind them the buildings of the little city climbed beautifully from the shore. She recognised them all — the hall, the library, the school, the favourite house, the airy, curved colonnade on the loftiest height. It was well done. Stanwick had arranged the light cunningly. Or perhaps Bessy's eyes were misted. For that moment the pasteboard buildings were real. She saw the city as a real city. She saw it from a great distance . . . . She was outside it.

Stanwick was talking to the boy; he had not heard her open the door. He was saying eagerly, "And this is the hospital." She saw that his long fingers were deftly touching a little model building as he talked, finishing it with white paint. "But it will be just a place for tired people to rest in, for hurt people to get well in. That's it. *To get well* . . . . There'll be no place for the waste products of modern humanity in the city; no room for civilisation's maimed and halt and blind. Beautiful strong bodies, beautiful strong souls. You can't separate 'em, boy. Do you get the idea?"

Apparently Boy did. He smiled his own particular smile, as if he saw some heavenly joke that no one else did, and that perhaps he himself would forget later on . . . . Stanwick got up and set the new building, the tiny pasteboard hospital, in its place in the city. As he did so, things receded to their true scale again. The city was just a model. But something made Bessy cry harshly, "But it's empty, I tell you! Empty!"

He swung round on her. "Hello, Bess! How you made me jump!"

She picked up Boy with a queer, violent tenderness. She looked at Stanwick unsmiling, as if she looked at a stranger. He smiled at her. For the first time she wondered if that radiance of his held something too hard, too bright with the pitiless brightness of youth, to mate with her ripening years.

She went out in silence with the child, leaving Rey with his city.

All that winter he went on in the spare room, making the pasteboard city above the crinkled paper sea. It was more real to him than the city in which he lived. Sometimes, leaving house or office, it was an actual shock to see telegraph poles, greasy asphalt, scattered factories, and all the hasty conglomeration of a modern commercial town, where beauty comes only by accident, instead of the gracious streets and white dwellings, topped by one soaring golden dome, of the city of his soul.

He almost forgot the Stanwick fortune in those days. So that when one night Bessy came up to him and put a telegram in his hand, he could only stare from it to the dream he was making in a kind of pale wonder. He gave the telegram to Bessy. She read it. With a strange look at him, she said, "You'll go at once?"

He nodded, still staring at the table, where the paper shafts of the lighthouses above the harbour were quivering in the draught of the open door . . . . She went down softly to pack for him. The telegram said that Harver Stanwick was dying in a distant place; and Rey was to go at once.

He was staring yet when Elizabeth came into the room. She had never seen the city on the table. Her eyes shone. "Pretty!" she shouted, and bounced enthusiastically. In a burst of nervous anger, Stanwick swept her downstairs, howling. His last words to Bessy were, "Don't let her or anyone else touch my city . . . ."

A long night journey, full of enormous dreams, always building, building. And as you heaved a stone into place with effort, the stuff crumbled, melted in the hold, ran like water. An intolerable jolting at a junction. White blanks of electric light seen under the blinds of the sleeper. A vast wall, and Rey and Bessy trying to find an opening in it; and then Bessy said, "Why, it's only a dream," and the wall was just smoke, and they walked right through. The glare and thunder of a train passing. Stars over a black country, mysteriously still. A soaring golden dome, that was only a bubble Elizabeth had blown from a bowl of soapsuds. Reality and dreams tangled together.

Stanwick reached the town where Harver was waiting for him in the early morning. He had breakfast at a hotel. Then a big purring motor, and a drive through beautiful hills on the outskirts of the town to the health resort where such men as Harver went to try and hold onto their fortunes a little longer. And at last an old man's grim, grey face on a white pillow; and a nurse; and a doctor; and Harver's neat, grey, confidential secretary saying deferentially to Rey, "There was something he wanted to ask you, Mr. Stanwick ——"

Harver Stanwick's eyes opened. He looked at Rey with an odd, half-resentful, half-humourous gleam. Rey leaned over him. Harver whispered, "Tell me now what you were goin' to do with the money."

"I'm going to build a city with it."

There was silence for ten seconds; entire and complete. Then Harver motioned, "Go on ——"

Rey Stanwick told them about his city. They were silent when his stammering eager voice ceased. The old man in the luxurious bed covered his eyes with his ridgy hand. He turned his face away. Presently he said, "Forbes take him — and show him where it comes from."

"Mr. Stanwick . . . . "

Bewildered, a little scared, Rey waited a moment; but the old man did not stir nor speak again. The doctor stepped forward. Rey Stanwick followed the secretary out of the room.

Harver Stanwick died that night.

And next day Rey Stanwick, the heir to the fortune, went home.

He had not telephoned Bessy as he promised. She first knew of his homecoming when he opened the front door and walked straight upstairs to the spare room. She heard him go in and shut the door. After waiting a moment she caught the baby out of his chair and followed.

When she entered the room, breathless, he was sitting in front of the table, his elbows on it, his face between his hands, staring at the pasteboard city on the crinkled paper sea. She spoke to him. His lips moved, he motioned with one hand. She could not hear what he said. Some strange hostility, some secret resentment, ready to flame at

a touch, kept her apart from him. She questioned him again. He said, audibly, "The city — my city ——"

"Is *that* all?"

He turned his head slowly and looked at her. Breath and speech stopped in her, arrested; his face was so strange. All the youth had gone out of it. She said, harshly, "Is he dead?"

"Harver? Yes."

"And the money? Yours?"

"Yes."

She stepped close to him. Her face perfectly white over the baby's soft, dark head, her eyes blazing, he would not have known them for Bessy's eyes. Something primitive and implacable looked from them. She said, "And now you'll be able to build the city? *Your* city?"

"My city ——"

She interrupted him with a primitive, tragic gesture, crying, "Yes, your city! Only yours! We — we won't be in it! We'll be outside!"

"Bessy . . . ?"

Words stormed from her. "The city. How I hate it. We — now you've got the money we'll be left out. I know. I've seen. Elizabeth. Not beautiful enough. And me? Where are my looks? Gone over the dishpan — gone when Boy came — if you'd eyes for anything but your city. And Boy . . . ."

Something in her voice lifted Stanwick out of his seat as if a hand had raised him. He stammered, "Boy? For pity's sake, Bessy ——"

"Boy'll be *mine* ! He'll stop with me — outside!" A sob shook her, but there was triumph on her face too; something more primitive, more powerful than Rey could understand.

"Bessy?"

"Boy'll never be strong, Rey; he'll never be fine enough for the city. Live? Yes, he'll live, thank God. But it'll be years before he'll walk right. He'll have to wear irons. He'll need me, you see. He'll live and be happy. He'll never be — a strong man."

They looked at each other. And between the two white, passionate faces Boy smiled to himself secretly, as if he knew a great joke they didn't , and was half afraid of forgetting it if he didn't think of it every once in a while.

At last Stanwick said in a dead-level voice, "How long have you known this?"

"I've been afraid of it all winter. Yesterday I took him to a specialist . . . "

Stanwick stared at her as if he didn't quite understand. Then he looked at the city on the table. And that jealous anger flared in her again. She said, hoarsely, "But you'll have your city . . . ."

After a moment Stanwick turned to her again. And what she saw in his face stopped her as if he'd struck her.

"*Rey!* "

"The city will never be built, Bessy."

She waited a long while. And Boy smiled from her to his father, secure in his secret joke. Then she went to Stanwick, saying very quietly, "Tell me."

"You asked me once how Harver Stanwick made his fortune."

"Well?"

"Bessy, he made it out of slums."

She waited. Presently he went on, in a white, shaking passion. "Slums. They say there are slums in this country worse than any in Europe. The black mark we set on the forehead of our time . . . . And Harver Stanwick's money grew in a slum.

Profitable . . . . They say there's nothing so profitable as those hideous foul rookeries, story on story, where we house the immigrant, the unfortunate, the criminal, the diseased. Where we make them. Factories for degradation. Stores for degeneration. A hundred years hence the world will shudder at the remaining photographs of them. Even if they were healthy they should be condemned for their brutalising ugliness, enough to blast every shoot of redeeming romance in every life they hold. There's nothing but romance to redeem this life, this world. What's religion but the romance of the soul? What's art but the romance of the mind? What's work but the romance of the flesh, the substance of things hoped for, that, maybe never come? . . . And those places kill it. They make life hopeless. There's no true redemption for the soul with the slum-mark. And out of those souls, those places, Harver made his money. And out of that money I was to build my city . . . ."

Boy chuckled and stretched out a porcelain fist to the Municipal Hall.

Presently Stanwick said more quietly, "Harver — he must have owned half the slums in the country under one disguise and another. Nothing more profitable than a neglected tenement in a growing commercial city . . . 'show him where it comes from,' he said to Forbes. And that sleek, grey badger of a secretary took me without a word, and showed me the little block of real estate in that town whose humble rents went to swell the Stanwick income . . . ."

Bessy whispered, "There must be a lot of money besides rents?"

"Yes. There's a lot. No more than enough for what we must do with it."

"Rey?"

Rey Stanwick went close to her, but he did not touch her. He stood looking down into her face, above the head of the son who would never be a strong man. "My dear," he said, "I dreamed of building a city, of capturing, in stone and steel, a little bit of the splendid human future I believe in. But it isn't to be. I dreamed of starting free, of beginning afresh, unhampered by anything. It isn't to be. Maybe it will never be, that way.

"I've got to shoulder the sins of the last generation, after all. I can't get away from the inheritance; we're none of us separate; we all inherit the errors and mistakes of the whole human race. Maybe — if I'd been able to build my city — I would have lived to see the dream — fail."

He went from her and stood beside the table, fingering the white pasteboard buildings on the toy shore. Standing so, he spoke.

"Bessy. We'll have to use the Stanwick money to redeem the Stanwick slums."

Yes. It was not given to Stanwick to start afresh. He had to do as all of us do — work with the flawed, misshapen stuff that has come down the ages, and know that his work was good only if he were able to wrestle the mass one infinitesimal degree nearer the perfection of his dream . . . . The death of that dream was in his face, and the acceptance of the reality. For the first time Bessy was afraid. She saw a dissolution more fundamental than that of the flesh. She set the baby in the pillowed chair on the other side of the table and ran downstairs.

She ran into the kitchen where Elizabeth was bouncing a doll. She sat down by the range. She did not cry. She did not move. There was no sound, no movement from that room above where a dream had died. She listened. As the hands of the kitchen clock crept round, and still there was no sound, her obscure fright grew. Her whole being passed into an agony of listening. Men . . . . The strong little mother-soul in her knew that it was impossible to foretell what a man would do when his dream died.

The long hand of the clock made a full circle; a little more; a little more. Elizabeth dropped her doll and left the room. Bessy did not notice. She sat still; listening. The fire in the range went low; she shivered. Tock — tock, tock — tock, went the clock, it seemed to say, can't — tell, can't tell, can't — tell . . . .

A faint jar shook the kitchen. The light blinked. A plate slipped on the dresser.

Bessy went to her feet. For one instant she was swept with an awful fear. It swept her as fire sweeps grass and burns away all lesser things than itself. She was out of the kitchen and upstairs again before the clock could repeat its can't — tell, can't tell . . . .

But it was not Stanwick who had fallen. It was only Elizabeth, standing in front of the dream city on the spare room table and bouncing enthusiastically with both feet.

Stanwick was sitting in his usual chair. Boy was on his knee, chuckling softly at the hospital. Elizabeth, in the circle of her father's arm was saying, "And me an' Boy, us can come here an' play in the city ev'y day, Daddy?"

"Every day."

"Show me where us lives, Daddy."

Stanwick's long finger went out. "That's the Favourite House."

"Show us where us goes to school, Daddy."

"Here."

"Show us where us goes to church, Daddy, along with all the angels."

Stanwick showed the white colonnade on the high hill that was only pebbles from the garden. And again Bessy's eyes misted. For she saw, on the trunk of the Tallest Tree inside the colonnade, a little white cross.

She sobbed. Elizabeth and Stanwick turned and saw her. Elizabeth bounced so violently that the city trembled. "Mummy!" she shouted. "Come an' see the church place where us is goin' to have pickernicks with the angels!"

Stanwick stretched his hand to Bessy.

"You see," he said, nodding towards the city, "it won't be wasted."

No dream like that, even if it never gets beyond pasteboard, ever is wasted.

THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD

I like to think of this as a true story, but you who read may please yourselves, siding either with the curé, who says Hyacinthe dreamed it all, and did the carving himself in his sleep, or with Madame. I am sure that Hyacinthe thinks it true, and so does Madame, but then she has the cabinet, with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners. Monsieur le curé shrugs his patient shoulders; but then he is tainted with the infidelities of cities, good man, having been three times to Montreal, and once in an electric car, to Sainte Anne. He and Madame still talk it over whenever they meet, though it happened so many years ago, and each leaves the other forever unconvinced. Meanwhile the dust gathers in the infinite fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softens the lily stamens where Madame's duster may not go; and the wood, ageing, takes on a golden gleam as of immemorial sunsets: that pale red wood, heavy with the scent of the ancient East; the wood that Hyacinthe loved.

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning; a small heavy bundle wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings, and unwrapped it carefully and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandalwood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him expansive; "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, *imbécile* . It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house. Thy great hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud* , and I, — I, Pierre the cabinet-maker, shall render it beautiful." Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

When he was gone Hyacinthe laid down his plane, blew on his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed and uncared- for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move gracefully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food. He was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared-for, because none knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things, like flowers and birds and beasts, to perfection, as the curé pointed out. Simon has a tobacco jar, carved with pine cones and squirrels, and the curé has a pipe whose bowl is the bloom of a moccasin flower, that I have seen. But it is all very long ago. And facts, in those lonely villages, easily become transfigured, touched upon their grey with a golden gleam.

"Thy hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud* , and I shall render it beautiful," said Pierre L'Oreillard, and went off to drink brandy at the Cinq Châteaux.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful," said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame perhaps will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas," said Hyacinthe, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands. There was a tiny window to his right, through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison, and that was cheerful and made one whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing but the forest and the road dying away in it, and the trees moving heavily under the snow. Yet, from there came all Hyacinthe's

dumb dreams and slow reluctant fancies, which he sometimes found himself able to tell, — in wood, not in words.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Châteaux, and Pierre L'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions, but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the festival, *gros escargot* !" said he, cuffing Hyacinthe's ears furiously, "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, *ourson* ? I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness in the legs on these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to thee, *gâcheur* . See it is done properly, and stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I address thee, *orvet* , great slow-worm."

"Yes, monsieur" said Hyacinthe, wearily.

It is hard, when you do all the work, to be cuffed into the bargain, and fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with slow, exquisite skill, but on the eve of Noel, he was still at work, and the cabinet unfinished. It meant a thrashing from Pierre if the morrow came and found it still unfinished, and Pierre's thrashings were cruel. But it was growing into a thing of perfection under his slow hands, and Hyacinthe would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness," said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools and the sandalwood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. The boy had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed until the scent of the sandalwood could not make him dream himself warm, and the roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know. It seemed to be a living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in black hands. "In all the world, nothing!" said he, staring at the dull flame; "no place, no heart, no love! O kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

I cannot endure to think of Hyacinthe, poor lad, shut up despairing in the workshop with his loneliness, his cold, and his hunger, on the eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child, and for unhappy children no aid, at this season, seems too divine for faith. So Madame says, and she is very old and very wise. Hyacinthe even looked at the chisel in his hand, and thought that by a touch of that he might lose it all, all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs that sickened and deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

At least, I suppose it came then, but it may have been later. The story is all so vague here, so confused with fancies that have spoiled the first simplicity. I think that Hyacinthe must have gone to the door, opening it upon the still woods and the frosty stars, and the lad who stood outside in the snow must have said, "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" or something like it.

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. Those little lonely villages strung along the great river see strange wayfarers adrift inland from the sea. Hyacinthe said to himself that surely here was such a one.

Afterwards he told the curé that for a moment he had been bewildered. Dully blinking into the stranger's eyes, he lost for a flash the first impression of youth and received one of some incredible age or sadness. But this also passed and he knew that the wanderer's eyes were only quiet, very quiet, like the little pools in the wood where the wild does went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said. "There is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next

year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"*Paurvrette* !" said the dull Hyacinthe.

"*Paurvrette* ! Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We'll put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandalwood had deepened, and the lamp flame burned clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out in the woods."

"A long way," said the other; "a long, long way. I heard a child cry . . . ."

"There is no child here," answered Hyacinthe, shaking his head. "Monsieur L'Oreillard is not fond of children, he says they cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food nor fire. At the Cinq Châteaux you will find both!"

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Hyancinthe, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you, and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket, in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles put on and these corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noel."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning, but indeed I am sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told — of sunshine and dust; of the shadows of vine leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that come in the spring, crimson and blue, and the white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks; of the olive, the myrtle and almond; until Hyacinthe's slow fingers ceased working, and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last; "you have told of such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands, but at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers, and so deftly was the work done, that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried; "it seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment, and hey! ho! it jumped into its place!"

"Let me fit in the other little drawers, while you go and rest a while," said the wanderer. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandalwood.

Here begins what the curé will have it is a dream within a dream. Sweetest of dreams was ever dreamed, if that is so. Sometimes I am forced to think with him, but again I see as clearly as with old Madame's eyes, that have not seen the earthly light for twenty years, and with her and Hyacinthe, I say "Credo."

Hyacinthe said that he lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandalwood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been a boy; of the flowers on the hills; of the laughing leaves of aspen, and poplar; of the golden flowering anise and the golden sun upon the dusty roads, until he was warm. All the time through these pictures, as through a painted veil, he was aware of that other boy with the quiet eyes, at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing. "He does better work than I," thought Hyacinthe, but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will get up and help him." But he did not, for the dream of warmth and the smell of the sandalwood held him in a sweet drowse. Also he said that he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be a sense of some music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the other boy's lips, or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars. "The stars are much paler," thought Hyacinthe, "and soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only I am so tired, and the music and the sweetness seem to wrap me and fold me close, so that I may not move."

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable colour that was neither green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here!" thought Hyacinthe, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him, and lay his brown finger lightly upon the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the little squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living, but even while Hyacinthe looked, growing hard and reddish-brown and settling back into the sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and, opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe lay still among the shavings for a long time, and then he crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent his first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and the splendour were such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed; on the foam of shavings; on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But, "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for He hath visited and redeemed His people, But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

LARRABIE'S TREE

When J. Mortimer Brickdale wished to found a country estate, he bought, for a song, a big square of lovely wild land on the riverbank above Mapletown, and said, "Let there be a house and a garden and stables and a golf course, all of the most expensive variety." So surveyors surveyed and architects planned and landscape gardeners did whatever it is they do. Anyway, they cleared the tangles of wild-grape and elder, and burned off the sweet-fern and sumach. They turned the touch-me-not swamp into a concrete basin for irises. They cut down the old hickories and straggling maples, and planted exotics in neat rows. On the riverbank they built what J. Mortimer Brickdale called his country cottage, and they had great difficulty with the plumbing, the land being dead level for a mile between the sides of the lovely valley. They thought of a great deal, but they couldn't think of everything. So that when J. Mortimer, looking as lonesome in his long green car as one pea in a pod, went to inspect his new estate, the first thing he said was, "Why in thunder have you left that great, half-dead pine standin' just behind the house? Cut it down!"

The foreman of all the landscape gardeners looked at the tree, and he was startled; he had never realized how entirely, with the clearing of the lesser growth, it dominated the view. He said, "Well, now you come to mention it, sir, it ain't exactly elegant; but ——"

"What's that?" barked J. Mortimer. "I said, 'Cut it down'!"

"I'm afraid you'll find it difficult to do that, Mr. Brickdale," said the foreman, who did not like being barked at, "that tree stands farther off than what you think. It ain't on your property."

That was the first time J. Mortimer Brickdale became aware of the existence of Mason Larrabie.

He talked a great deal about him in the next ten minutes, and about employees who never had the interests of their employer at heart, and about squatters' rights. It seemed old Larrabie had acquired *his* estate by the simple expedient of living on it for years and years. "How much of it is there?" barked J. Mortimer. "Half an acre? Quarter? Offer him two hundred, with immediate possession. And, say — see that your men have that tree right down the very day he quits."

They offered Mason Larrabie two hundred, which was not a bad price. They offered him two-fifty; three hundred; three-fifty; rising by degrees to five hundred. He refused all offers.

Brickdale went in person to offer him six hundred, and to tell him what he thought of him.

He went out from the city in the green car, and he was amazed and enraged to notice from what a distance the pine tree could be seen. Long before the ornate roofing of the country cottage or the gilded vane on the stables came into view the ruin of Larrabie's pine possessed the vision. It was as hopelessly at odds with the landscape gardening as a lighthouse would have been. Last giant of the forest which once had covered the land, it carved its gaunt outline unconquerably upon the blue.

Beyond his new asphalt driveway the green car bucked and swung in a sandy track, and stopped at a little gate. It was a homemade gate — slats and chicken netting. Brickdale got out of the car, opened the gate, and went into Larrabie's garden.

His indignant eyes took in every detail; the starveling beds where silver trumpets of the woolly convolvulus grew among the tomatoes, and goldenrod crowded the cabbages. Everywhere were hens, ringstraked and spotted. On the only outcrop of granitic rock to be found in all that mild alluvial plain, Mason Larrabie in long past days had built his shanty; and it was a shanty still, an old and untidy one. And garden, rock

and shanty alike were gripped and laced and bound together with the resinous roots of the pine: they lay in the earth everywhere, hard as red concrete where the hens had scratched them bare; they twisted among the stones like cables; and buttressed that gaunt shaft, jagged with broken branches, that sprang heavenward from the shanty's very doorsill.

"Are you Mason Larrabie?"

The old man, who sat in an armchair among the twisted roots, pulled his corncob pipe out of his mouth, said "I be," and put the pipe back again. He was a shabby old man on the verge of rags; he had eyes of a heavenly blue; these rested on J. Mortimer Brickdale with a gentle expression.

Brickdale was trying hard to be genial. He had said to his agents, "I'll have to do this job myself. I see. You don't handle these people right. You have to jolly 'em along. That's it — jolly 'em along." In accordance with this design, he opened breezily.

"See here," he said, "I guess there's been a little misunderstanding, and I've come to set it right. I've come myself. You know who I am, hey? I guess you do. I'm Brickdale. And you know what I've come about, hey? You've been trying to be a little bit too clever, hey?" He shook his finger jollily and laughed. "Well, I've come to have a little talk with you. I'm sure we can fix things up between us with a little straight talk. You're cute, I can see that; you don't like dealing through lawyers and agents, and I'm with you there. I'm straight. And I come straight to the point. What I want to know is — just friendly between you and me — what'll you take for this nice little place of yours? Fine little place! Well — six hundred, hey? What do you say to that, hey ?"

Mason Larrabie slowly removed his corncob pipe. "I'll say to that," he answered, mildly, "what Cousin Steve Larrabie's sister Jane said to the book agent when he come courtin'."

"What's that?"

"'Scat, young feller,'" said Mason Larrabie, and once more corked himself with his pipe.

Brickdale kept a tight hold on himself. "If you won't take a good offer like that," he said, as casually as he could, "you're the loser. They're" — he choked — "they're generous terms, I won't raise 'em."

"I ben't askin' you to, be I?"

"See here," Brickdale tried again. "If you won't sell the land, what will you take for that tree, hey?"

"What do you want o' my tree?"

"It spoils my view. I want to cut it down. I'll give you ——"

He backed, suddenly silent. Mason Larrabie had risen from his chair. He seemed to tower over the rich man as his tree towered over the rich man's land. He raised his hands, wagging them slowly at the astonished Mr. Brickdale.

"*You* ?" he began, softly. "*You* wanter cut my tree down? Why, that tree was a tree when yore grandfather come out o' the emigrant-ship carryin' his property in a borrered handkerchieve! And it'll be standin' when what's left o' *you 's* spilin' a vase in a fash'nable crematorium. There ain't another like it in a hundred mile! You offer me fer it?" He moved down on Brickdale, his eyes gleaming. "Offer me all you got, you pore mushroom in pants, and ——" The passion faded from his face, once more he was serene — "and I'll say to you what Cousin Steve Larrabie's sister Jane ses to the undertaker when he come to arrange fer the funeral afore she was rightly deceased. ' Ye're a mite hasty, Mr. Mellin; good arternoon,' she ses." He seated himself once more and smiled gently at Mr. Brickdale.

"You'll regret this!" said Brickdale, as soon as he could speak, and went away hastily. He had never been so affronted as by this old vagabond and his intolerable tree.

He moved into his country cottage in due time, and the tree worried him from the first. From the lower branches Larrabie's hens launched themselves intrepidly to

scratch in his new strawberry beds; a pair of horned owls dwelt there too; they spared their landlord's straggling chicks, but carried off all Brickdale's prize Wyandottes. As time went on, his dislike of the tree became one of those strange nervous obsessions which fret a man's sense of proportion to powder as a beetle gnaws a timber to dust. He could not explain to himself why it bulked so large in his mental as well as his material skies. It ruled his horizons; in some obscure way it humiliated him; he was through it made aware of some vast, still spirit at war with him and his. At every sunset its shadow, stark as a cross, sprang clear across his golf-course and he cursed at the darkening bunker because he wasn't allowed to forget the thing even when he had his back to it.

He was not a bad man, but he would descend to anything under continuously applied nervous irritation. There was a doubt — a possibility — squatters' rights were not always very sound ——

He went into the city, in the green car, with a mumbled order to the chauffeur. The man caught the word "lawyers," but when he would have stopped at the doors of the firm who did most of Brickdale's business, his master barked at him, "What you stoppin' here for? I said West and Roddy, Lake Avenue." West and Roddy were but a dirty firm, and it was but a dirty job Brickdale was taking them.

They worked underground, like moles, fattening on mistakes and neglects and misconceptions. With some shame Brickdale left them to it. It seemed he had a very good case.

Things were not going too well with the estate. It was a very wet autumn, and the river crept inch by inch up the level of the herbaceous borders, dribbled into the cellars, and turned the golf course into a puddle. Day followed day of grey and driving wet. Wet winds whipped the rotting leaves from Brickdale's exotics, nipped his tender roses, splashed mud upon his plate-glass windows. The impudence of Nature surprised him. The pine was a shadow, moaning day and night with the voices of desolation. He hated it with a personal hatred.

Meanwhile, the moles were busy; one morning Brickdale looked up from the papers on his great library table, and saw through the window old Mason Larrabie coming up the new gravel drive, clasping another paper to the breast of his shabby coat.

Brickdale's soul was not yet stifled in him; he felt a qualm, an impulse to hide. But Larrabie was in the room as if he had been a leaf blown in by the wind. He looked thin as a leaf. The rain had sleeked the white hair close to his head, for he wore no hat. His blue eyes had the unseeing look of the blind. He went to Brickdale's table and laid upon it the paper he had carried; it was a letter; it was splashed with rain as though someone had wept over it.

"This ——" he hesitated; his voice failed him; he looked very old."This here," he began again, "come to me awhile ago. I dunno that I rightly take it all in. But the meat of it's this: I ain't no legal claim to 'bout half the land I'm livin' on. Is that so?"

"Oh, not half," said Brickdale, smoothly. "Not so much as that, Mr. Larrabie. About fifty feet on the south side."

"So you know all about it?" returned the old man, swiftly. A spark was waking in his blue eyes. But Brickdale met them hardly enough.

"I know about it. I had the records examined and a fresh survey made. I warned you. Your land ——"

Larrabie swept the words aside with a slow gesture which in some way reminded Brickdale of the movement of the pine in the wind. "There's a lot here," he said, touching the letter, "which I ain't got clear yet — about boundaries, and registrations, and fences, and settlers' rights — it don't matter. Seems I ain't done a lot o'things I'd oughter have done. But till you come there was no one wanted my land, anyway. It ain't worth much. Seems as if a strip of it belongs rightly to your property. Is that so?"

"That's so. There's no doubt of it. But you're at liberty to fight me through every court in the land."

"I ain't no money to fight you, an' you know it. But it don't matter. There's other things to fight you with besides money, though you ain't learned it yet. Well — what I come to ask you's this: my tree stands on that fifty-foot strip you're grabbing. You know that?"

"I know it." Brickdale was almost good humoured. He thought the old fellow was coming to terms — that Larrabie would save him from doing a thing he didn't like doing. "You'd have done better to take my offer in the first place, hey?"

"No," said the old man, steadily, "I'd have done worse. So you're takin' my land just so's you can lop my tree down?"

"I don't want the land you're occupying," said Brickdale, hastily; "but that ugly great tree's comin' down or I'll know the reason why. See here. Can't you show some sense? Give me leave to buy that tree for firewood — at a fancy price — and this here" — he tapped the letter — "all this business shall go into the wastebasket and no more said. See?"

Mason Larrabie did not see. He was not listening. He was gazing through the plateglass window at the pine.

He knew his tree in every mood and aspect, as a man knows the woman he loves. He knew it when in the dawn it seemed to be again of some substance tender with growth; he knew it high against the noon; he knew it softened against an infinity of stars. In spring he would lay his ear to it lovingly, and fancy that he heard the sap rising through the great shaft, hard as stone, that yet responded in new tassels delicate as green foam. He received from it a hundred divine dumb assurances, the worn old man from the worn old tree. And it was to be taken from him — cut down.

"Not while I live," he said, aloud. He turned to Brickdale with a face of white passion. The rich man was aware again of a spirit at war with him and his; for an instant it almost seemed it was the tree threatening him. "Brickdale," cried the old man, "if the land from here to Labrador was yore own, still you've no *right* to tech that tree!"

"Then you won't come to terms?"

"With *you* ? We'll fight you while we stand, me an' my tree!"

"Then I've no more to say. You're crazy. Get out."

Brickdale turned away contemptuously, but some look in the old man's face held him. "We've got more to say to *you* before we're done!" said Larrabie, under his breath, and for a flash Brickdale shrank as if from some weight ready to fall on him. Then there was only an old man walking down the drive, swayed by the wind and rain.

What ever else there was of law-business Brickdale hastened on. Larrabie opposed nothing. He had no case; and no money to build a case. Haled once or twice to the city, he was nothing but a confused, ignorant old country man. He spent all his days sitting at the door of the shack, staring at the doomed tree dripping in the endless rain. It was his brother, in that it had been born long ago of the homely soil, and went heavenward. The rare clear nights saw him standing hour long in its austere shadow, his cheek laid to the cold bark, shuddering as if the cross-cut saws would be laid to the roots of his own life as well. "Cut you down, my beauty?" he mumbled. "Not while I'm here, they sha'n't." What could he do, one weak, silly old man? He didn't know. But over him the dark, aged boughs sighed out some tremendous breath of comfort, some word too vast for him to comprehend.

The rains continued, a sullen torrent by day, by night a slate coloured drive across the white frost moon. Brickdale's establishment suffered from colds and rheumatism. He began to think of leaving his country cottage for his apartments in the city. But first he wanted to get the tree cut down and done with.

A new wire fence, running along the revised boundary line, severed Mason Larrabie from his tree; but he and the hens disregarded it. He seemed to be always

beneath it, haggardly waiting for the final tragedy. He made Brickdale uncomfortable with his silence and his resistance. Brickdale was alone now, living in two rooms of his country cottage; the other servants had been sent back to the city, only a groom remained to light fires, feed his master with tinned foods, and care for the two overfed horses in the denuded stable which were to convey Brickdale to the city in two day's time. In two days the tree was to come down. Brickdale sighed with relief when he saw a lorry splashing through the floods laden with ropes, ladders, saws, axes, and a couple of men in oilskins, who spat disconsolately as they viewed the pine tree. "Some job," they said. "Who's the old feller leanin' against the trunk? He looks sick." But no one answered them as Mason Larrabie crept away into his shanty and shut the door. "We'll be back on time tomorrer," they said, "if the weather lets us through."

Brickdale told them that they must be back tomorrow and complete the job, weather or no weather. A gust of wind, taking the pine as he spoke to them, showered him with drops so cold that they stung like bullets. He swore and went into his house. He went to bed early, and dreamed that he was in a sinking ship, and that the waves were going over him.

He woke some hours later, breathlessly alert. What had roused him he did not know. The darkness was full of an uneasy sense of movement. It was as if hundreds of unseen hands were fingering the house, pushing it, squeezing it. Creaks and complaints came from walls and floor; in Brickdale's mind lingered the memory of a crash heard in sleep. He lay bewildered, feeling a vibration crawl through the springs of the bed beneath him. He could hear the rain a steady drive on the roof, as it had driven for hours and for days. A deeper note was added to it, as he listened something struck the house. He felt it. It struck silently, yet with such force that for one reeling instant he fancied the dark square of his bedroom had lifted and settled again like a ship. Then, from outside, rain and darkness were split by a wild, inhuman cry.

It was a cry that hooked Brickdale out of bed as a line hooks a perch out of a pool. He was shaking so that he could scarcely find the button of the electric light. He pressed it at last, pressed it till it broke, but no light followed. He sprang to the window, a vague grey square in the darkness, and flung up the blind.

His first thought, when his eyes were cleared to the gloom, was the confused one that he had somehow gone to bed on the ground floor. A grey level stretched a few feet below him, pitted and ruffled with the unceasing rain. He could recognize nothing of his familiar garden landmarks; everything was changed, strange, threatening. From somewhere in the night came another muffled crash, and the frantic inhuman screaming broke out once more. A shadow ran across the grey level at which Brickdale blankly stared, a shadow lipped with foam, which silently struck at him, splashing up the wall beneath him. He shrank back with a cry, turned, and stumbled to his door.

He flung it open. Instantly the dark of the closed house was full of a dozen voices that yet were one — the voice of running water. He felt again that he was going down in the hold of a sinking ship. Blind panic shut his throat. He managed to shout hoarsely for "Light, light!"

A light answered him. March, the young groom, came down the attic stairs four at a time, carrying a lantern. In this hour of stunning unusualness, Brickdale saw him for the first time as a man and not as a servant. He was in shirt and breeches, his hair rough, his feet bare and flashing white on the stairs. The dreadful screaming went on, piercing the dull sound of the rain and the flood as lightning rends a cloud. Brickdale ran to the groom. He said, "What is it? Oh, what *is* it?" March thrust him aside, saying only, "My horses!" He went past Brickdale in a flash to the lower hall. Brickdale heard him splashing in water; the lantern light danced on oily ripples, where a Persian prayer rug floated grotesquely. Knee-high in water, March was struggling with the front door. His strained face looked back at Brickdale. He panted, roughly, "Here, help me, you!"

Brickdale found himself tearing at the bolts beside March. The door came open at last, and the inrush of the flood-water almost swept them off their feet, though both

were big men. March panted, "It'll be the dam at Cedar Lake gone! Come to the stables! My horses — we must get the horses out!" Holding the lantern high, he thrust his other arm roughly through Brickdale's. They fought their way towards the stables.

The water drove at them out of the dark in ugly swirls, crested with drift. The rain hissed against the stable lantern. They moved in a narrow ring of light, and without was chaos and the voices of destruction. Twice Brickdale stumbled and would have fallen but for the hand gripping him; he was lost in body as well as mind; the very direction of his drowning house was gone from him. And the water was growing deeper.

The screaming of the horses was near them now. Brickdale felt concrete under his feet, blessedly solid. March pushed him up two steps and thrust the lantern into his hands. "Hold it high," he commanded, curtly, "and don't move. Keep right there, or you'll be knocked down and trampled to pulp as they come out. I'm goin' to try and head 'em inland." He left Brickdale and leaped to the door of the stables; his rough, strong young voice went before him, crying cheerily to the horses, "Steady, now, Paragon! Steady there, Pet! Quit that noise now! I'm comin' to you, I'm comin'." Brickdale thought the horses quieted at the voice; he was strangely struck by its beauty — the beauty of kindly strength. He felt also strangely alone and forgotten.

March had the door open and was in — at the risk of his life. The stables were between the river and the house, and the river-wall was gone already, taking the chimney with it. The beasts were mad in their stalls. Brickdale, holding the lantern, nearly dropped it as Pet tore through the doorway and passed him in a storm of foam. He would not have recognized the sleek mare as she flashed by with foaming muzzle and flaring eyes; he heard the splash and thunder of her hoofs as she fled inland along his drowning terraces, and his breath drew cold; there were things in life ——

Paragon, less maddened, was out, galloping for the higher fields; he also tore by, sending a great fan of water over Brickdale and the lantern; and beside him, holding to the straps, went March in long flying leaps. He yelled something to Brickdale as he went past, but the words were lost. In the reeling lantern light Brickdale saw him swing himself incredibly to Paragon's broad back. His mind seized one picture that was to remain with him all his life, of the strong figure of his young groom in his drenched clothes, astride the rearing horse. Then horse and rider were gone into the night. Brickdale was left alone.

It was probably the first time in his life he had ever been alone. He did not like it. The bitter cold water was lipping at his knees as he stood on the steps, desperately hugging the lantern. He squattered down from the steps, and it rose to mid-thigh. He was in soaked pyjamas, and was mortally cold. His soft, well-fed flesh quivered and crept from the water and the mire. He had his direction from the stables, though, and March had left him the lantern. He would go back to his house, get in the attic, or on the roof, and wait for the water to subside.

He set off cautiously, holding the lantern high. Things went past him in the narrow glimmering circle; he saw small timbers, branches, trusses of hay, a dead sheep. He shrank rigidly from these things. Curious sucking, sliding noises were all about him. He saw a newly planted Japanese cherry tree heel over silently and drag away into the night. Strange things were underfoot, the very earth was turning fluid and running away. He slipped into a hollow and the cold water sprang to his heart. He gasped. Fighting his way up and out, he fancied hands clutching at the tail of his jacket to draw him down. He floundered on. But his sense of direction was at fault. Plunging forward, he suddenly plunged, as it were, over the edge of the earth.

He went down, clutching the extinguished lantern; came up choking; went down the second time before he came to his senses sufficiently to drop the lantern and strike out. He could swim a few strokes, but that was little use with the whole weight of the flooded river pressing on his chest. There, in the dark and the flood, he knew

fear; he screamed as the horses had done. The waves and billows went over his soul. He fought on, struggling with the water.

He felt stones under his feet at last; he did not know that he had been struggling all the time with a friendly eddy under the bank of what had been his own vegetable garden; and that the eddy had at last succeeded in casting him ashore. He climbed sobbing through the slush and staggered away from the river. He was utterly lost. His one idea was to get to some dry spot of ground, if such remained in the universe, and lie down and die on it.

He thought that he staggered for many miles. He was aware at last of something great, a vaster shadow in the shadows, towering before him. He crept towards it. It was the great pine. He stumbled sobbing among the roots. A singular fragrance greeted him; the fragrance of warm, wet hens. Some few feet up in the gloom it was as if the ancient trunk had sprouted a huge black fungus. From under this fungus came a soft, droning voice.

Standing against the tree, Brickdale spoke faintly. "Larrabie!"

"Who be you?"

"It's me — Brickdale. For the sake of pity, give me a hand up. The flood's rising still, and I can't find my house. I'm all but dead."

There was a silence. Then "Wait till I fix the umbereller and clear these pesky fowls," came the serene old voice from the tree, "an' I'll be down right *to* you."

Brickdale broke down. "God bless you, Larrabie!" he quavered; "you are a good man. I'm — sorry I ever did a thing to you, Larrabie. I — where are you, Larrabie? Don't leave me here. The water's to my waist as I stand on the roots."

"Here I be. My hand's above you. 'You must come up higher, friend,' as Cousin Steve Larrabie's sister Jane ses when she was standin' on the step-ladder an' the baker wanted ter kiss her. Put your foot on that old stump o' branch, and jump when I give the word. Now!"

Brickdale jumped desperately. There was a scratching and clawing, an immense confusion of hens. Larrabie was hauling him upwards. He sank at last on a wide bough with his back to the trunk. He was used up, done. He wondered vaguely if he were going to faint.

"Hold up, Brickdale. Don't ye give in, man. I got somethin' here'll fix you. Drat them fowls! They be all over me."

Brickdale sucked greedily at the bottle. Opening his eyes, he saw old Mason Larrabie's face near his own. He said, weakly, "Will we be safe here?"

"Ye're quite safe here, Brickdale. Neither wind nor rain, frost nor flood 'll shake this tree. It's stood ten times the life o' such as we, Brickdale. It's rooted in the livin' rock. Slow as time, the years built it up. 'Tis only the years should break it down."

Brickdale bent his head. He stretched out his hand and touched the rough, scented bark against which he leaned. The great trunk was solid and reassuring as stone. He looked up to the dark boughs roofing him; he felt secure as if he had been suddenly gathered in some tremendous arm, laid to some vast breast. He touched Larrabie with the same trembling hand.

"It shall stand another hundred years," he mumbled. "D' you understand? I didn't. Forgive me Larrabie. I'll never cut it down."

Larrabie did not answer directly. In a minute he said, "Here's a blanket, Brickdale. I brought it up in case o' being here some while. Put it round yore shoulders."

Brickdale wrapped himself in silence. By and by he said, humbly, "Won't you share the blanket, Larrabie?" The old man crept nearer to him. They huddled together for warmth. The hens made drowsy, throaty noises around them; under them the flood rose; over them was the rain and the night. The slow hours seemed to drift past them palpably as the water did. Yet, in the hold of the tree they were safe.

After a long time Brickdale said, "That the dawn, Larrabie?"

"Yes, like a rose. I been watchin' it. Many dawns I seen, but not so many as my tree. There's a voice cryin' on you somewhere."

Brickdale listened, and then said, "It's young March," and called hoarsely in answer.

There was a sound of tearing branches. Poling a punt, March swung through the tops of the undergrowth towards the pine. His face glinted up at them whitely. He looked weary, and spoke like a man in a dream. "I come as soon as I could, sir. As soon as I got my horses safe."

Brickdale smiled faintly. March poled the boat under the pine and held it to the roots. "If you drop, sir," he said, anxiously, "it's steady to ketch you. The horses is all right, sir, but Pet's cut her hock an inch deep."

"That's all right," said Brickdale. "I'm glad to see you safe, March." He was descending stiffly and cautiously. "We'll all be the better for some dry clothes and some breakfast," he went on, "but as soon as we've put Mr. Larrabie ashore, March, we're comin' back, you an' me, an' we're goin' to pull out every strand and stake o' that wire fence we put in along the boundary line of my land. This tree stands on Mr. Larrabie's land, March and don't you forget it!"

The sun cleared the heavy clouds and sent a shaft across the world that crowned with fire Larrabie's tree, the one unchanged thing in all the ravaged land.

LUCK

There were four bunks in the shanty, and three of them were filled.

Ohlsen lay in one, a great bulk under the Hudson Bay Company blankets, breathing like a bull; in the next was Forbes, with eyes as quick as a mink's, and now red rimmed from snow blindness, twinkling from time to time over his yellowish furs. Nearest the door was Lajeune, singing in his sleep. In one corner an old Indian cowered, as little regarded as the rags and skins in which he was hidden; and Desmond sat by the stove, drinking to his luck, fingering it and folding it.

It was all there in a bag — raw gold, pure gold, the food of joy. At the weight of it in his rough palm, Desmond chattered and chuckled with delight. He had sat there talking and laughing for hours, while the glow of the stove grew darker and the cold crept in. Little blots of snow from the snowshoes, first melting had turned again to dark ice on the floor; the red light clung to them until each little circle seemed to be one of blood. Outside the world trembled under the shafts of the bitter stars; but Desmond, with the very fuel of life in his hand, was warm. Dreams ran in his brain like a tide and dripped off his tongue in words. They were strangely innocent dreams of innocent things: sunlight on an old wall, honey, a girl with sandy eyebrows, and yellow ducklings.

"And maybe there'll be a garden, with fruit you can pick off the bushes. 'Twas under a thorn bush she used to stand, with the wind snapping her print gown. Or maybe I'll see more of the world first in an easy fashion, never a drink scarce, and no man my better at it. I know how a gentleman should behave. Are you hearing me, boys?"

Ohlsen breathed as slowly and deeply as a bull, Forbes blinked a moment over the greasy furs and said, "I'm hearing you." Lajeune gave a sudden little call in his sleep, like a bird.

"They're all asleep, like so many hogs," said Desmond, with a maudlin wonder, "they don't care. Two years we've struggled and starved together in this here freezing hell, and now my luck's come, and they don't care. Well, well."

He stared resentfully at the bunks. He could see nothing of Ohlsen but blanket, yet Ohlsen helped him to a new outfit when he lost everything in a snowslide. Forbes was only an unheeding head of grimy fur, yet once he had pulled Desmond out of a log jam. And Lajeune had nursed him laughingly when he hurt his foot with a pick. Yet now Lajeune cared nothing; he was asleep, his head flung back, showing his smooth, lean throat and a scar that ran across it, white on brown. Desmond felt hurt. He took another drink, strode over to the bunk, and shook him petulantly.

"Don't ye hear when a friend talks t' ye?"

Lajeune did not move, yet he was instantly awake. His eyes, so black that they showed no pupil, stared suddenly into Desmond's muddled blue ones. His right hand gripped and grew rigid.

Desmond, leaning over him, was sobered by something in the breathless strain of that stare. He laughed uneasily.

"It's only me, Jooney. Was you asleep? I'm sorry."

He backed off bewildered, but young Lajeune smiled and yawned, showing his red tongue curled like a wolf's.

"Still the gold, my friend?" he asked, drowsily.

"I — I can't seem to get used to it, like," explained Desmond, "I have to talk of it. I know I'm a fool, but a man's luck takes him all ways. You go to sleep, young Jooney. I won't talk to you no more."

"Nor before your old savage in the corner, *hein* ?"

Desmond glanced at the heap of rags in the corner.

"Him? What's the matter? Think he'll steal it? Why, there's four of us, and even an Injun can have a corner of my shack for an hour or two tonight. I reckon," finished Desmond, with a kind of gravity, "as my luck is making me soft. It takes a man all ways."

Lajeune yawned, grinned flung up his left arm, and was instantly asleep again. He looked so young in his sleep, that Desmond was suddenly moved to draw the blanket over him. In the dim light he saw Forbes worn and grizzled, the wariness gone out of him, a defeated old man with horrible eyes. Ohlsen's hand lay over the edge of the bunk, his huge fingers curved helplessly, like a child's. Desmond felt inarticulately tender to the three who had toiled by his side and missed their luck. He piled wood on the stove, saying, "I must do something for the boys . They're good boys."

At the freshened roar of the stove the old Indian in the corner stirred and lifted his head, groping like an old turtle in the sunlight. He had a curious effect of meaningless blurs and shadows. Eye and memory could hold nothing of his insignificance. Only under smoked and puckered lids the flickering glitter of his eyes pricked in a meaning unreadable. Desmond looked at him with the wide good nature born of his luck.

"I ain't going to turn ye out, Old Bones," he said.

The eyes steadied on him an instant, and the old shadow spoke fair English in the ghost of a voice.

"Thanks. You give grub. I eat, I warm, I rest. Now I go."

"Jest as ye like. But have a drink first." He pushed over the dregs of the whiskey bottle.

The old man seized it; seemed to hold it to his heart. While he could get whiskey he might drink and forget; when he could get it no more, he must remember and die. He drank, Lethe and Paradise in one, and handed back the bottle.

"How," he said. "You good man. Once I had things to give, now nothing. Nothing but dreams."

"Dreams, is it, Old Bones?"

The eyes were like cunning sparks.

"Dreams, yes," he said with a stealthy indrawing of breath. "You good man. I give you three dreams. See."

With a movement so swift the eye could hardly follow it, he caught three hot wood coals from the ash under the stove and flung them on the floor at Desmond's feet. He bent forward, and under his breath they woke to a moment's flame. The strangeness of his movements held Desmond, and he also bent forward, watching. He had an instant's impression that the coals were burning him fiercely somewhere between the eyes, that the bars of personality were breaking, that he was falling into some darkness that was the darkness of death. Before his ignorance could find words for his fear, the old Indian leaned back, the fire fled, and the spent coals were no more than rounds of empty ash, which the old man took in his hands.

"Dreams," he said, with something that might have been a laugh. He blew the ash like little grey feathers toward the men in the bunks. His eyes were alive, fixed on Desmond with a meaning unreadable. He thrust his face close. "You good man. You give me whiskey. I give you three dreams, little dreams — for luck."

Desmond was staring at the little floating feathers of wood ash. As they slowly sank and settled, he heard the door close and felt a sharp stab of cold. The old Indian had gone; Desmond could hear his footsteps dragging over the frozen crust of the snow for a little while. He got up and shook himself. The drink had died out of him; he felt himself suddenly and greatly weary of body and mind. The fire would last till morning. "Dreams — dreams, for luck!" he muttered, as he rolled in to the fourth bunk. He was ready for sleep. And as he lay down and yielded to the oncoming of sleep, as a weed yields to the tide, he knew of a swift, clear certainty that he would dream.

II

He opened his eyes to the pale flood of day; Lajeune was cooking pork and making coffee; Ohlsen was mending snow shoes; Forbes bent over his bunk, black against the blind square of the frozen window, feeling blindly with his hands, and snuffling a little as he spoke, "We'd ha' let you sleep on, but we wanted to know what you'd be doing. Will ye stay here with me and rest — I'm all but blind the day — or will ye go into Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?"

Desmond stretched, grunted and hesitated. He felt curiously unwilling to decide. But Forbes was waiting, his yellow fingers twitching on the end of the bunk.

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "What's the hurry? Well — I guess I'll try the pass with Ohlsen."

"Right." Ohlsen nodded his heavy head, for he seldom spoke. He had the physique men always associate with a kind and stupid fidelity. Desmond said of him, "Them that talks most ain't the best at heart." Desmond said it to himself as he rolled out of the bunk for breakfast.

Forbes stayed in his bunk, and made little moaning animal noises while he fed. Lajeune bubbled over with quick laughter. Desmond beamed on everyone and talked of his luck. Ohlsen sat immovable, working his jaws like an ox, watching Desmond with his small, pale eyes.

He did not speak as they drew on their furs and packed the gold; nor as they turned out of the shack, shutting the door swiftly behind them, and faced the stinging splendour of the windy winter day. The cold had lessened with the sunrise, but what cold there was the wind took and drove to the bone. The air was filled with a glittering mist of blown snow, and all the lower slopes of the hills and the climbing spruce forests were hidden. Above the *poudre* the mountains lifted like iron in the unpitying day, and every snowfield and glacier was crowned with a streaming feather of white against a hard turquoise sky.

"You think we'll get through?" asked Desmond, doubtfully.

"Ay t'ank so." Ohlsen was striding heavily, tirelessly, just behind his shoulder. His grey eyes, still fixed on Desmond, were like little bits of glacier ice inset above his high cheek bones.

"We may."

"We may. It ain't far." Desmond was talkative. "This gold weighs heavy. I like the colour o' gold. Ohlsen, you got any children?"

"Ay, got two kids."

"Wisht I had. Maybe I will, though — little boy 'n' gal, with kind o' gold hair. See here, you ever had a garden?"

"No."

"I've me garden on me back here, hey? With them blue things that smell, and hens. You come and see me, Ohlsen, and you'll have the best there is."

"T'anks. Ay like fresh eggs."

"So do I. And apples. Say, Ohlsen, I'm sorry this luck ain't for you."

Ohlsen did not answer or slacken his heavy, stooping stride against the wind. The curved hills opened slowly, swung aside. The spruce stood up, came nearer, and closed in around them like the outposts of a waiting army. The wind roared through the trees like a flood of which the surf was snow.

"Do you think we'll do it?" shouted Desmond again and Ohlsen answered, "Ay t'ank so."

In a little while the trees were a dark mass beneath them, and they were out on the bare heights, fighting with the wind for every foothold. Desmond staggered under it, but Ohlsen seemed untiring, climbing very close at his shoulder. The glare of the sun seared their eyes, but they had no heat of it. In all the vast upheaval of the hills, in all the stark space of the sky, there was no warmth, no life.

Something took Desmond by the throat.

"We'll not do it," he cried, to Ohlsen. "Let's turn back."

For answer Ohlsen unstrapped the heavy pack of gold, fastened it on his shoulders, and went on. This time he was ahead, and his huge body sheltered Desmond from the wind.

"I been drinking too much," thought Desmond, "and here's Ohlsen having to do my work for me. It ain't right."

They were on a high ridge, and the wind was at its worst. On the left lay a precipice, and the dark masses of the spruce. On the right the depths were veiled with glittering silver, now and then shot through with the blue-green gleam of a glacier. It was fair going for a steady head, but the wind was dangerous. It took Desmond, as with hands, and thrust him to his knees at the narrowing of the ledge. He slipped a little. The dark grey ice, white veined, gave him no hold. He lost his head, slipped a little farther, and the white driven foam of snow and cloud above the glacier was suddenly visible. He called to Ohlsen.

Ohlsen could not have heard, yet he turned and came slowly back. Desmond could have raged at him for his slowness if his lips had not been so stiff and dry. Inside his fur mitts his hands were suddenly wet. Gently he slid a little farther, and the wind-driven white below was plainer, cut through with turquoise as with a sword. He shut his eyes. And when he opened them Ohlsen had stopped and was standing quietly watching him.

Desmond shrieked hoarsely, for he understood. Between the two drove the torrent of the wind, shutting slayer and all but slain into a separate prison of silence. But even the wind did not stir Ohlsen; he stood like a grey rock, watching Desmond. Presently he leaned forward, hands on knees, his back humped grotesquely under the pack, as the cruel or the curious might watch the struggles of a drowning kitten. Desmond was shaken to his fingers by the terrible thudding of his heart. He could not make a sound. Earth and sky flashed away. There remained only the grey inhuman shape beyond the barrier of the wind.

Presently that also flashed away. Yet, as Desmond fell, he was aware of light, a great swift relief, for he knew that he dreamed.

Then came darkness.

III

It was a darkness glittering with stars. Such stars as the men of the South, the men of the cities, never see. Each was a blazing world hung in nothingness, rayed with sapphire and rose. Now and then the white ice-blink ran over and died beyond them in the spaces where even stars were not. Desmond was lying on his back, staring at them through a cranny in his sleeping bag. He knew where he was, yet in his brain was a sort of cold confusion. He seemed to hear Forbes speaking.

"Will ye stay here with me and rest — I'm all but blind the day — or will ye go into Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?"

"And here I am, halfway to the fort, and sleeping out with Jooney and the dogs," Desmond muttered, "but I can't remember coming."

Yet, as he turned in his sleepingbag, his knowledge of his whereabouts was exact. He was in a stony little gully beyond Fachette, where high banks cut off the wind and ground willows gave firing. The huskies were asleep and warm in deep drift under the bank, after a full meal of dried salmon.

"I'll say this for young Jooney," said Desmond, drowsily, "he's got some sense with dogs."

Lajeune was beside him, asleep in another bag. Between them was the pack of gold and the sledge harness. And the great plain, he knew, ran north and south of the very lip of the gully, silver under the stars, ridged and rippled by the wind, like white sand of the sea. The wind was now still. The earth was again a star, bright, silent, and alone, akin to her sisters of the infinite heavens.

"There ain't so much gold in a place like this here," Desmond whispered, resentfully, to the night, "but jest you wait till I get south-east again." He was filled with blind longing for red brick, asphalt, and crowded streets; even the hens and ducklings were not enough. He hungered in this splendour of desolation for the little tumults of mankind. It seemed as if the stars laughed.

"There ain't nothing my gold won't get me," said Desmond more loudly. His breath hung in little icicles on the edges of his spy-hole. It was cruelly cold. He drew his hood closer round his head, and thrust it out of the bag.

Lajeune was gone.

He did not feel afraid; only deadly cold and sick as he struggled to his feet. Under their shelter of canvas and snow he was alone; everything else was gone. He fell on his hands and knees, digging furiously in the trodden snow, like a dog.

The gold was gone also.

"My luck," whispered Desmond, stupidly. "My luck."

He was still on his knees, shaping a little rounded column of snow; suppose it might be Lajeune's throat, and he with his hands on each side of it — so. Lajeune's dark face seemed to lie beneath him, but it was not touched with fear, but with laughter. He was laughing, as the stars had laughed, at Desmond and his luck. Desmond dashed the snow away with a cry.

He scrambled out of the gully. The dog trail was easy to read, running straight across the silvery plain. He began to run along it.

As he ran he admired Lajeune very much. With what deadly quietness and precision he must have worked! The gully and the deserted camp were a grey streak behind him, were gone. He was running in Lajeune's very footprints, and he was sure he ran at an immense speed. The glittering levels reeled away behind him. A star flared and fell, staining the world with gold. Desmond had forgotten his gold. He had forgotten food and shelter, life and death. He could think of nothing but Lajeune's brown throat with the scar across it. That throat, his own hands on each side of it, and an end for ever to the singing and the laughter.

He thought Lajeune was near at hand, laughing at him. He felt the trail, and searched. The dark face was everywhere, and the quick laughter; but silence was waiting.

Again he knelt and groped in the snow; but he could feel nothing firm and living. He tore off his mitts, and groped again, but there was only the snow, drifting in his fingers like dust. Lajeune was near at hand, yet he could not find him. He got up and began to run in circles. His feet and hands were heavy and as cold as ice, and his breath hurt; but Lajeune was alive and warm and lucky and laughing.

He fell, got up, and fell again. The third time he did not get up, for he had caught young Lajeune at last. The brown throat was under his hands, and the stricken face. He Desmond, was doing all the laughing, for Lajeune was dead.

"My luck, Jooney, my luck," chuckled Desmond.

His head fell forward, and the dry snow was like dust in his mouth. Darkness covered the stars.

IV

In the darkness and the shadow something moved. Desmond was in his own bunk at the shack. There seemed to be an echo of words in the air, yet he knew that he had slept for some time. He was not asleep now, yet sleep lay on him like a weight, and he could not move.

Forbes was silent, too. He was quite clear that he was alone with Forbes, and that the other two had gone prospecting beyond Fachette. Forbes had asked him, "Will ye stay here with me and rest, — I'm all but blind the day, — or will ye go into Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?" And he knew he had chosen to stay in the shack with Forbes.

It was night. The shack was dark, save for the red glow of the stove, and something moved very softly in the dusk and the shadow.

Desmond, weighted with sleep, could not move; but he listened. Someone was shuffling very softly and slowly round the wall of the shack pausing at the bunks. It was Forbes. He was snuffling to himself, as some little soft nosed animal might snuffle, and feeling in his blind way with one yellowed hand.

Desmond was amused. "If I was to yell out, old Scotty'd have a fit," he thought. He decided to wait until Forbes was quite near, and then yell, and hear the old man curse. Old Forbes' cursing was the admiration of the camps. Desmond lay very still and listened.

Forbes was coming nearer, feeling his way as if over unseen ground, and whimpering to himself very softly. Desmond could hear the scratch, scratch of his long clawed fingers as he slipped his hand over the empty bunk near the door. He was silent and still for a minute, then the shuffling came again.

"I'll wait till he's at the foot o' my bunk," thought Desmond, grinning foolishly, "and then I'll bark like a dog. Used to do it in school when I was a kid and scare the teacher. Lord! how a bit of luck does raise a man's spirits!" He lay very quiet, grinning to himself in the dark.

Forbes' blind, bent head showed, swaying slightly, against the dull, red glow of the farther wall. A tremulous touch, as light as a falling leaf, fell on Desmond's foot, and suddenly he was stricken with the black, dumb terror of dreams; for he knew there was death in the touch of that hand.

The walls reeled about him, shot with streaks of red. He could feel the hand hovering lightly at his knee. The blind man's soft, whimpering breathing sounded close above him. But he could not move. His whole life was centered in the quivering nerves which recorded the touch of the blind man's hand.

It travelled very slowly and lightly up his body, and lingered above his heart. His life gathered there also like a cold flame. And he could not move.

Visions rose before him. The gold was under his head and he heard again the sound of wind in a garden among tall flowers, and thud of ripe apples falling, soft croons, and cluckings of hens, a whirring of the wings of doves. He saw a straight girl in a stiff print dress, with very blue eyes under brows and lashes the colour of sea sand. He saw two children with hair the colour of gold.

The blind man moaned and bent waveringly near, his right hand gathered to his breast.

The flowers of the hollyhocks were gold, and the little ducks were gold, and gold sunlight lay on the gold hair of the children. "Gold," said Desmond, faintly — "gold; my luck." The blind hand crept upward. Like a blown flame, the golden visions flickered and went out.

Desmond awoke, fighting upward out of darkness and the dreams of the night. He felt reality coming back to him as a tide comes back to a beach, and opened his eyes on a glad world. His terrors fell away from him. He came near to thanking God. Dark words he had dreamed, dark deeds, but they were not true. Thank God! They were only dreams. He stirred in the bunk, sat up, and brushed a white feather of wood ash from his sleeve. Only dreams!

Lajeune was cooking pork and making coffee; Ohlsen was mending snow shoes; Forbes bent over his bunk, black against the frozen window, feeling blindly with his hands and snuffling a little as he spoke, "We'd ha' let you sleep on, but we wanted to know what you'd be doing. Will ye stay with me and rest — I'm all but blind the day — or will ye go into Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?"

He stopped suddenly. Desmond shrank back slowly against the wall of the bunk, his eyes staring on them as a man stares on death, a fleck of froth on his lips. There was no sound in the shack but the quick breathing of four men.

THIRTY BELOW

Fort o'Faith lies just at the head of the flat Go-Soak Valley, where the naked hogbacks that enclose the valley lift and run together into a great ridge between the Go-Soak and the north. Wherefore there are trees twelve feet high in the Go-Soak and green vegetables in summer in the factor's garden. There is also a great flagpole in the garden, brought miles and miles upriver, on top of which sheets of tin are nailed, the idea being that anyone who has lost his way may see the tin reflecting the sun and steer by it as by a star. But no one's ever lost on the Go-Soak, because no one ever goes there but the trappers, and you couldn't lose a trapper if you tried. There are no mails later than September, and nothing happens. There was a factor once who ordered up a lot of brass instruments and started an Indian band; when questioned, he said he didn't want music — just noise.

Thus Factor Mackittrick to Sergeant Rayner, "There's fish soup and pickled salmon and venison and mossberry jam tart, and no limit set to a guest's appetite. But before and after, and in between, for the sake o' charity, talk! Remember where you are, man, and *talk* !"

"I'll see the prisoner first," said Rayner quietly. He was a tall man with a singularly quiet voice, and a handsome face which the factor thought the hardest for its age he'd ever seen — the face of a young man at odds with life, which the young should not be.

"Your prisoner's waited five weeks." The factor sounded quite fretful. "And you're but just in and haven't had a taste nor a pair of dry socks yet. But as you like, and here's the key."

For five weeks Fort o' Faith had been expecting Sergeant Rayner. Every day the factor had climbed the mound at the base of his flagpole and gazed southward across the frozen loops of the Go-Soak and the desolate levels, where nothing moved but the foxes and ptarmigan. And not till today had the magnified and misshapen sun, just clearing the hills, shown him the spec that he had been looking for, the speck in the aching desolation that was a sledge and two men and a nine-dog team, the speck that was the White Man's Law, coming to Fort o' Faith.

He stood, the tall, hard Sergeant, with his back to the door of the little room — used generally as a storeroom; and still redolent of coal-oil and brown sugar — looking down at the prisoner. For a little time there was no sound but the quick breathing which, for all his calculated hardness, he could not entirely control, and the drops that pattered on the floor from the melting frost on his parka. Then he said at last, scarcely above a whisper, "So it *is* you!" And the man lounging on the bunk beside the stove, roped hand and foot, laughed with shameless amusement, echoing his words, "So it's you!"

"There was nothing left to happen but this," said Rayner at last, in the voice of a man who controls himself with an effort, "that I should be sent up from Délicieuse to fetch the prisoner held at Fort o' Faith for the shooting of Ole Larsen on the Little Moon last summer, and find you! *You* ! My trusted partner, eh? You've had a fine career since then, haven't you? And, if you care to know, I'm not sorry to be the means of ending it."

"Is that why you took up your present promising job?" asked the man on the bunk insolently.

"You know it isn't. It's because you left me nothing else to take," said Rayner calmly. "I've had to build my life afresh on the broken bits you left me — and as you

say, it's a promising life, isn't it? I owe you a good deal! And I tell you again, I'm not sorry — you blackguard! We start south tomorrow."

"Well, I may owe you something," said the prisoner with eyes that never wavered, "but if you help to get me hanged, that about evens things up, doesn't it — partner?"

Without another word Rayner turned on his heel and went out, locking the door behind him. When he was gone, the prisoner sat still a long time, staring at the hot stove. "Rayner!" he said under his breath. "Jack Rayner! I wonder if I quite deserved *that*?"

Next day the sledge party, representing the White Man's Justice, started south. And the population of the fort sorrowfully watched the dark specks recede and vanish into the mists — conscious that nothing so exciting had happened at Fort o' Faith since the sledge-dogs went mad and joined the wolves in the Bad Winter, and that nothing so exciting was likely to happen for a long time to come.

Rayner, it may be said, was thinking of nothing but his prisoner, and as just that — his prisoner.

The fact that the man had once been his greatest friend and then his greatest enemy affected matters no whit, one way or the other. The prisoner belonged neither to Rayner nor to himself, but to Justice. And in accordance with the tradition of his race and his corps, Rayner was prepared to guard the property of Justice at any cost. He had no thought at all but to get the man who had once been his friend safe and sound to Délicieuse. He was not concerned with the prisoner's thoughts, nor with the past. He had schooled himself, bitterly enough, to live in the present only.

This present the prisoner seemed resolved to make just as hard as possible.

"He's as full of wickedness as an old log is full of ants," said the trooper who was with Rayner.

He was full of wickedness and of extraordinary dumb fits of rage when he struggled and bit like a wolf; the rim of his parka hood was bitten to a fringe. Moods of ferocious gaiety he had, too, when he pelted the Sergeant with savage jokes, always endured by Rayner in the same unmoved silence.

And all the time the two took care of him as if he had been their best friend. For he belonged to the Law.

They made fine going all down the Go-Soak Valley, averaging thirty to thirty-five miles a day. The team was such a powerful one that on the downgrade one or other of them had to ride behind the prisoner, the extra weight acting in some sort as a brake on the sledge. They had, of course, many spills. After one particularly bad one, Ellis, the trooper, rising to his knees half choked with the dry-dust snow, was just aware of the prisoner crouched before him, saw the handcuffed fists flash upward, felt the impact on his chin and the sickening spinal *snick* . Then he neither saw nor heard anything at all for ten minutes.

The prisoner flung himself on the rifle, caught it with both hands, butt to hip, and swung about, as it seemed, instantaneously. But if he was quick, Rayner was quicker, clearing the sledge and driving at the other in one magnificent bound, sweeping him back and bearing him down with sheer weight and shock before he could aim. The bullet *whupped* harmlessly into the snow, and the two who had once been friends lay panting a minute before Rayner wrenched the rifle from the prisoner's hands and rose coolly.

The prisoner snarled upward like the wolf he was, "I nearly got you then, Jack Rayner, and by heaven, I'll get you yet."

The hard Sergeant answered unmoved, voicing the tradition of his corps, "And what if you had? Ellis, there, would have taken you on alone."

After that the prisoner went bound hand and foot on the sledge, and they did not make quite such good time. For you cannot leave a man tied hand and foot for very

long with the temperature standing at thirty below zero without stopping every now and then to feed or warm him and rub the life into him.

Nor can you let him sleep tied up. Rayner and Ellis had to divide the long nights into watches; one kept guard over their prisoner while the other slept.

For thirty below zero is "some cold."

The prisoner was alert as a wolf, and as silent — watching, always watching for the moment when he might strike. But he watched in vain. He never caught them off their guard, these two iron men of a force whose record is one of almost boundless endurance. If, being unloosed to eat, he looked up quickly he was to meet the cold barrel of Rayner's revolver, no colder than Rayner's eyes. Rayner's resolute calm began to tell on the prisoner at last; he tried, by any means, by any word known or lie remembered, to break that remorseless quiet. He did not succeed. And for the first time he began to fear that his chance would never come, that his nerve would go, that one day he would break down and beg for mercy from the man he'd ruined five years before.

They left the Go-Soak country behind them and turned down the bare ridges of the Big Moon toward Moon Lake. Still the going was fair, the dogs fit, and the journey two-thirds done.

Then at Moon Lake came tragedy, swift and irretrievable, as it comes in the North. Let the log which Rayner kept for the purpose of his official report tell how it came.

> Nov. 28th. Weather fine, light wind from S.E. Snowfall in night made travelling heavy. Covered about twenty miles only. Saw wolf and caribou tracks. Prisoner intractable.
>
> Nov. 29th. Travelling poor. Surrounded by birch and spruce scrub, which increases in height as we approach lake basin. Weather misty, daylight very brief. No wind. Temperature rose to -28F. Prisoner violent. Flung himself off sledge into snow, much time being lost restoring his circulation afterward.
>
> Nov. 30th. Uneventful day. Prisoner complained of cramp in his limbs. Treatment — massage with some of the lamp oil. When restored, objected to being placed under restraint again. Struck trooper Ellis. Some damage to Government property in ensuing struggle. Camped that night on shore of Moon Lake.
>
> Dec. 1st. Today Ellis was drowned while crossing Moon Lake. Circumstances as follows:
> We struck straight across the lake on breaking camp. Some five miles out, we met a heavy wind, and the going was very bad. The surface of the lake was frozen into miniature *séracs* , the hollows being filled with loose snow, resulting in a succession of drifts and ridges, difficult for dogs. I was pulling on the trace to help them. Ellis, at my orders, was travelling about two hundred yards to the right, scouting for better ground. After negotiating a very

difficult ridge, I looked up fancying I had heard a cry or call. Ellis not to be seen. I immediately swung the team to the right at full speed. Almost at the exact spot where I had seen Ellis, I came upon a square-cut hole in the thick ice, much marked with snow about the edges. The water here is very deep, and the surface was commencing to freeze again when I arrived. Though I waited by the hole for over an hour I saw no sign of Ellis' body, which did not rise. There was nothing to be done. The hole was one which must have been recently cut by an Indian fisherman and frozen over with air rotted ice during the snowfall of the night of the 27th, and Ellis must have stepped into it, gone through into the water and sunk instantly.

Ellis died in the execution of his duty. In the execution of mine, I proceeded with the prisoner.

Curt enough, this record of how a brave man died!

When Rayner, half frozen, with a set, grey face, rose from the side of the black water, already sprayed thick with the vast leaves and stars of the indomitable frost, and moved stiffly to the sledge, the prisoner was laughing.

It was hysterical laughter, beyond his control. His nerve was going; the reappearance of that grim hope of his had broken it. He lay and shook and twitched under the sledge-furs, and the yellow-eyed wolf-dogs watched him with pricked ears. Fear stabbed him when he saw Rayner — sheer physical fear — but he could not stop his dreadful laughter, nor his words.

"Three days!" he babbled. "Three days and four nights! And you'll not get an hour's sleep all the time!"

Then he sank in the sealskins, expecting to be throttled, to be struck, to be beaten, bound as he was, out of life, so fierce was the rage he had at last succeeded in waking in that iron face. But Rayner did not touch him — only leaned low and spoke, "I'll take you on alone," he said, "if I have to take you as far as hell."

While he started the team, the prisoner lay with closed eyes. He felt suddenly weak, as if after a struggle with overpowering physical odds; once or twice he almost forgot why he was there and where Rayner was taking him; and something deep within him — something weak, forgotten, illogical — woke, and was hurt that Jack Rayner should have spoken to him so . . . .

There began a terrible feat of fortitude. Just as rigidly as the food was rationed out, so Rayner had to ration himself with sleep.

On December the first they had passed ill-fated Moon Lake, and Rayner camped on the farther side. There was no thought of a truce. An intense and dreadful watchfulness existed between the two men. He devised fastenings for the prisoner of sealskin thongs, loose but not too loose, tied with knots he had learned from the Crees; they would take between thirty and forty minutes to work out of. Therefore, Rayner might sleep for about half an hour at a stretch, but for no longer. Every half-hour through the aching dark he must rise, look at the thongs, feel the prisoner's hands and feet for frostbite — see this man who had injured him more than any in the world deep in helpless sleep, or meet his stealthy eyes, watching, always waiting for the inevitable hour when sleep should win.

He scarcely slept at all the night of the first. On the second they made a long run — nearly forty miles — through endless dreary levels of frozen white, which in summer were a sea of grass and ground-willows and subarctic flowers. The land had a gentle southward tilt, and the dogs would have made still better time, but their feet were sore from the rough lake crossing. The sky cleared, and the temperature dropped immediately. It was intensely cold. There was a bitter little wind. When they camped, Rayner built a low snow wall, Eskimo fashion, as a windbreak. That night passed as the first had done, and throughout Rayner dozed and woke, dozed and woke automatically, by sheer force of will.

Waking once or twice from a sodden sleep, the prisoner would see him crouched in his furs against the tiny canvas wall of their shelter, and almost forget why he was there, and stretch out his hands to speak with the ancient kindness, then feel his bonds and remember the curse venomously. Outside, the wolf-dogs huddled in their snowdrift, dreaming of fights.

On the third Rayner was conscious of a great weight pressing upon him. Grimly he fought against it. His face showed drawn, and his eyes were rimmed with red. He could think of nothing but sleep — of lying down, anywhere, anyhow, in his sleeping bag or in the naked snow, and yielding deliciously to the dark tide of it.

The prisoner was dumb, sullen, watchful, with fits of hysterical struggling and fighting that tried Rayner to the utmost. Once he succeeded in flinging himself off the sledge. Rayner stopped and lifted him back, then took a strap and strapped him to it, wrapped him in the furs again and started the team. But each movement was an effort, immense and painful. His strength was of iron, but it began to fail him. The intense irritability he suffered was but a symptom of this. The prisoner cursed and complained, and Rayner must grip his hands to the rifle and set his teeth, fighting the desire to beat the man into silence with the butt, and then drop into the snow and sleep — and sleep — and sleep.

He thought, if he could get through the third night, the worst would be over. They would make Délicieuse early on the fifth day since passing Moon Lake.

The third night Rayner gathered little sticks among the low birch scrub; with some of these he made a small fire; others he rubbed with fat till they burnt like smoky little torches. When he crouched on guard in the tent, he lodged one of these lighted, between his clasped fingers, and yielded for a little while to sleep. But it was such a little while; the smoldering flame burnt him, and he dragged back to wakefulness with an effort that sent the sweat out all over his body. Bending over his prisoner, he swayed like a drunkard.

The prisoner's vitality was lowering under the constraint that must needs be put upon him. Twice Rayner found his feet numb, and had to chafe them and wrap them in strips of blanket. Once he found the little torch fallen and smoldering in his parka fur, and the prisoner all but worked free of the thongs about his wrists. Rayner thought the effort of waking outweighed the rest he won; he resolved to sleep no more.

When he started on the morning of the fourth he felt strangely light, strangely relieved, as if all longing for sleep had left him forever.

The brief day was radiant — dry and blue with the *poudre* hanging four feet in the air, and flinging in the path strange mirages of hills and hollows. Or so it seemed to Rayner. Twice he went wide to avoid some obstacle that was not there. Twice he stumbled without cause. The prisoner watched him wolfishly, panting and shaking with eagerness. Would it come? Would it come in time?

It seemed not. That day they made more than thirty miles over rough country — Rayner on showshoes most of the way. And that night he could not have slept if he had tried. The prisoner gave up hope. Next day by noon they should make Délicieuse.

But an hour after they had struck camp in the morning — Délicieuse no more than fifteen miles away — Rayner suddenly doubled forward and fell.

He fell heavily — full length, as a tree falls or a man who has been struck some mortal blow.

A strange sound, neither speech nor cry came from the prisoner. The dogs stopped, looked round, and settled in the snow. Their yellow eyes were hard and incurious as stones, but no harder than the prisoner's.

After five minutes breathless staring at the still figure in the snow, he began to work his hands free.

The thongs had stretched a little in the heat of the tent. In less than an hour he was free and staggered to his feet. All the time he had watched Rayner, and the Sergeant had never moved. So he went cautiously and stooped over him.

Rayner was breathing like a child; he was heavily, deeply asleep. The lines of exhaustion were fading from his face already; it was cold and peaceful as a dead face. His breath hung like a silver cloud on the edge of the parka hood. He had passed immediately from his brief swoon into sleep. His face looked no longer hard; sleep softened it, made it young and kind.

The prisoner stared at his face a moment. The bewildered recurrence of tenderness troubled his own soul for one brief space. Then he took the rifle and ran back to the sledge; he seated himself; the long whip cracked; he called stealthily, yet in desperate haste to the team. They started, and he drove them to full speed. A sudden squall of rustling snow took them. They were gone.

He had had plans. But somewhere, somehow, in that cold and stillness, he had forgotten them. He simply drove due east, away from Délicieuse, away from that quiet figure fallen in the snow. He was free. "It's my turn now, Jack," he babbled. "— it's my turn now." Then he became muddled again. But he was free.

Yet he was troubled.

A dozen times he stopped the team for no cause, staring back along his old trail. All the time he was chuckling at his own cleverness. He'd taken food, ammunition, dogs, everything, and left the Sergeant to die in the snow. Then he'd stare ahead, as if he saw something beyond his yellow leader. And whether he looked ahead or behind, it was always the same thing he saw — the face of the man he had ruined — Jack Rayner's face.

He stood up and shouted. "I've got even with you now, Jack!" But his voice faded off, puzzled.

Ahead, a dark low line of spruce showed some riverbed. He cut foolishly at the grunting huskies. The dark line swung to meet him. It came like a wall. And with it came a fact — a fact that yet more amazed and bewildered him, that stopped him as if it had been indeed a wall.

He could not do it.

That was the fact, and he could give no reason for it. It was just there! He could not leave Jack to die in the snow.

A space of time followed of which he lost count. But when he returned to perfect consciousness, he had swung the team about once more, and was following back upon his own trail.

Instinct and long experience alike told him that he would get back too late, that that deep sleep would have passed into a yet deeper one. But beyond instinct, beyond reason, the old call out of the years rang true. He could not leave Jack.

Ceaselessly, with whip and voice, he mushed on the huskies.

He had covered maybe nine-tenths of the distance back at top speed, when he saw, far down the trail, a figure coming to meet him.

It came stealthily, doubled up as an old man moves, and very slowly. It was more the movement of a beast than of a man. But the prisoner knew it and yelled foolishly, and the long lash fell unerring on the lagging dogs.

Before the sledge reached him, Rayner had again pitched forward on his face; he made weak, clawing movements with his limbs, but could not rise. The sense of duty is in some natures a miracle; and that miracle had roused him from his sleep and sent him crawling after the sledge with the very last of his strength. But he had finished now. He had failed.

He sobbed impotently as he lay. He never saw the sledge swing up and stop. He scarcely felt the prisoner lift him on to it, all boyhood's kindness in hands and voice and face. "It's me, Jack," he said. "It's me. I couldn't leave you. Just you lie still, Jack, and I'll fetch you home."

So that when at last the wearied dogs drew up and dropped before the police buildings at Délicieuse, and men came running out, it was the sledge driver who spoke, in a voice strange to them, "The trooper's drowned in Moon Lake, and this on the sledge is Rayner, and he's about all in. Handle him gently, boys."

"And, who on earth are *you* ?" asked one, staring into the shade of the parka hood.

"Me?" said the driver simply. "Oh, I'm the prisoner. I've brought Jack home."

He was the last prisoner the Sergeant ever took; when he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, Jack Rayner left the Force.

THE THIRD GENERATION

No shanty fires shall cheer them,
No comrades march beside,
But the northern lights shall beckon
And the wandering winds shall guide.
They shall cross the silent waters
By a trail that is wild and far,
To the place of the lonely lodges
Under a lonely star.

La Longue Traverse

"Bob, is this Lake Lemaire?"

Bob Lemaire, leaning against a wind twisted tamarack on the ridge above the portage, looked long and very long at the desolate country spread out beneath them. Then he looked at a map, drawn on parchment in faded ink, which he had just unfolded from a waterproof case. "I can't identify it," he confessed at last, "but I think —"

"If you say another word," groaned Barrett, "about the reliability of your grandfather, I — I'll heave rocks at you."

Lemaire smiled slowly, and the smile transfigured his lean, serious face; he folded the map and replaced it in the little case. "Well," he answered, comfortingly, "we can't mistake P'tite Babiche, anyway, when we come to it."

"If the thing exists . . . . Oh, I know your grandfather said he found it, and stuck it on his map. But no one else has ever found it since."

"No one else," said Lemaire, quietly, "has been so far west from the Gran' Babiche."

He looked again at the land, one of the most desolate in the world, across which they must go. Lake, rapid, river; rock, scrub, pine, and caribou moss — here the world held only these things, repeated to infinity. But as Lemaire's grave eyes rested on them, those eyes showed nothing but stillness and a strange content. And Barrett, who had been watching his friend and not the new chain of lakes ahead, cried suddenly, "Bob, I believe you like it!"

"Yes, I like it — if like is the word."

"O gosh! And you never saw it till five years ago?"

"No."

"And your father never saw it at all?"

"No. He married young, you know, and had no money. He worked in an office all his life. My mother said he used to talk in his sleep of — all this — which he had never seen. And when I saw it, it just seemed to — come natural." He smiled again. "We've three — four — more portages," he went on, "before we camp."

"And it's along of having Forbes Lemaire for a grandfather," groaned Barrett, as he limped after Lemaire's light stride, down the rocky slope to the little beach where they had left their canoe.

They launched the canoe, thigh deep in the rush of the ice clear water, and put out into yet another of that endless chain of unknown and uncharted lakes whose course they were following. Only one map in the world showed these lakes, those low iron hills, that swamp — the map made by Bob Lemaire's grandfather fifty years before; as far as was known, only one white man before themselves had ever tried the journey from the Gran' Babiche due west to the P'tite Babiche, that mythical river; and

that had been Forbes Lemaire. As Barrett said, it was a tour personally conducted by the ghost of a grandfather.

Another wet portage — tripping and sliding under a low cliff among fallen shale and willow bushes — another lake, as wide, as lonely, as the former one. So for three hours. And then the afternoon shut down in drive on drive of damp grey mist; and they edged the canoe inshore, and beached it at last upon a dun ridge of sand, the shadows of dwarfed bullpines promising firing.

Too tired to speak, they made their camp, deftly, as long practice had taught them. Tinned beef, flapjacks and coffee had power, however to change the very aspect of the weather. And Barrett, smoking the pipe of repletion, under a wisp of tent, had time to admire the Japanese effect of the writhed pines in the fog, to hear a sort of wild music in the voices of rain and water, and to meditate on the chances of an ouananiche for the morning's meal.

The shadows of the fog were changing to the shadows of night, and the silent Lemaire rose and flung wood on the fire. It sent out a warm glow; and as if it had been a signal, a living shadow crept from the shadow of the rocks, and very timidly approached the light.

Both men rose with an exclamation; for they had not seen a human being for nearly a month. Barrett said, "An Indian," and sank back on his blanket, leaving Lemaire to ask questions. Lemaire went round the fire, and stooped over the queer huddled shadow on the ground.

"Well?" Barrett called after him at last.

"A Montagnais," Lemaire answered after a pause, some trouble in his voice. "About the oldest old Indian I've ever seen; they aren't long-lived . . . . He seems a bit wrong in the head. He doesn't seem to know his name or where he comes from. But — he says he's going to a big encampment many day's journey west. He says he's been following us. He says he's a friend of mine."

"Is he?"

"I never saw him before . . . . That's all I can get out of him. He's probably been cast off by his tribe. Why? Oh, too old to be useful."

"Cruel brutes."

"Not so cruel as some white men," said Lemaire, half to himself. He had come back to the firelight, and was rummaging among their stores, none too plentiful. He returned to the old Indian, carrying food; and presently Barrett heard snapping sounds, as of a hungry dog feeding. Lemaire came again to his nook under the tent; and Barrett smoked out his pipe in silence. Then, as he knocked the ashes, fizzling into a little pool of rain, he said gently, "Bob, what makes you so uncommonly good to the Indians?"

Quiet Lemaire did not attempt to evade the direct question. But a rather shy flush rose to his dark, lean cheeks as he said diffidently, "I suppose — because I feel my family — any one of my name — owes 'em something."

"The grandfather again, eh?"

"Yes . . . . Men had no souls in those days, Barrett. I think the tremendous loneliness — the newness — the lack of responsibility — something killed their souls . . . . Wait."

Leaning forward, he flung more wood on the fire. And the red light flickered on his strong and gentle face. He glanced at his friend, and went on abruptly. "I've my grandfather's maps and journals, you know — what my father called the shameful records of his fame. He was absolutely explicit in 'em. I never saw them in father's lifetime, but he left them to me, saying I could read them or not, as I liked. I was very proud of them. I read them. And upon my word — though from them I got the hints that may lead us to the rediscovery of the Lost Babiche — I'm almost sorry I did. It leaves a bad taste in the mind, if you know what I mean, to think that one's father's father was such a heroic scoundrel."

"A bad record, Bobby?"

"Bad even for those days. Listen to me. While he was on this very expedition we're on now, he was taken sick. He was very sick, and going to be worse. He knew what it was. He was near the big summer camp of a tribe of Indians that had been very kind to him, coast Indians, come inland for the caribou hunting; he went to them. He was sick, and they took him in, and nursed him. And all the time he knew what it was he had. It was the smallpox."

"You know what La Picotte is in the wilds. They've a song about it still, down along the Lamennais . . . . For of all that tribe, only one family, they say, escaped. All the others died; they died as if the Angel of Destruction had come among them with his sword — they died like flies; they died in heaps. And over the bones of the dead the tepees stood for years, ragged, blowing in the winds. And then the skins rotted, and the bare poles stood, gleaming white, over the rotting bones that covered an acre of ground, they say. No one ever went to that place any more. It was cursed . . . because of my grandfather."

"Monsieur Forbes made his get-away?"

"Yes, or I shouldn't be telling you about it." Lemaire summoned a smile, but his eyes were sombre. "And so I guess — that's one reason why. One among many."

"You're a likeable old freak," murmured Barrett affectionately, "but — *you* ain't responsible, you know!"

"As I look at it, we're all responsible."

"Well — anyway, I wouldn't give that old scarecrow too much of our grubstake, old man. We've none too much, if the Babiche doesn't turn up according to schedule."

"Probably we won't see any more of him. He'll be gone by the morning."

He was gone with the morning. But as day followed weary day, and there was still no sign of the lakes narrowing to the long sought river, Barrett was increasingly conscious that the old man was close upon their trail. Sometimes, in the brief radiance of the September dawns, he would see, far and far behind on the wrinkled silver water, a warped canoe paddling feebly. They always hauled away, by miles from that decrepit canoe. But always, some time in the dark hours, it crept up again. Sometimes, he would see, in the sunset, a wavering thread of smoke arising from the site of their last-camp-but-one. It irritated him at last; the thought of that ragged, cranky canoe, paddled by the ragged, dirty, old imbecile, forever following them — creeping, creeping, under the great gaunt stars, creeping, creeping under the flying dawns, the stormy moons; when he found Lemaire leaving little scraps of precious tobacco, a pinch of flour in a screw of paper, or a fresh caught fish beside the trodden ashes of their cooking place, he exploded.

"I can't help it," Lemaire apologized, "I *know* I'm all kinds of a fool, Barrett. But the poor old wretch is nearly blind — from long ago smallpox, I should think. He can't catch things for himself much."

Barrett, aware that wisdom was on his side, yet felt sorry for his explosion. He said nothing more. Soon he forgot the matter, having much else to think about.

For the Lost Babiche, the once discovered river, did not "turn up according to schedule."

The chain of lakes they had been following turned due south. They left them, and, after a terrible portage, launched the canoe in a stream that ran west. Here their progress was very slow, for there were rapids, and consequent portages, every mile or so. This stream, instead of feeding another lake, died out in impassable quaking mosses. They saw a range of low hills some four or five miles ahead; so again they left the canoe and struck out for them on foot, half-wading, half-walking. It was exhausting work. At last they climbed the barren spurs and saw beyond, under a flaring yellow sunset, a world of interlacing waterways, unvisited and unknown, that seemed then as if they smoked under the vast clouds and spirals of wildfowl settling homeward to the reeds. The two men watched that wonderful sight in silence.

At last, "They're gathering to go south," said Lemaire briefly. And Barrett answered, "D'you know what date it is? It's the day on which we said we'd turn back if we hadn't found the Lost Babiche. It's the fifteenth of September."

"Well . . . are we going back?"

"Not till we've found our river," cried Barrett, with half a laugh and half a curse. They gripped hands, smiling rather grimly. They made a miserable, fireless camp, and went back the next day, carrying canoe and supplies, in four toilsome trips, across the hills; repacking and relaunching the second day on a new lake, where in all probability no white man — but one — had ever before dipped paddle.

They had been in the wilderness so long that they had fallen into the habit of carrying on conversations as if the lapse of two or three days had been as many minutes. Barrett knew to what Lemaire referred when he said abruptly, "After all, it isn't as if you were ignorant of the risks."

"I guess I know just as much about them as you," said Barrett, cheerily. "We're taking chances on the grub, aren't we? If we find the Lost Babiche before the game moves, we'll be all right, though our own supplies won't take us there. Once there, Bob we're pretty sure to find friendly Indians when we link up with the Silver Fork — which we do seventy miles down the P'tite Babiche if your grandpa's map's correct. Well there are a good many 'if's' in the programme, but don't worry. We'll get through or out, somehow. There's always fish. I've a feeling that this country *can't* go back on a Lemaire!"

They went on to a pleasant camp that night on a sandy islet overgrown with dwarf willow, and a wild duck supper. The current of these new lakes went west with such increasing strength that Lemaire thought they were feeling the "pull" of some big river into which the system drained; and if so, it could be no river but the Lost Babiche. They slept, all a-tingle with the fever of discovery and remade maps in their dreams.

Behind them many miles, a wandering smoke arose from the ashes of their last camp. The old Indian, about whom they had almost forgotten, had gained on them while they packed their supplies over the hills. Now he was close upon them again.

The life of that old savage seemed thin and wavering as the smoke of the fire he made. All night he sat in the ashes, motionless as a stone. Only once, just before the fierce dawn, he rose to his feet with an inarticulate cry, stirred to some instinctive excitement. For in a moment the vast, chill dusk was filled with a musical thrill, a tremendous clamour and rush of life, as thousand by thousand after their kinds, teal and widgeon, mallard and sheldrake, lifted from the reeds and fled before the coming cold. As the old man dimly watched, two delicate things fell and touched his face; one was a feather, the other was a flake of snow.

In those few delicate flakes, Lemaire and Barrett seemed to feel for the first time the ever present hostility of nature; with such a brief, exquisite touch were they first made aware of the powers against which they strove. The new waterways seemed to stretch interminably. Each time they cleared one of the deep cut channels which linked lake with lake as regularly as a thread links beads, they looked ahead with the same question. Each time they saw the same expanse of grey water, low islets, barren shores; the country passed them changing and unchanging as a dream. They seemed to be moving in a dream, conscious of nothing but the pressure of the current on their paddles.

Then came the mist.

It shut them into a circle ten feet wide, a pearl white prison. Outside the circle were shadows, wandering voices, trees as men walking. For two days they felt their way westward through this fog; two nights they shivered over a damp wood fire, hearing nothing but water beading and dripping everywhere with a sound of grief. It strangely broke Lemaire's steel nerve. On the second night he said, restlessly, "We must turn back tomorrow."

"Bob!"

He flung out a tanned hand passionately. "I know . . . . But can't you feel it? Things have turned against us. These things." He pointed at the veiled sky, the milky water. "I daren't go on. If we don't find the river tomorrow, we'll go back. And then . . . the land will have done for me what it never did for my grandfather."

"What, Bob, old fellow?"

"Beaten me," said Lemaire, and rolled into his blankets without another word.

He woke next morning with the touch of clear sunlight on his eyelids. He leaped to his feet silently, without waking Barrett, and as he did so, ice broke and tinkled like glass where the edge of the blankets had lain in a little pool of moisture. The last of the fog was draining in golden smoke from the low, dark hills. He strode to the edge of the water, and stopped, shaking suddenly as if he were cold. Then he went to Barrett, and stooped over him.

"Hullo, Bob, is it morning?" Then, as he saw Lemaire's face, "My God, what is it?"

Twice Lemaire tried to speak. Then he pointed eastward to three high rocky islands which lay across the water, exactly spaced, like the ruined spans of a great bridge which once had stretched from shore to shore.

"Barrett," he said huskily, "We entered the Lost Babiche yesterday in the fog, and never knew. Those islands are ten miles down the river on Forbes Lemaire's map."

They faced each other in silence, too much moved to speak. Their hands met in a long grip. Then Barrett said suddenly, "Anything else."

"Yes. It's freezing hard."

"But . . . we've won, Bob, we've won!"

"Not yet," said the man whose fathers had been bred in the wilderness, and wed to it. "Not yet. It's still against us."

But there was no talk now of turning back.

The Lost Babiche — lost no more — was a noble river; a grey and ice clear stream winding in generous curves between high cliffs of slate coloured rock. These cliffs were much cut into ravines and gullies, where grew timber of fine size for that country. But as their tense excitement lessened a little, they were struck by the absence of all life; even in the deep rock shadows they saw no fish. Of human life there was not a sign; though in Forbes Lemaire's days the country had supported many Indians. And now — "Not a soul but ourselves," said Barrett, in an awed voice, "not a living soul . . . ."

Yes. One soul yet living. Far behind them, in the staggering old canoe, the old Indian paddled valiantly on their trail. But he had forgotten them now, as they had long forgotten him. He stopped no more for the offal of their camps. A stronger instinct even than that of hunger was drawing him on the way they also went; down the Lost Babiche. Had they looked, they would not have seen him. And soon, between him and them, the clouds which had been gathering all day dropped a curtain of fine snow.

The first sting of the tiny balled flakes on his knuckles was to Lemaire like the thunder of guns, the opening of a battle.

He had no need to speak to Barrett. They bent over the paddles and the canoe surged forward. It was a race; a race between the early winter and themselves. If the cold weather set in so soon, if they found no Indians on the little known silver Fork — there were a dozen "ifs" in their minds as, mile after mile, they fled down the P'tite Babiche. Even as they fled from the winter, so that other white man long ago had fled from the sickness, seen those stark bluffs unrolling, viewed perhaps those very trees.

They made a record distance that day. "We're winning, Bob, we're winning," said Barrett over the fire that night. Lemaire had not the heart to contradict him; but Lemaire's instincts, inherited from generations, told him that the wilderness was still mysteriously their enemy. He sat smoking, silent, hearing nothing but the faint, innumerable hiss of the snowflakes falling into the flames.

The snow was thickening in the morning, and by noon a bitter wind arose, blowing in their faces and against the stream. Soon the canoe was smack-smack-smacking on the waves, and the snow was driving almost level. The continual pressure of wind and snow drugged their senses. They never heard the voice of the rapids until, rounding an abrupt bend, the ravelled water seemed to leap at them from under the very bow of the canoe.

There was only one thing to be done, and — "Let her go!" yelled Lemaire, crouching tense as a spring above the steering paddle.

Now for the trained eye, the strong hand — the eye to see the momentary chance, the hand to obey without falter.

Now for the sleeping instincts of a brain inherited from far generations of wanderers and voyageures. Flash on flash of leaping water, the drive of spray and snow, the canoe staggering and checking like a thing hurt, but always recovering.

Barrett, in the bows, paddled blindly. His life lay in Bob Lemaire's hands, and he was content to leave it there during those roaring moments. But those hands failed — by an inch.

They were in smooth water. Barrett would have paused to take breath, but Lemaire's voice barked at him from the stern. He obeyed. The canoe drove forward again — forward in great leaps, towards the point of a small island ahead, dimly seen through the snow — something wrong, though, thought Barrett, grunting; he could get no "beef" on the thing — it dragged; you'd have thought Bob was paddling against him. Then, suddenly, he understood. He called up the last of his strength, drove the paddle in, once, twice — again — heard a shout, flung himself overside into water waist-deep, and just as the canoe was sinking under them, he and Lemaire caught it and ran it ashore. Then, dripping, they looked each other in the face, and each seemed to see the face of disaster.

"It was a rock," said Lemaire at last, very quietly, "a few inches below the surface. It has almost cut the canoe in two."

"What's to be done?"

"Find shelter, I suppose."

They were very quiet about it. There was no shelter on their islet but a few rocks and a dead spruce in the middle. Here they set up their tent as a wind-break. It was bitterly cold; the island was sheathed with white ice, for the spray from the rough water froze now as it fell; everything in the canoe was wet; they were wet to their waists. They tried to induce the dead tree to burn, but the wood was so rotted with wet it only smouldered and went out. They had a little cooking lamp and a few squares of compressed fuel for it; they lighted this, and Lemaire made tea with numbed hands. It renewed the life in them, but could not dry them. They huddled against the little lamp in silence, waiting — waiting.

After some time Lemaire heard a curious sound from Barrett; his teeth were chattering. Lemaire saw that his face had taken a waxy white hue. He spoke to him, and Barrett looked up, but his eyes were dim and glazed. "It'll be all right," he said, thickly, "we'll get through, somehow. I've a feeling that this country can't go back on a Lemaire."

They were the first symptoms of collapse. Lemaire groaned. He got to his feet, and staggered across the slippery rocks. He shook his fist in the implacable face of the desolation. He shouted, foolish rage and defiance, caught back at his sanity; shouted again . . . . This time he thought he heard a faint cry in the snow. It whipped him back to self-control. He splashed out into the curdling shallows, shouting desperately.

Out of the grey drive of snow loomed the ghost of a canoe, paddled, as it seemed, by a ghost. It was the old Indian, whom Lemaire had long forgotten; the weather had not hindered him, the rapids had not wrecked him. At Lemaire's cry he raised his head, and the canoe put inshore, waveringly. Lemaire splashed to meet it,

met the incurious gaze of the half-blind old eyes under the scarred lids, and read into the wrinkled, foul old face, a sort of animal kindness.

Five minutes later he was desperately trying to rouse Barrett. Barrett looked at him at last, and Lemaire saw that the brief delirium was past. "What is it, Bob?" he asked weakly. And Lemaire broke into a torrent of words.

"The old Indian — the old Indian you said was a hoodoo — don't you remember? He's here. He has caught us up, God knows how. He says his canoe'll hold three. He says that a very little way on there's a big camp, and that he'll take us there — in a very little while. He says his tribe is always kind to strangers, to white men . . . . I can't make out all he says, he's queer in his head. But he's dead sure of the encampment. He says it's always there. . . ."

Still talking eagerly, Lemaire snatched together a few things, got an arm round Barrett, lifted him up to his feet, got him reeling to the canoe, laid him in the bottom, and helped the old Indian push off. There was no second paddle. There was no need of it. The current took them at once.

The cold was increasing, as the wind died and the snow thinned. Lemaire ceased to be conscious of the passing of time, but within himself the stubborn life burned; he was strongly curious to know the end, to discover what it was the wilderness had in store for him after five years, to read the riddle of that relationship with himself which had called him from the cities to this.

He was aware, at last, of a vast, golden light. The clouds were parting behind the snow, and the sunset was gleaming through. It turned the snow into a mist of rose and molten gold. The old Indian feebly turned the canoe. It crept toward the shore.

"The lodges of my people," muttered the old Indian. He stood erect, and pointed with his bleached paddle. "They are very many — a very strong tribe."

Lemaire also looked, and saw.

Silently, the canoe took the half-frozen sand. Silently, very slowly, Lemaire stepped out. The old Indian waited for him. It seemed that the whole world was waiting for him.

He, like a man in a dream, moved slowly into the midst of a level stretch of sand, and stood there. All about him covering the whole level, were the ridgepoles of wigwams, but the coverings had long fallen away and rotted, and the sunset glowed through the gaunt poles. Lemaire stretched out his hand, and touched the nearest; they fell into dust and rot . . . . Under his feet he crushed the bones of the dead — the dead, who had died fifty years before, and had waited for him here every since, under the blown sand and the ground willows . . . . "They've a song about it, down along the Lamennais. For of all that tribe, only one family, they say, escaped. All the others died . . . . they died like flies, they died in heaps. And over the bones of the dead the tepees stood for years . . . . No one ever went to that place any more. It was cursed . . . because of my grandfather . . . . "

He went back to the canoe. Whining like an old animal, the old Indian was busied above Barrett. "The lodges of my people," he muttered, "a very strong tribe, and kind to the white men."

Very gently, Lemaire put aside the blind old hands that touched Barrett's unconscious face. "Don't wake him," he said.

THE MEN WHO CLIMBED

What had taken Stephen Forrester to the Exhibition would be difficult to say. He had told his friends that snow and ice and anything higher than a first floor made him feel ill, and had then proceeded to lose himself very pleasantly among the fleshpots. Well, he had earned his fleshpots. Yet here he was, at three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, paying his entrance fee like anybody else to the Association Rooms, to see Macrae's photographs.

"The large photographs of Mount Forrester are in Room C," said the very efficient young person with the bobbed hair who gave him his change. "Kindly keep to the right." He thanked her humbly and clicked through the turnstile in the wake of a large woman in musquash and carnations, who would probably have given much to know him. For Forrester was something of a lion that winter.

He went into Room C, after a guilty glance about A and B. But no one was there who knew him. No one said, "That's Forrester! Yes, the fellow with the limp. You'd never dream he was fond of that sort of thing, would you?" His first thought was, "Mac did some good work!" Then, with an involuntarily catching of the breath, he stopped short before the great photograph that held the end wall alone.

And as he did so he knew with sure foreknowledge that any time in his life he might be brought up with that little thrill, that while he lived, a hundred chance scents or colours or silences would have power to renew for him that air of ineffable space, those sheathed and virgin rocks, those upper snows austere against the burning blue; that the impersonal passion of the climber had been, was, and forever would be the moving force of his soul.

"Mount Forrester from the South-east," the catalogue had it. Just that! He was the man who had conquered Mount Forrester; and he was the man who knew how utterly the great height had conquered him.

He sat down on one of the leather divans placed at intervals down the centre of the room, staring at the enlarged photograph with half-closed eyes. The heated air grew cold in his throat; inside his irreproachable gloves the scars of his old frostbites burned and tingled; he tapped one well shod foot — the lame one — on the floor. There in the extreme left-hand corner of the picture was the bit of ice that had slid and crushed him. That had been on the return journey. They said he'd never walk again. Macrae himself had been all in when he took that picture. Why, they'd put him in the tent in the middle of a snow flurry; the cloud had cleared and the light was right; they'd found Mac up to his ears in snow half a mile away, clutching the camera — raving, but he'd taken the picture.

"Excuse me, boss — you done any climbin'?"

Forrester came to earth with a start, and leaned round the curve of the leather seat back the better to see and answer the man who had so suddenly spoken to him. But he was slow in answering as the details of the questioner's face presented themselves to him around the curve of the fat green morocco. For what possible interest could such a one have in climbing mountains? An elderly clerk out of work? Scarcely educated enough, judged Forrester. A night watchman? More likely. Anyway, a sub-under-assistant at whatever he set his hand to do. The stamp of the man born to work under other men was on him, on his respectable garments, on his vague face set in greying bristles; one could guess him treading forever the same smoothed rut, running on the same rail, until pushed off at last into a still deeper obscurity. And he was already growing old. Forrester, clean from his heights, was quick to pity. "One of the Great Unlucky," he said to himself; and aloud, "Yes, I've climbed a good bit. Are you — interested in it?"

The stranger smiled slowly. Then he drew out seven coppers and arranged them along his dingy palm. There was a certain youthfulness, a hovering and unexpected sweetness in his smile that attracted Forrester. "These here," he said, "are all I got left o' what Maggie allows me fer baccy this week, after payin' me admission." He returned the coins to his pocket and resumed his slow contemplation of the picture.

For a moment Forrester was in doubt. But the shabby respectable man was oblivious of him, his whole attention absorbed in the picture. And it was Forrester who renewed the conversation on some impulse of sympathy, saying, "Where have you done your climbing?"

"Me? Oh, anywhere north o' Thunder Valley, for the most part. You *got* to climb there to get about. Don't see no sense in doin' it fer fun." He turned his eyes again to the photograph, and once more that shy, half-boyish smile transfigured his commonplace face. "But you thinks different when yer young eh, Mister? Where you done *your* climbin' if I may arsk?"

Forrester nodded toward the wall. "Thereabouts mostly," he said pleasantly. "My name's Forrester — Stephen Forrester, at you service."

The stranger turned completely around; his face rose over the back of the divan like a queer mild moon. "You — Forrester ?" he said with interest. "Well, now! You the feller that climbed that mountain an' had it named fer him?"

"Yes," smiled Forrester, conscious of an excusable glow.

"*My* ! said the unknown softly. "My! If that don't beat all!" He looked at Forrester carefully, as if making a friendly inventory of him. He rubbed his hands gently together. "Maggie 'll be *that* amused to hear tell I seen you!" he said shyly.

Well — *amused* was not just the word that Forrester had expected! But the other man came sidling along the leather seat, all alight with interest. He put out his hand, so palpably the hand of a failure, and touched Forrester's sleeve. "Mister," he begged simply, "tell me all about it, so's I can tell Maggie!"

The appeal hit Forrester in his softest place. He was touched. Who was Maggie? He visioned her as beautiful and dreaming of her native hills; in a mental flash he saw himself telling a moving story to a dozen well-appointed dinner tables. He said kindly, "Tell me what you want to know. But first — who's Maggie? Where is she?"

"My old girl, Mister. She's washin' dishes at Henniker's till I get a job." He went on with a touch of pride, "She don't have to work when *I'm* doin' anything, boss."

Again Forrester was moved; he guessed that Maggie washed dishes a lot at Henniker's and did it cheerily. Maggie's husband went on with a shy eagerness, jerking his thumb at the wall, "Did you have to cross Somahl' to the glacier, Mister?"

"Yes."

Forrester was conscious of an increasing astonishment, for the glacier was not shown on the photograph and is not named on any map. "We climbed that long ridge to the east — the photograph does not show much of it — and worked along till we came to the little plateau. And there we made our last camp. We went up next day. We wanted to do it in a day, so as not to spend a night at that altitude."

"I know." The face of Maggie's husband showed keener, harder; he was touched with some quiet amusement that puzzled Forrester. "You went up roped, boss?"

"As far as that big fissure." Forrester was kindling, as a lyric poet might kindle at the talk of love. "We cast them off then. They were too great a weight. We kept them as dry as we could, but there was a continual *poudre* and they were frozen as stiff as steel rods, crackling as we moved. It sounded so loud, that crackle."

"The papers say you was the only one that made the peak, Mister, the only one that made good."

"It wasn't the other fellows' fault," said Forrester quickly. "They were fine stuff — white men. I tell you they gave up their chances so I should have mine. Yes.

They helped me all through, spent their strength for me — so that in the end they'd none left, and I went on alone — on their strength. A man said to me last week, 'You hired them, didn't you?' 'What difference does that make?' I said, 'when they gave me what money couldn't buy?' "

Forrester's eyes went to the picture; he was abruptly silent. Then, "They gave me *that*," he breathed.

After a minute he went on quietly, talking more to himself than to the man beside him, "I left Mason and Pieters on the last tiny level with the tent over them. Mason was finished. Pieters could have come with me, but daren't leave Mason, who was in a state of collapse, and blue. Pieters never stopped rubbing him, he told me, for an hour. I went on alone, up a slope of hard old snow, steep, but easy enough — that slope — and in five minutes it was as if I'd been alone for centuries from the beginning of the world! I drew myself up on a ledge and looked down. Mason and Pieters were little black figures beneath. Pieters lifted a hand to me. Then I went on over that hummock — there — and they were gone. It seemed to be all right — all right. I mean, that I should be alone at the end — alone with my mountain.

"The hardest part of the climbing was over. There remained only that great soaring wedge of immortal snow, that heaved above me into the blue. I had only to climb to keep on working upward as long as my strength held. I knew it would not fail. My arms, outstretched against the face of the steep, and looking as weak as a fly's legs, were yet long enough and strong enough to clasp the whole of that magnificent summit, and leave their mark upon it, and conquer it. What a thing humanity is! Oh, I'm talking nonsense, if you like, but I was a little mad at the time. If you've climbed, you know how it is!"

But Forrester saw at the same moment that his listener didn't know how it was, for all he was smiling indulgently. "I been mad in my time, boss," he said almost with a wink. "I ain't the head for such things now."

Forrester laughed a little. "It took some head," he confessed, nodding at the photograph. "After I worked round that curve there, I had nothing under me but a drop — a drop clear to timber line. I'd loose a handful of snow from somewhere, and it'd go glittering off into the emptiness behind me like frozen smoke and I'd stick close for a minute to see if any more was coming. Then I'd watch those bits of snow-dust fall and fall and fall — miles and miles they seemed to fall, right to the black furriness that was the forest of the lower slopes. They came near to shaking me. And now and then I seemed to have nothing at all under hands or feet — to be just afloat in dizzy space. Then I'd look up, and the whole weight of the summit'd rush back at me — hang over me until I seemed to be underneath it and crushed flat. And then I'd kind of come back to myself, and know what I was doing. And I tell you I wouldn't have swapped places with a millionaire! It's at times like that a man feels his soul alive in him and knows he can't fail, whatever seems to happen. They say that morally we only use about one-tenth of our power of living. It takes the divine moment to teach us what we are when we use ten-tenths — what we are!"

Forrester was frankly smiling now, frankly talking to himself. Maggie's husband was listening in respectful bewilderment, yet with something held in reserve; he sat with his elbows on his knees and his hands dangling forward. Forrester wished he wouldn't; somehow, those hands looked so inept, so apologetic. He went on abruptly, "I was corkscrewing upwards, if you see what I mean. I calculated to reach the top on the side opposite to where I'd left my two men, for we'd seen that the overhang was less there. But on that side the wind was worse. It was not strong — just a steady swim of cold air fit to freeze the breath inside you.

"I was working up very safely and steadily, finding everything much easier than I had expected, which is often the way. I was cutting steps in solid snow. Nothing could happen to me as long as I kept on cutting steps. I was as safe as a house, for all the next stopping place was two thousand feet under. And I was just thinking so when

the thong with which my ice axe was looped round my wrist caught against a snag that thrust through the snow crust, and snapped. I shifted my grip on the shaft for greater security; and the next instant the thing was out of my hand and glissading down the slope.

"Well, it was awkward enough, but not fatal. I went on without it, though slower; making detours round hummocks I'd have cut into, and scooping holds with the big knife I had on a lanyard round my neck. I went on so for maybe another hour, not thinking of the top, pinning my mind to every inch of the ascent.

"And then — all in a moment, as it seemed — I looked up. And there was the summit not two hundred feet above me, and easy all the way.

"Well, I hung on with toes and fingers and tried to cheer, but I couldn't get it out. Change places with a millionaire! I wouldn't have changed places with the kings of the earth! And then I looked more closely at what lay in front of me. And — the cheer went out of me like the flame out of a candle.

"Immediately over me, and for as far round as I could see the mountaintop was girdled with a band of rock, a sheer face, too sheer to hold the snow. It was all veined with ice, pitted and porous with the weather since the world began — soft stuff, crumbling under frost and sun. Yes, there was just about twenty feet of it. After that a smooth mount of snow to the very crest. And I lay with my chin in a drift at the foot of it, and cried like a baby. For I knew that no power on earth could get me up that little twenty foot wall of rock without an axe to chip holds with.

"I worked up to it and stood against it. There was a ledge that held me comfortably. I stood on it and drove in the knife as far as I could reach above my head, tossed my line round it and pulled. It came away in a tinkle of tiny ice chips and rotten rock. I stared below me. I wondered how long it would take me to get down — without having reached the top. I looked to my right, just to make certain of what I was deadly sure of already — that there wasn't any possible way up for a single climber farther along the ledge. And there, as sure as I'm a living man, were little steps cut roughly in the rock — choked with ice, but recognizable, serviceable.

"When I told our president that," said Forrester after a silence, "he told *me* I'd gone light-headed from exposure."

Forrester gazed at the picture a moment, a smile on his fine vivid face. His eyes looked into a great distance; and the eyes of the man beside him rested on him — kindly, uncomprehendingly, a little wistfully, as if he were trying to follow Forrester into that shining distance.

"I knew." Forrester was speaking to his own soul. "Oh, I knew," he repeated, softly. "I met him there, I felt him there — my nameless forerunner! There was a high spirit near me in the very wind. I touched hands with an unknown comrade, a friend who'd climbed higher, leaving his glory to me like a coat for which he'd no more use. How high he must have climbed! To the very stars!

"The steps were very much weathered. They looked very old. They were filled, as I said, with old ice, which I chipped out with the hook of my knife. I went up hand over hand.

"The rest was easy. I won't trouble you with it. I stood on the summit at last, and left the tiny flag there that I'd carried up. He — my forerunner — seemed to be waiting for me there; I fancied that he gave me a generous smile. I knew he didn't grudge me anything. It sounds rubbish *here* , eh? but *there* I smiled back at him — the man in whose steps I'd climbed to the best thing life's given me yet; and I drank his health in the last of my brandy. Then I — came down."

The pleasant, vigorous voice died to silence. Both men, so contrasted, sat silent for a while, looking at the picture, which even in the electric light seemed to glow and recede into some splendid atmosphere of its own.

At last Forrester turned, a little shamefaced; he felt that in talking so to a man who couldn't possibly understand, he'd gone very near to making a fool of himself and

his mountain. There was honest pity in his heart for any man who knew nothing of such austere triumphs as he enjoyed; perhaps there was a shade of contempt, too, as he said hastily, "See here, I've made you listen to a lot of stuff, eh? But you must let me pay for this, you know. Just the price of admission — between two men who have something in common."

He broke off. For he was not heard. The shabby man was gazing at the photograph. And as he gazed he chuckled quietly and rubbed his faded knees. "If you'd looked, Mister," he said, "if you'd looked maybe you'd have found the bits of an ol' lantern, up there where you left the flag!"

Perfectly motionless, Forrester waited.

The shabby man turned to him genially. "Such fools as we are when we're young!" he said. "How it all comes back!" He smiled upon the younger man again with that bright, gentle look which gave him momentarily the aspect of youth; it was like a light reflected from some mountain peak of the soul. He went on, "Maggie 'll be *that* interested when she hears someone has set right alongside me, talkin' — excuse me, boss — like man to man, someone that's been up that there mountain!'

Still Forrester waited, dry-mouthed.

"You see, Mister, me and Maggie, we always counted that there old mountain as ours like, seein' as I was the only feller'd ever been up it in them days. And a fine fool I was. Many's the time Maggie's said to me, 'I wonder I took you, Si,' she's said, 'seein' you showed me what kind of a fool you was when you was courtin'.' Maggie's a great one for a joke. 'Or maybe,' she says, 'I took you just because you was such a fool that Christmas. There's no accountin' for a woman's taste,' she says."

That reflection of a far light rosed his colourless face as he turned again to Forrester; it lighted a pleasant blue star in his homely eyes; he laughed consciously, and glanced down at his patched shoes.

"We wasn't married then," he explained confidentially. "It's a long time ago. Seems queer that there ever *was* a time when Maggie and me wasn't married; but there was." He wrinkled his brow with a ruminative air. "But there wasn't never at no time, any other girl than Maggie Delane for me." He looked gently at Forrester. "You should 'a' seen her then," he said, "she was the purtiest girl in Cascapedia, my Maggie was.

"There was a lot of fellers after her. She could 'a' done lots better, but — she stuck to me. Seems like I didn't have much luck, even then. I dunno why — I was always willin' to work. It just happened that way, Mister. Times I said to her, 'You'd best quit me, honey, and take up with a luckier man.' I said that not knowin' just what I'd do if she done it. But she — she just put her hands on my shoulders," — he glanced wonderingly at his shabby coat — "she put her hands there, an' she says, 'Good luck or bad, I'll never go back on you, Si.'" His slow eyes went back to Forrester's face. "You know how it is with them, with the good ones, boss, when they're — fond of a feller.'

"No," said Forrester, after a short silence, and very humbly, "no, I don't know — yet. Go on, please. Tell me the rest."

"We was to have been married that Christmas. But I didn't have no luck. I didn't have enough saved. It near broke my heart. I hadn't got so kinder used to waitin' on things then, and I was just set on goin' to Cascapedia and claimin' my girl that Christmas. She was workin' in a store there and I was on a lumberin' job back on the Oucouagan. 'Twasn't so far asunders, but the hills riz up to heaven in betwixt us. I hadn't seen her in a long while, Mister. And when the time come on, an' I'd no luck an' had been sick, an' dassent to quit my job, I tramped them hills all one night, boss, tryin' to find the nerve to write Maggie and say, 'We can't be married this Christmas after all, honey; we'll have to wait for the spring.'"

He bent down and picked a thread carefully from his frayed trousers. Raising his head, he stared again at the picture. "I wrote it at last," he went on in his heavy way, "an' I sent it to her. I was down an' out. I — kinder lost me self-respect, boss,

havin' to write that way to Maggie when she could 'a' done so much better . . . . Yes sir. An' then her answer came. She wasn't a very good writer. She just said I wasn't to worry; she guessed she could get along without me till the spring — always one for a joke, was Maggie! — but I was to think of her on Christmas."

The shabby man's voice trailed off into silence. After a moment he said, thoughtfully, "Queer how they — the good ones — can break a feller all up an' put him on his feet at the same time, ain't it, boss?"

"I — don't know," said Forrester, softly. "Go on please."

"She said I was to think of her on Christmas. Somethin' you said awhile back put me in mind of how I felt then. Think of her! Why, I — I felt as though I could chop the mountains down same as if they was trees to get her! I felt there was nothin' — just nothin' I couldn't do, or bear, or get, so as Maggie didn't quit me. I felt I'd get her them great shiny stars fer buttons to her Sunday dress if she was wantin' them. Made me feel twelve foot high and drunk, she did, just with three lines o' bad spellin' and a joke! I'd five dollars in me pocket, an' I went an' looked up a Siwash, one o' them mountain Injuns that looks like a Chinaman and moves up or down like a goat; I'd done him a kindness a little while back an' he was grateful, which is more'n white fellers always is. I said, would he take a letter to my *klootch* in Cascapedia, for five dollars, she to get it on Christmas? Yes, he said, he would. I gave him the letter an' the bill, an' off he went — not that she was rightly my *klootch* then, o' course, an' she'd 'a' been terrible vexed if she'd known I called her so; but it was near enough fer *him* .

"We wasn't so far apart, as I says — not so many miles on the level, only not a yard of it *was* level; the hills was like a wall between us; but there was one thing we could both see, one thing that was in sight from Cascapedia an' from the Oucouagan on the other side. An' that was that mountain there."

He looked at the picture with lingering surprise. "My!" he said, "You wouldn't never think I'd been up there, would you? You'd think I was too old and had too much sense. But I was young then; and some way Maggie'd made me clean crazy."

He flushed and gave Forrester a shy, friendly smile. "Two nights," he said, laughing a little, "two nights I sat up, fixin' a lantern to suit me — fixin' it so's no draft could get in, puttin' in extry wicks an' more oil an' the dear knows what-all! I'd said to Maggie in my letter I'd sent 'You borrer a pair of glasses if it ain't clear,' I says, 'an' you look at the top o' the biggest mountain you see in betwixt us,' I says, 'on Christmas night, an' you'll see if I'm thinkin' of you or not, Maggie Delane.' That's what I says.

"When the lantern was fixed, I packed it on me back keerful, an' I borrerred an ice axe, an' a pair o' creepers, an' I climbed that there mountain an' left the lighted lantern on the top."

Forrester stared at him. Did he know what he was saying, what, in that brief day of glory given him by a girl's trust, he had done? No, he had no inkling of it; no shadow of a suspicion crossed his simple mind that he had achieved a feat that no man had been able to repeat for thirty years. He was smiling pleasantly, indulgently, at the folly of his youth. And Forrester said, not knowing he spoke aloud, "It's better it should be like that. It's more beautiful so."

"Did you speak, Mister?"

"No — nothing. Please go on."

But the charm was broken; the reflection of that far light was fading from the ageing face as Forrester had seen the reflected glory of his peak fading from the lowlands. The shabby man's shyness was increasing; he looked at Forrester uneasily. "I dunno what made me talk so much," he mumbled apologetically. "Seein' that picture an' all, I guess. I ain't generally one to talk much."

"Good heavens, man," cried Forrester, "don't you know you've just been telling me the most beautiful thing I ever heard?" He checked himself abruptly at the look in his companion's face. "Tell me how you got up," he went on more quietly.

But the present had again usurped the splendid past. "I don't rightly remember now," said the shabby man uncertainly. "My mind was that full of Maggie, anyways . . . . I crossed the glacier below where you did, an' then I — I guess, I just went up, boss."

"Yes," agreed Forrester, "you just went up . . . . And the lantern wasn't hurt, and Maggie saw the light from Cascapedia?"

"She saw it boss. It burned till the oil give out. 'Twasn't hurt a mite."

Forrester looked again at the photograph. He visioned his great peak, a shadow against the winter stars, crowned with a tiniest point of light — a weak star that invaded those awful solitudes, those dominions of wind and cloud, dawn and darkness, to tell a girl in a store that her man hadn't forgotten her! He roused from his vision to see Maggie's husband on his feet, to hear him mumbling good-bye.

". . . be terribly amused to hear I seen you," he heard. "Take it as a favour, boss, if you'd not mention it to no one . . . do a steady man no good. They'd think I was drunk."

Forrester got up and shook hands, which seemed to abash the man very much.

"It's better that way too," he said abruptly, "though you won't have the least idea what I mean. If I can ever have the honour of doing anything for you or Maggie, let me know."

The shabby man was gone. An official in blue and silver buttons was staring suspiciously at Forrester. He scowled at the official, and went and stood in front of the great photograph. He stood there so long that the official gave up watching him and moved away. The room was empty. Forrester glanced around; then he took out his fountain pen.

He looked again at the picture of the peak. "Not mine," he said under his breath, and humbly, "not mine!" There was a large ticket attached to the frame, bearing the legend, "Mount Forrester from the South-east." He crossed out the word "Forrester," and above the erasure, in neat black letters, he wrote the words, "Maggie Delane." Then he too, went away.

A Great Temptation

"The great thing," said Grim Lawson, "is to know what you want, and then go for it!"

He always knew what he wanted. He generally got it by the simple process of allowing nothing to hinder him in going for it. Nothing at all.

Consider what that may imply.

He wanted wealth. He got a very respectable share of it by being the first man in on the gold rush some years back at Elk Mountain. He had a partner then. He left the partner sick by the trail when the man broke down. He left him with some frozen pork and a handful of flour, while he himself pressed on and staked the first claims. He got the gold all right. The partner got pneumonia and a broken constitution. But no one ever reminded Grim Lawson of this. It would not have been tactful. Grim was six-foot-three, and no man had yet found a limit to his strength.

Then he wanted a local investment for his money. He looked round Smithers and Kamosuk. He thought Cliff's General Store offered a safe twenty percent. He went to Cliff and said, "See here, I want to buy this store right away! How much?" But Cliff refused to sell.

"But I want it," said Grim simply.

Cliff said if Grim started any roughhousing round there he'd send to Smithers for the Elk Lake Patrol. Now then!

Grim Lawson only grinned and went out. There was no roughhousing. Grim had the morals of a coyote, and the same sense of humour. He just said to customers, "I guess you'd better not buy anything at the store today." And they didn't.

That was all. For a week Grim camped outside the store, advising people not to buy their goods there. You can't arrest a man for giving advice. There must have been something human in Grim, for he allowed the children in to buy sweets; or, perhaps, it was just his sense of humour. You can't keep a cash-and-no-delivery business going on sugar-sticks. At the end of the week Cliff came out, hysterical, with a gun. Grim took the gun away, threw it into the creek, and boxed Cliff's ears. Cliff, who was a little man and nervous, broke down and cried. The next day he sold the store to Grim and cleared out.

On this principle of always knowing what he wanted, and going the shortest way to get it, Grim Lawson built up an interesting and profitable life.

It is difficult to say at what stage in his career he felt the need of a friend. More difficult yet to say why he should have chosen Lew Woods to fill that position.

Lew Woods was entirely ordinary: a hard-working, not too intelligent, fairly good tempered and fairly healthy specimen of the human race. He owned a two roomed shanty on Mill Street, and all his spare time he spent on the shanty and in it. He was building a third room, sheathing the other two inside, painting, carpentering, and making furniture.

Grim's enormous presence flustered him. He was embarrassed that such a terrible celebrity as Grim Lawson should be sitting, evening after evening, on a soapbox in the corner of the kitchen, smoking and watching him as he worked. But he had no choice in the matter. Grim insisted on coming there and being friendly. And soon Lew Woods got used to him; finally developed a strange, timid affection for the great man with the brilliant grey eyes under their tawny yellow brows, the man of whose nature and history he knew little and realized less.

Of course, all in the town knew that Lew Woods was fixing to get married, and were interested. There were only about a dozen married white women in the whole community. They knew all about the lady. She lived back East, and she was nursing an

old aunt who'd been good to her; she had no other relatives. When the old lady died she was coming right straight up to join Lew, whatever time of year it was. And her name was Alice Dineen.

One day Grim said to Lew Woods, "She must be a pretty girl for you to work this way for her."

After a moment's hesitation Woods showed him, in silence, a photograph.

Grim looked at it. His first thought was that she wasn't a pretty girl. He was just going to hand the picture back when something — the poise of the head on the rather massive throat, the fine eyes, the thick smooth hair — held him a moment longer. And in that moment the thing happened to him.

He wanted Lew Wood's girl.

He handed back the picture in silence. Lew was hurt by it at first, then he thought it was kind of nice that no one but himself should appreciate Alice.

Then Lew got a letter; and it went all round the town that the old lady was dead and Alice had started already to join Lew. A missionary was going to bring her as far as Carcajou, and there Lew was to meet her, and the missionary was to marry them, and Lew was to start home with his bride right away. There are three shacks and a waterfall at Carcajou; no place to spend a honeymoon.

It all fitted in very neatly, you see, like a puzzle.

Lew Woods made a calculation of the time it would take Alice to reach Carcajou after quitting the railway and the stage roads, and reckoned he had just three days in which to finish fixing the kitchen. He had been living in the kitchen after fixing the other rooms; now, to give himself more scope, he moved out into a tent.

It was a bad move with the winter coming on. It came early that year in a fierce snow. The tent fell on Lew, and he was soaked to the skin before he would give up and consent to track moisture on the kitchen floor. Twenty-four hours later, nearly crazy with anxiety and rheumatic fever, he lay on his back in bed, where the doctor from the Smithers' mines said he'd be for a month, and feverishly talked his heart out to Grim Lawson.

The neatly fitting puzzle, you see, was likely to go to ruin for lack of the king-piece — Lew's prompt appearance at Carcajou to claim his bride. There was no time to get word to the missionary. And the missionary wouldn't know what to do. It would be impossible for him to wait long at Carcajou, and equally impossible for him to take a lady all the way up to Fort Delusion, whither he was bound. The more he thought of the situation, the higher Lew's temperature went. Alice's condition of mind would be pitiable when he didn't arrive. She wouldn't know what to do any more than the missionary. He cursed himself, the whole plan, the weather, and Grim Lawson for saying nothing; he was almost ready, poor fellow, to curse Alice for being in such a predicament.

Grim listened with no comment but a tightening of his long lips, an odd, hungry tensing of his whole face. Then he said quietly, "What's the matter with me goin' and fetchin' her up here for you?"

"You?"

"Ain't it about the only thing to be done?"

It was about the only thing to be done. Both knew it. And Grim was Lew's friend, and a friend up there means one whom you trust with honour and life.

"Unless you think I wouldn't act square," Grim finished.

That ended Lew's hesitation. His hand went out.

"God bless you, Grim," he said hoarsely, "as we will. We ain't seen each other for six years. I know you'll act square. But you'll have to act quick."

It was arranged with little more talk, and then Grim went out to examine the weather.

Within the last week winter had come. The snow was deep already. The temperature measured some fifty degrees of frost. There had been two or three thaws

since the first fall, which had given the snow a surface as though it was old. There was no time to spare. Grim went to round up his dogs.

He said nothing to anyone. When, the next day, he pulled out of town behind a nine-dog team, with a sled heaped with furs, and he himself magnificent in a sealskin parka fringed with ermine tails, not a man who saw him go knew where he was going, or why.

The snow began to fall again. He vanished in it.

Out of lightly falling snow, turned into a fiery mist in the sunset, he appeared at Carcajou; huge, looming giantesque behind his racing dogs. All the missionary's dogs turned out of the drifts, whither they had retired to welcome the newcomers with battle, and the tall woman who had been pacing up and down in front of the least populous of Carcajou's three residences stopped suddenly, her mitted hands pressing against her heart, staring into the vast wild glow. For a moment her grey eyes glowed also, and her fair skin. Then she went white, and her eyes darkened. The man who was coming to her out of the desolate glory was not Lew Woods.

She went into the shack and said quietly to the missionary, "I think you'd better come. There's a stranger here. Not — not Mr. Woods."

When she and the missionary went out Grim was pulling up his team. His dogs dropped in the snow. He beat off the others and strode up to the girl. As he approached her he measured her.

In three seconds he discovered three things.

She was older than he had thought. She was mistress of herself. And he wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything.

He said, with a directness that passed for frankness with those who didn't know him, "I'm Lew Woods' friend, Miss Dineen. I'm Grimshaw Lawson. And I'm a day late."

He was a day late. But there was no reason for it. He had, with his coyote cunning, kept the missionary chafing at Carcajou of set purpose.

She said quietly, "And Lewis?"

"He's sick. He took sick the day before he should have started for you. He got wet. He has rheumatic fever. He's not goin' to die, but he'll be in the house a month. When it happened, seemed like there was only one thing to do. For me to come down here and tell you."

There was a short silence. Then the missionary said anxiously, "But what's Miss Dineen to do?"

Grim said reluctantly, "Well, I must say there seems only one thing for her to do."

The missionary was a very tired man, short-sighted mentally and physically, aged with unsought responsibilities. He said rather sharply, "And what's that?"

Again Grim hesitated. It was the woman who said, in the same quiet way she had received news of Lew's illness, "You mean, go back with you?"

"Yes," said Grim. "You could trust me to look after you."

"Impossible," said the missionary, the more irritably because of his own eagerness to be rid of the unsought responsibility of Alice Dineen.

Alice said, "Why? I — could be married to Lew up there. I could nurse him then. This gentleman's his friend. I'd sooner do that than anythin' else, even if there was a choice. But there isn't is there?"

"Come inside," said the older man. "I must talk this over."

They talked it over. At least, the missionary and Grim did. Alice's mind was already made up. It was Grim's size that really determined the conscientious but overweighted man; there are some minds which persistently count honesty as the synonym of strength. The end of it was that the missionary formally handed Alice Dineen into the care of Grim Lawson.

"And you are responsible for her before God!" he said.

Alice said, "I trust Lew's friend!"

The next morning the missionary went off for Fort Delusion, his Innuit driver singing hymns and a fair day coming; and Grim Lawson turned north-west in the pale and bitter dawn, with Alice Dineen in the sled and every pulse and fibre of his violent being singing triumph.

It was at their first halt for food and rest that Grim, heaping her around with furs and very silent, asked her suddenly, "Why didn't you want to know if Lew had sent you a letter?"

"Wasn't he too sick to write one?"

"Yes. But I mean — somethin' to tell you you could trust me?"

Her face, a pearly oval under her fur hood, she looked at Grim quietly.

"I knew who you was," she told him. "Lew wrote of you once in a letter. He told me what you looked like. I knew you right away. I knew you was his friend. Wasn't that enough?"

"Well," said Grim slowly, "he sent you nothin' but — me."

He said nothing more. They went on to within three miles of Duck Lake. They camped then. Grim had brought a little tent for the girl and a sleeping bag of hair seal; he packed snow round the tent. When she was inside, in the bag, he closed her in. He himself went off and lay down near the dogs. The vast march of the sub-Arctic night went over him, and he lay and stared at the stars. He did not sleep at all. Something, vast as the night, unknown as the stars, was stirring in him. All the time he wanted her. He wanted her more than he had ever conceived it possible to want anything. He did not suffer by imagining her as Lew's because, since he himself wanted her, he simply couldn't imagine it. But something troubled him. When it was time, he woke her. He said nothing. He served her and cared for here very skillfully. They went on towards the Levels.

The Levels are practically tundra, almost treeless. Beyond them, in a river valley, comes a huddle of bull pine and bush, and here is a cabin built long ago for the convenience of travellers by that lonely way.

All day they raced towards the cabin under a sky so low and grey it was like a lid pressed down to meet the edges of the featureless white disc that was the earth. In spite of its space, there was something stealthy and oppressed in the scene. Alice, drowsing among the furs, felt an obscure dismay and suspense. Once or twice she walked awhile beside Lew's friend — but he would not talk much. They reached the cabin early, and he installed her in it, and served her carefully. Then he left her. She was alone.

There was a rusty stove in the cabin. This Grim had lighted. It cracked and roared — acrid smoke escaped from the damp pine boughs Grim had brought for fuel. The walls of the wretched cabin cracked in the warmth. They sounded as if they writhed, straining inwards from some tremendous pressure outside, some weight of silence and frost.

The silence, the strange sounds — both expressive of some enormous strain — weighed on the woman's nerves. She had never been afraid before. Now she was too uneasy to sleep. She had been dead tired an hour earlier, drowsed with cold, numbed with cramp. Now she was wide awake — listening — listening to the walls as they yielded, bulged inwards, broke like a bubble.

It was a fancy, a delusion born of weariness and the leaky stove's glimmer. She wrapped herself in the furs and tried to close her eyes. She couldn't. She stared at the walls. Now and then a malamoot howled outside. Once she heard Grim's voice. Then again silence, silence but for the crackling walls.

At last she could endure it no longer. She went to the door and flung it open, on a grey dazzle of starlight, on snow and the black shapes of a couple of restless dogs and the black, distorted pines.

Then her gaze narrowed on another darkness. She stood very still.

Grim Lawson was standing just outside the door — his arms folded, his head bent forward. He looked as if he had been there a long time. His dark furs bore a fragile efflorescence of frost. In the shadow of his hood his face was invisible, but his eyes held Alice's. She was rigid, answering that steady gaze; while her heart seemed to toll, to beat with terrible solemn reverberations like the tongue of a bell.

He said at last, "I wondered when you'd feel it."

She said faintly, "What?"

"I wondered when you'd feel me wantin' you."

Her being seemed to sway a little. She felt as if, when she opened the door she had admitted some tide, some tremendous current which swept her from her standing-ground. She visioned herself something small and futile, spinning round and drowning in that tide. She knew now what it was which had pressed on her, commanded her, strained against the cabin walls. It was this man's simple want of her. If his words were extravagant, judged by normal measures, she never dreamed of doubting them.

He was speaking again. And his very simplicity showed her how deep was her danger.

"I've thought of you for weeks — months. I wanted you the first minute Lew showed me your picture. I've gone on wantin' you ever since. I haven't wanted anythin' else. I never believed in this sort of stuff before. Now I know it's true. I love you!"

He drew a deep breath, and the frost crystals glimmered on the black fur clothing his great chest. He did not move otherwise. And this motion, by its very simplicity, seemed to show her the deeps of his mind, like a black tide-rip, and rocks of passion grinding together.

He went on, "I don't care for anythin' but you. You kind of filled up everythin' after I'd seen your picture. Now that I've seen you, it's worse. You're mine! I want you! I love you!"

She said quietly, "And you're a villain to tell me so — now!" She put out her hand and supported herself by the side of the doorway for fear he should see how she reeled and trembled in the flood.

He put her words behind him, as it were, with the slightest toss of his head.

"Alice — Alice Dineen!" He repeated her name slowly, and she felt as if even her name has passed into his ownership. "You're mine, Alice! All my life I've known what I wanted. All my life I've gone for it straight. All my life I've got it. Now I want you — and I've got you."

"No — never! I'm Lew Woods' — I'm Lew Woods' wife."

"Mine, Alice! I want you."

"You shall never have me! I'll never be yours!"

He looked at her as if for the moment he saw her afresh, astonished that such weakness could deny him anything he wanted. He said, with his terrible heavy reiteration like stone falling on her, "I love you! I want you! I'll never take you to Lew!"

"He's your friend! He trusts you! I trusted you."

He put that behind him, too. He said, standing great and splendid in the shimmer of the stars, "Trust? I'd make you love me in an hour!"

The night spun in slow rings of black and silver; steadied on that mighty black and silver figure; drifted again. She heard her own voice saying distantly, "In an hour and for an hour, maybe. Maybe, you could make most women love you that much. But I love Lew in a life, and for a life."

He went on, as if she had not spoken, "Beyond here there's two trails. There's the trail to Kamosuk and Smithers. There's the trail to Rapidel. It's that last trail I'm takin' you. There's a priest at Rapidel. Maybe, I'm a villain. But I'm no villain to you. I want you — proud like you are — and good. I'm goin' to take you to Rapidel, and we're goin' to be married there. That's all."

Her heart gave a sickening leap of pure terror. The deadly simpleness of the man made her own strength, and she had much of it, feel like foam floating against granite. But —

"You fool!" she said, very low. "You fool! Do you think a man can be a villain only one way?"

He said, in a minute, "What's that matter? You're mine, and I'm goin' to take you to Rapidel."

"Never!"

"Girl," he said, almost gently, "you're beat! Quit fightin'! You put up a good one. But it's no good. The great thing is to know what you want — and then go for it. I want you, and I went for you. Now I got you."

With the words everything steadied for her, became minutely and crystallinely clear. The picture framed in the doorway — the white level, the warped trees, the prowling malamoots, and that figure which expressed in some way every quality of the waste, its restless savagery, its unhuman patience — these things became a part of herself, an event which should never recede into the past, but be always burningly present, terribly, of every moment. Grim stirred, his arms fell, he moved towards the door. His foot was on the crazy threshold when she pulled out a small revolver and shot him!

She stood frozen, blinded, choked, by that little crack of sound and weft of blue vapour. She must have lost consciousness a moment, for she had no recollection of seeing Grim drop. But there he was, sprawled in the opening of the door. His head was in the cabin. The light from the broken stove, gaping flames, showed her his fallen head, his hands clawing on the floor as he tried to rise. Outside, his feet scuffled rather ludicrously in the snow. She stared and stared. Outside, a malamoot suddenly pointed a sharp nose to the sky and howled hungrily. The savage sound woke her to life. Moving with a jerky stiffness she forced herself to approach and bend over Grim.

As she did so, he managed to raise himself a little on his hands. He lifted his face and stared up at her in a strange way. His long lips worked together. His eyes were wide, and had a curious, dazed expression. He said rapidly and distinctly, "Take the dogs. They'll run all right if you don't whip the brindled trace-dog. He'll mix you all up if you use the lash. Clod him with ice if he don't work. Go on till you come to a low hill with pines on top. The only one. Camp there. Do like you see me do. Go on again till you come to a river. Turn south by the river. Go on till you see a pine with all its boughs off it. That's a lob-stick. Go on to the next. Follow the lob-sticks, and you'll find a Swede's house. He'll take you on to Kamosuk. Me —"

His voice stopped dead, as if it had run from a reservoir now empty. He made another effort to speak. Then, still staring at her in that dazed, unresentful way, he sagged forward on the floor again. The last vague thought in his brutal brain for the safety of the woman he wanted more than anything else in the world, and now would never have.

When Grim opened his eyes again, it was in darkness and great cold. Since he thought he was dead, the darkness hardly astonished him, though the cold certainly did. Then, as life returned to him with pain and trouble, he remembered where he was. He was lying in the cabin where Alice had shot him. She had saved herself, as he had told her to, and left him to die, as was square. He did not complain. But he was sorry he had the dying business still to do. He moved a little, and there was a stir beside him, and a hand was laid on him.

She had not gone. She had not left him. She was there beside him.

Grim lay still as death, staring upward into the dark. Presently he said hoarsely, "Why didn't you go?"

There was a pause. Then Alice said gravely, "I was afraid of the dogs."

"That's a lie!"

Again her unmoved voice replied, "I don't know how to drive a dog team."

"You wouldn't have had to drive 'em. Once you got 'em started your only trouble would have been to stop 'em. They can 'most smell home from here. And you ain't afraid of anythin'."

"Well" — he could fancy her gravely smiling — "I didn't quit you, anyway."

"Why? I wanted you to."

"I guess that was why." This answer took some time penetrating through Grim's skull. He was silent. She went on, "The last thing, after I shot you, when you tried to tell me what to do, you sounded as if you was sorry."

"Well, I wasn't — not for that. Was you sorry for shootin' me.?"

"No!"

"The great thing is to know what you want, and — say, you, help me up. Mercy you got me in the neck and not in the leg."

She put her arms round him and helped him up. He had lost a good deal of blood, but with her help he could make shift to stand and walk swayingly. He asked, "How long since you laid me out?"

"It must be near morning. The stove's out. I couldn't find any more wood."

"No. And I can't cut any more. We got to go, or we'll both die. I must take you on."

"Yes."

He turned stiffly. She had bound his great bull-neck and he could not turn his head. He swung his shoulders and looked down at her. His savage humour flared in his eyes. He said, "You ain't askin' me where I'll take you?"

She answered quietly, "No, I'm not asking."

They moved together out of the cabin. Beyond the Levels a late crimson dawn was spreading a finger smear of sullen light; it showed low iron hills like a wall ahead, a wall in which were two breaks Grim pointed.

"One of them canyons," he said, "takes us through to Kamosuk. The other's the gate to Rapidel. D 'you know which is which?"

"No. I don't know this country at all. I don't know where one place is, nor another."

"And you ain't askin'?"

"No."

And she did not ask him.

Under his direction she harnessed the dogs — they came and stood in the traces, scenting home across the miles — and made the sled ready. Now he must ride and she must walk, or cling behind him on the downgrade, while he with hoarse voice and slicking thong controlled the team. Twice and again she must stop — for food and rest, and then because she found Grim had fainted. The day was one of unmitigated toil for her. But she was strong. At the end of it the hill-barrier was behind them, and they camped on another plain. Grim looked at her when they camped. He said, "You know where we're headin' for?"

"No," she answered in her quiet voice. It was true. She had no sure knowledge whether they were going to Kamosuk or Rapidel. She was still utterly in Grim's power, though the little revolver still held five shots. She had no choice but to trust the man, or die of cold and exposure in the vast waste.

"And you ain't askin'?"

"I ain't askin," she echoed him, and crept into the fur bag, and slept instantly. She did not know he heaped his own coverings over her as she slept, and crawled about the snow on his knees to keep the blood moving. He had taken them back before morning. He looked like death, but seemed stronger. He headed the team away from the slow dawn. And the second day was a longer shadow of the first. At the end of it he asked her again in the phrases which had come to be a sort of liturgy between them, "You don't know where I'm takin' you?"

"No."

"You ain't askin'?"

"No."

God knows what he would have done if she had asked, if she had shown terror, distrust, despair. Once he was lightheaded and talked to himself between curses at the dogs, and she walking beside, must learn what this great fighter was fighting, from what this conscienceless taker was refraining. If she knew fear and despair then, perhaps she also knew pardon.

And she never asked him. Not until on the morning of the fifth day he drew up the team on a ridge bristled with scrub, and showed her, not a mile away and below, the clustered shacks of Kamosuk.

She stood with him beside the sled. The dogs lay panting, wondering at this delay, their wild inscrutable eyes — so like Grim's — turned to him. And he, gaunt and bandaged in his seal fur and bloodstained ermine tails, lifted his arm and pointed. He said quietly, "That's Mill Street. And there — with the yeller front door — that's Lew's house. Keynes' is right next to it. Miss Keynes is a nice lady. You can walk in in half an hour easy. You'll be all right now."

He took from the sled the few necessaries she had brought from Carcajou. Over them he laid the black fox rug that had wrapped her many a day.

"A gift to the bride," he said. "One of the boys can come and fetch them in."

She said in a strange voice, "Come here."

He stood in front of her. He asked her:

"Why didn't you ask me where I was takin' you?"

"Because I knew."

They looked at each other steadily. Then Alice said, "Lew's waitin' for me down there. My dear Lew. And you was his friend. What will I tell him when you don't come back with me?"

"You'll have to tell him just the truth."

"He'll never forgive you."

Grim laughed, his wild eyes flickering, "What do I want with his forgiveness?" he said.

She said, "What do you want?"

A light, which was not that of fight nor greed, nor fiercer laughter, shone a moment in Grim Lawson's splendid savage face. He took her hand clumsily. Clumsily he muttered, "I guess I want more than anythin' on earth — that the woman I love should think well o' me."

"Come here," said Alice again. Her face and her lips were white and cold as snow. And white and cold was Grim's face as she put her hands gently on each side of his head and drew him down to her and kissed him quietly on the forehead. "Now go," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Grim watched her a minute, walking wearily through the snow, down to where happy life and wholesome love awaited her; then he swung his team and headed away for Rapidel — alone.

But no one will ever know just how much of Alice Dineen's heart he took with him.

THE STOVE

"I'll be back the third day at latest with the doctor. I've left you wood enough for three days and more and you've grub for a month." Garth looked at her anxiously; his strong mouth twitched. Suddenly he leaned forward and brushed her cheek lightly with his yellow beard. "I — hate to leave you, little girl," he said, with a gentleness not common with him,"but I guess it's Derek's only chance."

"Of course you must go. It's Derek's only chance." Dorette faced him steadily. She was pale, slight, sleepy-eyed, but wilderness born and bred, for all that; one guessed a spirit of steel in that fragile sheath. She finished wistfully, "There'll be nothing for me to do — nothing, but — wait."

"Only look after yourself and keep the stove up."

"I'll do it. And you — if you meet Maxime . . . . "

Rage blazed suddenly in her brother's eyes. The barrel of his rifle gleamed blue as he gripped it. "If I meet Maxime," he said, through his teeth, "it's a finish for him or for me!"

He turned about without another word, and swung down the forest trail on his long run to Mandore.

Dorette watched him until he was no more than a dark shadow among the heavy blue shades that hung from spruce to spruce like tangible banners. All life, all sound, all motion seemed to go with him. Mile after mile, she knew, on each side of her was nothing but the same silence, the same stillness, league after league of the desolate fir forest of the North. She went into the cabin and bolted and barred the door behind her, as if the solitude were an enemy which she must keep out.

The cabin was a pleasant place. The walls were sheathed in red cedar, and there were fur rugs on the floor, red curtains at the windows. In the centre of the larger of the two rooms into which the cabin was divided stood the great iron stove, in winter the source of their very life.

Its voice filled the cabin with a roar like the forever unsatisfied roaring of the wind and sea — a hungry voice. Dorette swung open the heavy door, wincing from the furnace glory within, as she flung on more wood. That was her one occupation until Garth came back — feeding the stove.

She went to one of the bunks — like the bunks of a ship — that were built on the wall behind the stove, and looked in.

Derek, her younger brother, lay there without sense or motion, as he had lain ever since the sergeant of police and Garth had carried him in and laid him there. He drowsed between life and death, shot through the body. Now and then he swallowed a little broth, but with no knowledge of the hand that fed him. She dared not touch him. There was nothing she could do for him but keep the cabin warm enough to sustain that flickering lamp of life till the doctor came, for the cold of that country kills like a sword.

Suddenly, clinging to the side of the bunk, she trembled. "If only you could speak to me, Derek," she whispered. "If only I could hear your voice!"

But the only voice was the voice of the great stove.

Her mind painted for her the scene she had not witnessed — the hard men of the mines and the lumber camps, still men with formidable eyes, following Cain's trail from Fort Dismay to Anisette; the end of the trail at a little lonely shack blinded in snow, ringed with watchful men; Derek pleading that Maxime might have "one more chance, boys;" the parley at the door, the shot coming from nowhere; men storming into the shack over Derek's fallen body, and finding it empty; Maxime Dufour escaped again! She saw it all. Heard again Garth's voice in hard breathed sentences between

shut teeth, "But he's not goin' to get away again. He'll have to get food and shelter somewhere; and if it's a thousand miles away, we'll follow and shoot him down like the wolf he is!"

She glanced round, pale and shaken, thinking that still she heard that deep voice of bitter rage. But it was only the undertone of the roaring stove humming its angry song.

She busied herself about such duties as she could find. Twice she fed the stove from the pile of wood on the floor beside it. The fierce heat licked out at her each time, just as a savage beast will strike through the bars of his cage, and each time she shut the door with the sense of prisoning some lion voiced living thing.

Her work was soon done. Everything in the cabin was tidied and tidied again. She glanced at the clock. Only an hour of the slow time had gone. Garth had only been gone an hour. She turned the clock with its face to the wall, took out a shirt she was making for Garth — red and black checked flannel, thick as felt — and stitched resolutely.

Her hearing, accustomed to the sound of the stove, as the ear adjusts itself to the thunder of a waterfall, was acute to catch the faintest noises. She heard the tiny sound of the thread passing through the flannel, the soft thud of snow slipping from the boughs of the forest, the least check and stumble in Derek's shallow breathing. Each time she heard this last, her own heart checked and stumbled in tune with it. She held her own breath till her brother's renewed its weak rhythm.

So the morning passed. In the afternoon, she found a snowshoe that needed restringing. Deftly as Montagnais she twisted the gut and wove the net.

It was dark sooner than she could have hoped. She needed no lamp. The stove filled the cabin with its glow. In the dark it became a beautiful and formidable thing, a shape of dull red, with a heart of lambent rose. She glanced at the little windows, sheathed thick with frost ferns. It would be a cold night. Her thoughts went to Garth, then, with dread, to Maxime Dufour. She dragged her cot from the inner room, set it across the front of the stove, and lay down. The warmth was like a hand pressing on her eyelids.

With the subconscious watchfulness of those who care for the beloved, she was awake five times in the long night to feed the stove. Each time she looked at Derek, and thought, with a pang, that he was deeper sunken among the pillows. His eyes were not quite closed; the silvery line of eyeball reflected the red glow. She would have liked to close them, but her hand shrank from so prophetic an action.

The last time she woke the sun had risen. The gathered crystals on the windows were lit with a glow that paled the stove. Dorette went into the inner room and braided her hair.

That day passed as the first had done. Her brother was weaker. She pleaded with him, passionately tender. "Just a mouthful of soup, Derry. Wake up, Derry dear. Take it for my sake, Derry!" But her voice, which had dimly roused him the day before, could not reach him now. She looked round for something she might do for him.

The diminished heap of logs on the floor showed her work enough. She must bring in a fresh supply from the pile behind the cabin. She ate a hasty breakfast and made herself some coffee. Then, hooded and wrapped against the cold, she opened the door.

She stepped into a world of white, blue, and black; solid, translucent, and motionless as though built from gems. Where the blue sky touched the black trees there seemed to run a setting of gold; where the black trees trailed branches to the snow, was a stain of sapphire shadow. It was fiercely cold. She shut the door behind her, hastily, ran to the snow buried wood pile behind the cabin, burdened herself with an armful of small logs, returned, set her load on the threshold, opened the door, and tumbled the wood on the floor. All the morning she worked thus. Her spirits rose; she began to

believe that Derek would not die, and soon she might think of Garth's return. The noise of the logs as she flung them on the floor pleased her. It was a change from the one unceasing voice that filled the cabin day and night — the voice of the stove.

The second night she was restless. She dared not sleep at first, for fear she should sleep too well. Wind came up with the electric stars; the great stove sang to a higher, more tremendous note; she could scarcely keep pace with its consuming hunger. The pine knots and bright birch logs fell to ash in a moment. If she slept, she dreamed that the stove was out, and the cold creeping into the cabin in long feathers of frost, that twisted under the door like snakes, until one touched her on the throat and she woke, choking.

Dawn found the sky fleeced with cloud, the cabin warm, and the hurt man yet alive.

Again with the day her heart lightened. Four — five hours from that time, and she might expect Garth with the doctor from the mines at Mandore. She wound the clock, and turned it with its chipped white face to the room, no longer dreading to tell the passage of the hours.

Yet five hours went, and Garth had not come.

She went to the door. Closing it behind her that the cold might not get into the cabin even for a moment, she stared down the trail. It ran in the straight no more than a half-mile; farther than that, she could not see. Yet it was less her eyes than her soul that she thus strained to see beyond the forest.

"Garth! Garth! Garth!"

Who had given that wild cry that rang among the trees? For a moment she wondered, then knew it had come from her own troubled heart.

She must see beyond the first bend of the trail; she must see if, farther than that, the blue white ribbon between the trees was still empty of her hope.

She built up the fire again, put on coat and hood and snowshoes, took one glance at Derek, and left the cabin. She sped down the trail. She was panting when she reached the first curve. Almost afraid to look, she saw the long track before her — empty. There was something conscious and deliberate in that emptiness, as if the forest knowingly withheld from her a secret. She dared go no farther. She turned back and fled home.

The clock ticked off another hour — two, three, four. Garth had not come.

Darkness, and he had not come.

Loneliness and suspense were shaking her strong, young nerves. The worst of all was the silence. The voice of the stove became first an annoyance, then a weariness, then an intolerable burden. The voice of its devouring hunger was the very voice of silence, of desolation. She flung the wood in angrily. "If there was only someone to *speak* to," she said, a little wildly — "just someone to give me a word!"

There was no one — then, nor through the endless night, when she feared to sleep, lest, in her dreams, or in reality, that insatiable thing in the stove that kept them alive might escape her, nor with the stormy dawn. Garth did not come.

There was no wood left in the house. Before she did anything else, she wrapped herself and went to the wood pile.

The wood-pile was heaped against the back of the cabin; it was roofed and sheeted with snow. She pulled at the butt of a log, and the wood came down with a run, mixed with much snow — such dry snow that the wood was not moistened until she held it in her warm hand. The bitter work was a relief to her. She thrust the soft, dark hair out of her eyes and piled herself such a load that she swayed under it. "But it's something to do for Derek," she said, wistfully. "It's all I can do."

She took in enough for the day. But there was the night.

"Garth will be back by then," she muttered, with cold lips, staring at the stove.

"Garth *must* be back by then." The stove sent a screaming rush of flame up the pipe as if in mockery. She felt an unreasoning hatred for it, as she went wearily out again to gather enough wood for the night too.

Kneeling beside the wood-pile, she groped with numbed hands. She felt nothing but snow.

She thrust in her arm to the shoulder. She met no resistance but that of the snow.

Her heart beat in shuddering throbs. She brought a long pole and prodded the pile, then swung the pole and levelled it. She found nothing but snow.

"How did it happen?" She heard herself asking this over and over. Easily enough. She or Garth or Derek had been drawing supplies from the other side of the pile, and the snow had slipped from the roof and filled the spaces; hardening, it had stretched a roof over emptiness. The pile, which had been taken for good, hardwood logs, fodder for that roaring hungry heat within, was no more than a heap of snow.

Dorette turned slowly, and went into the cabin.

She stood by Derek's bunk, staring at the wood on the floor. It was enough for the day, but what of the night?

Would Garth return before the night?

She looked about the cabin. There were things there, things that would burn. Her sleepy brown eyes widened. There was war in them as she leaned and kissed Derek's cheek. He did not stir from that deepening sleep of his.

"Sleep on, Derry," she whispered, scarcely knowing what she said, "Sleep well, Derry. I'll take care of you, I'll fight for you!" She took Garth's heavy axe, and began on the chairs.

They were heavy and clumsy things, Garth's pride, since he had made them himself. They would feed the stove well; but they were hard for a girl's arm to chop, even though she struck true as a woodman, and Dorette's hands were scorched from the door of the stove. As she toiled, her eyes ranged the cabin, calculating on this box, that shelf, the table. Her heart beat to every sound. As the wind rose higher, the bitter day was full of sounds. A dozen times she ran to the door, crying, "Garth!" A dozen times she saw nothing but the forest and a driven mist of snow, as fine and dry as dust.

By the earliest dusk she had chopped up everything in the cabin. Each stroke sent a jar of pain to her shoulder from her burned and bruised hands, but she did not feel it. And still the stove roared, insatiable. The dried wood of their furnishings, pine for the most part, burned like straw. The great iron horror must be fed, and she had nothing to feed it.

She took the axe and went out.

The grey forest fronted her in a rustling drive of snow and shadow. There must be a hundred fallen boughs within range of the cabin. She found one, dragged it from the snow, and toiled with it into the house. She twisted it apart, desperately, and there was blood on the rough, broken stuff she thrust into the stove.

She went out again. She was growing more desperate as her strength failed. There was a great branch trailing from a spruce, and she tore and wrenched at it, but it would not yield — it was frozen. She swung her weight upon it, sobbing. She struck with all the force remaining in her, but the axe blade turned in her weary hands. She felt as though the will in her, passionately strong, should sever the bough as by steel. She did not know she was beaten, until she slipped weakly and fell in the snow and lay there, wailing helplessly and softly as a child.

The bitter snow stung her face like heat — like the heat of the stove. If she stayed there, the stove would be out. She lifted herself to her knees, and saw in the growing dark a man, who stood with a rifle on his arm, looking down at her.

"*Garth!* Oh, Garth!"

But even as the cry left her lips, she knew it was not Garth.

A figure, lithe even under the heavy furs, a face hidden in the cowl he had drawn forward above his fur cap, a certain strange immobility that vaguely chilled her, but surely — help? So swift is thought, that in the transitory seconds before she spoke again her brain had shown her a picture, a memory of a wild cat which she and Garth had vainly tried to corner in the yard — of the creature's utter immobility until it launched itself and struck.

"The stove ! Oh, the stove!"

She thought, as her hands went out to that motionless figure in the shadows, that she had spoken all the desperate appeal that was in her heart. But she only repeated, "Oh, the stove, the stove!"

"What stove?"

"The stove. The stove in our cabin. There's — no more wood for it!"

She waited. Surely he understood. But he remained as he was, motionless, staring down at her.

She looked up at him with a burning appeal. She had forgotten to rise from her knees. She kneeled at his feet in the snow. Her breath came in gasps. "There," she repeated, helplessly, "there — in the cabin — the stove! It's going out!"

Still he waited.

"There's a sick man there — my brother! Oh!" she finished, as he did not stir, "help me, if you're a man!"

"Oh, b'gosh, yes, I'm a man!" She fancied that he was laughing in the shadow of the cowl. "But why should I help you?"

She had no more words. Silently she lifted and held out to him her bleeding hands.

After a long minute he stirred slowly. Without a word he laid his gun crosswise on two fir branches that grew above her reach, easily within his own. He lifted the axe from the snow. She watched him. Four sharp cross-cuts, and the trailing branch fell. He set his foot on it, chopped it quickly into four or five pieces. As each piece rolled free, Dorette snatched it as a starving woman might snatch bread.

"That enough?"

Staggering under her load, she stared at him, "No, no!" she stammered. "It's not enough for the night. For the pity of Heaven, cut me some more!"

She turned away and hurried towards the cabin. Halfway there he overtook her. Without a word he lifted the logs from her arms into his own. She was too spent to thank him. Dumbly she moved at his side, conscious only that strength was here, help was here, that she might yet save Derek.

Entering the cabin, there was no glow, no light at all. With a low sound, Dorette swung open the door of the stove. Nothing was there but a handful of red ash ringed with grey.

With trembling hands she gathered a few splinters and thrust them in: she crouched before the gaunt, iron thing, as though she would hold it in her arms and warm it in her bosom. But the man who had followed her, thrust her aside curtly enough. She watched him as he shaved a stick into delicate ribbons of wood — watched him as he coaxed them into flame. He tickled the appetite of the sullen, devouring thing in the stove with scraps of resinous bark and little twigs. Presently the fire laid hold on the larger logs, and fed upon them, hissing. He shut the door then, and turned to her.

She had lighted a lamp, and in the light stood looking at him, softly bright. Her eyes were stars of gratitude. She said at once, "My brother's still living."

She gestured towards the bunk. His eyes did not follow the gesture or move from her pale face, as he said, abruptly, "You stay here with him. I'm goin' to get you in some more wood."

Her eyes flashed suddenly with tears. She said, brokenly, "You're *good*. Oh, you're a good man! While you're — cuttin' the wood, I'll — thank God you came!"

He went out into the night without answering her.

He returned in half an hour, loaded mightily. Sitting on the end of her cot she smiled at him falteringly. She had been weeping.

He did not speak to her. Light-footed as a cat, he busied himself about the humming stove, then went forth again.

When he came back the second time, she was asleep.

Her face — very pale, very pure, fragile for one of her life and race — was rosed in the glow of the stove. Her hurt hands were curled within one another, like the hands of a child. Moving in his noiseless way, the man went again, and looked down at her.

His furred cowl had fallen back. His face also caught the light of the stove. Dark, keen, predatory, it was the face less of a man than of some embodied passion of hate or revenge, the face of an Ishmael, the face of Cain. It looked strange now, so little was it shaped or accustomed to the gentleness of expression it momentarily wore, as a breath blurs the gleam of steel. Light and silent as all his movements were, they showed no gentleness. But he seemed gentle when he lifted the end of one of Dorette's dark plaits, which had fallen to the soiled floor, and laid it on the cot beside her just because he hesitated and was clumsy.

The plait of dark, silken hair was warm; his hand lingered over it. He leaned above her, and her breath was warm. That strangely unmoving regard of his was on her face. As if it had called her from her dreams, she woke, and lifted to him the clear eyes of a child. "I — did thank God — you came," she whispered, with a child's simplicity. Sleep held her again, almost before she had finished speaking.

The young man drew back, noiselessly lifted the axe, and once more went out.

Sinewy, silent, untiring, he toiled for her all night. And all night she slept.

She had slipped into unconsciousness as a child does, worn out with anxiety and fatigue. She woke a woman, and flushed to her hair as she realized what she had done.

The man who had helped and guarded her all night, was standing in the doorway. The door was open; there was a frosty freshness in the air, which the roaring stove raised to the warmth of summer. The world outside was a dazzle of sun; silver drops rattled from the eaves a crow called in the forest. It was the first sun of spring, the year's change. In Dorette's heart was a change also, a quickening, a birth of something new and unknown, that almost brought tears to her eyes. For the first time in her hard life she had rested on another's strength; unconsciously she had found it sweet. That simple heart was in her look as she went to the stranger. She said, softly, "I did not mean to sleep. Why did you let me?"

He said, almost roughly, "You were all tired out."

The tears brimmed over. She did not know if pain or happiness moved her. She went on, "I said — I knew — you were a good man."

"Well," he answered, but not as if he was answering her, "for one night."

His furred hood hid his face. The wakening blush dyed her clear face again, as she said, "Let me see you. Let me see your face."

"Why?"

On the word she faltered, confused. She did not know why. She stammered, "Because of what you have done — of what we owe you."

"We?"

"My brothers and I. Derek's still alive. I almost think he's sleeping better — more natural. When — when Garth comes home, he'll thank you as I'd like to."

She looked up into the shadowed face, wistfully. He had turned from her again, and was gazing down the trail. After a moment, he said, "There's coffee on the back of the stove, and some cornbread. You'd better eat it. I've had some."

She went meekly, shamed that she had slept while her saviour served himself. She would have liked to serve him. Something strange and stormy was shaking her;

she had no name for it. The food choked her, hungry as she was, but she ate it obediently.

She had scarcely finished, when he called her. She ran and joined him at the door. Something in his voice thrilled her; she saw in him again that strange and threatening immobility of the night before.

He said, swiftly, "You're lookin' for your brother to come back?"

"Yes, yes. Any time."

"With another man?"

"With the doctor. Why?"

He raised his arm and pointed. In the blinding dazzle of sun on snow, she saw two small, dark figures, just rounding the curve of the trail.

Her heart rose and flooded her with a passion of thankfulness. She said, quietly, after a minute, "Yes, yes, it's him and the doctor. Now — now, you'll let him thank you, as you — won't let me."

Her words ended almost in a question, for she saw that, while she had been eating, he had taken his rifle on his arm and put on his snowshoes. Suddenly, she began to tremble a little, aware of something in his silence, his stillness, which vaguely threatened.

He swung upon her suddenly — one would have said, savagely, but that he was laughing. Those two black figures down the trail were sweeping rapidly nearer. All the latent fierceness of the man had flamed into being, at their approach. He laid a hard, slim hand on Dorette's shoulder and turned her, so that, at less than arm's length, she faced him. He said, softly, in the midst of his almost noiseless laughter, "I'll show you how you can thank me."

She looked up at him, her face colourless, her lips parted. In the shadow of the hood his eyes gleamed at her, his face bent nearer. The world fell away from her; there was nothing left in life for a minute but that face, that voice.

She just breathed, "Who are you?"

"You'll know in a minute!" He looked swiftly from her to the two men down the trail. They were coming on fast. He seemed to be measuring his distance from them.

When they were so near that their faces were all but discernible, he caught the girl to him. She was slack in his hold; all her life seemed to be in her dazed eyes; she would have fallen, but that he held her with an arm like a steel bar. And twice and three times he kissed her.

"That's how you can thank me!" He released her laughing still.

She staggered, her hands over her red mouth. With the movement of release he thrust her, rough and swift, within the door of the cabin. A bullet sent a spray of dusty snow over him. She saw, in one reeling instant, Garth on his knee down the trail, rifle levelled for another shot; the other, a laughing shadow, slipping from her hands, from her life, into the shadow of the forest from which he had come.

Another shot, wide of the mark; Garth leaping to his feet again and tearing towards her, followed by the doctor who was to save Derek, and whom he had found at last, thirty miles beyond Mandore. But she had no eyes for them — for a moment, no heart.

Eyes and heart were on that other figure at the edge of the trees, swift, terrible, laughing, calling to her with raised hand —

"Tell him you kissed Maxime Dufour!"

When Garth reached her side, she was on her knees laughing and sobbing, striving, with her scarred small hands to obliterate his trail in the snow.

THE FISHER OF THE MOON

It had been a great feast, and Congese was well content with his share of it. He was only a young chief, but nothing had been lacking in his honour; slaves had cast copper shields under the bow of his canoe as it swooped to shore, men and maidens had showered him with white swans' down, the emblem of peace, and he had eaten and drunk heroically.

Now, his hand on the steering paddle and the seats half manned, the great dugout was hissing homeward under the low Pacific moon over the long Pacific swells, while belt upon belt rolled in the bright, white summer fog. It was a sweet night of summer. His wild heart was full of thoughts for which he had no name, and he sang as he steered the canoe from swell to rustling swell.

On their way home they had fished and hunted, catching the salmon, spearing the sea-otter. The hunters slept in the bottom of the canoe, their spoils about them. Congese's ceremonial robes were put away, but he yet wore upon his forehead the plaque of hammered silver bearing in high relief his crest of an eagle's head. It flashed the moonlight. Congese's brother looked up and said drowsily, "You look as if you had caught the moon and wore it on your forehead!"

Strange thoughts stirred in the heart of Congese. He sang, "*Eowa!* If the moon lived in the sea like a salmon, I would catch her in a net and carry her to my house. *Eowa!* "

From fog to clear swept the long canoe, from clear to fog again, all silver in the low moon.

Presently, steering out of the fog, Congese stood up in his place. His men cried out. He, too, would have cried, but he was a chief. The paddlers backed hard on their blades. The canoe, drifting on, touched lightly against the stern of a ship.

It was such a ship as Congese had never seen, so huge and clumsy that at first he took it for an island adrift upon the sea. Bow and stern were square and of equal height. Alongside dragged wreckage of a mast, cordage, and an enormous slatted sail. The whole fabric of the junk, for such it was, was battered and bleached with the sea. As it heaved slowly upon the waves, there came from its lifeless shell the ponderous, deep clang of a bronze gong.

Congese stared. His men were dumb.

The junk's stern hung over them like a cliff. Along it ran a band of carving; little men, little gold gods seated on open flowers, looked downward at Congese with faint, still smiles of mastery. About him were the whisper of the running sea and the muttered reverberation of the gong.

Suddenly, as if released from a spell, his men began to shout. They pointed aloft. Again, they were perfectly silent, and in the silence Congese heard a faint cry from the deck above him. Then a shape flashed downward, plunging into the sea between the junk and the canoe.

Leaning overside, Congese saw far down in the transparent, dark water a shape that glimmered like the young moon, like the curved gold moon of summer. This shape floated upward, moving feebly. It broke again into the light, and Congese flung the salmon net.

Trembling, he drew in that strange spoil of the sea. Congese took the thing on his knees. He unwrapped the net, and saw that he held a woman — such a woman as he had never seen.

Her face was the shape and colour of the oval moon. Her hair was set with pearl pins. She was as slender as a ray of the moon, and her clothing was another wonder — moon-gold stuff softer than ever was woven of cedar fiber or wool of

mountain sheep. Congese said, "I have caught the moon in my salmon net, and now I will carry her home."

They fled from the magic ship. Congese double-manned the seats, and the great canoe sang shoreward with the speed of a modern motor-boat. Congese held the steering-paddle in one hand, and with the other supported the moon-woman. She lay as if dead, her face as calm and faintly smiling as the faces of the little gold gods; but Congese knew she was not dead, for under his hand her heart beat the wild rhythm of fear. He would have liked to tell her not to be afraid.

They raised the totems of his sea village in the dawn. He carried the moon-woman to his house; he gave her into the hands of the old women. They chattered and cried out, pulling at her garments. Congese struck their hands down angrily, saying, "Show respect!" His mother came to him and said, "Son, she is hungry." They warmed her and fed her bits of smoked salmon and dried berry-cake. In a little while she turned and slept among the new otter skins Congese had caused to be spread for her. Then Congese went out, for he was a chief, and must not show his feelings like low-born men. He walked the grey sea beaches, and about him lay a new heaven and a new earth, between which his great dim soul drove lonely as a cloud.

The chiefs and elders held a council to decide what should be done with the magic woman Congese had taken from the sea. Congese attended in all his finery. When good words were spoken, he gave rich presents of sheeps' wool rugs and scoops of abalone shell and rings of hammered gold. When evil words were spoken, he polished with the corner of his mantle his black stone club. So presently it was decided there was nothing to be done at all. In the middle of the council an old woman crept to the door of the council house and whispered, "She wakes." In a little while Congese got up and stalked out, more than seven feet of him to the tiptop walrus bristle of his headdress; but his heart was the timid, wondering heart of a boy.

His house was empty and still. He entered, and there was no one there but the moon-woman, lying upon the dais. He went softly and stooped over her. She lay like the dead, moon-gold, faintly smiling. He leaned nearer. Her hand flashed, and she struck with a little ivory hilted dagger at his heart.

Her aim was weak. The dagger struck, and snapped upon his breastbone. He was quite still, staring from her hand to the steel yet sticking in his flesh. He was aware of great pain. He plucked the steel out, but was not eased. He wondered why he did not grow angry and kill her. Instead, his eyes dimmed. He put up his hands, and found he was weeping. He stared at her mournfully through these strange tears. He could not endure to meet her look and see the terror in it. He drew a sharp stone knife. He took her moon-chill, moon-gold fingers, and bent them round the shaft of it. In this way he told her not to have fear. She lay grasping the knife, staring at his huge bedizened figure. Presently her eyelids fell. She slept, breathing in slow shudders, like a child. Congese crouched beside her, stroking the furs with which she was covered, and seeing strange visions of tenderness and forbearance for which he had no words.

Days later, Congese took the woman to wife.

Perhaps some far off racial affinity made it possible; perhaps, for all her beauty, she was a low born woman of her race; perhaps she counted herself dead, and the doings of a ghost of little account: but they loved each other.

There in the great dark Haida house a strange calm merriment came back to her. Like the slender moon, she moved about its smoky shadows; like the young moon, she moved in Congese's soul. Slowly, without words, she taught the savage. He followed her as the tide follows the moon. She filled his eyes. She sang him small songs. Congese could not understand her songs, but she would draw him to the low door in the monstrous base of the totem pole, with its guardian eagle, and she would point to the beach pea running among the stones, to the foam, to the wild swan beating through the silver summer fog; and Congese would know that she sang of these things and of love.

He learned a little of her language. Lisping, she mocked the clanging Haida on his lips. For this they called her Hantskil, the Echo.

Congese carved her new pins for her hair. Of narwhal ivory he carved them, in shapes of birds and fish. He gave her cloaks of fine woven wool fit for a Haida chieftainess, a sea hawk's bride. About her slim moon-gold wrists he bent bracelets of silver cut with his eagle crest.

The fame of her swept up and down the coasts. Great chiefs offered strange fortunes for her. Klaitak offered the holy crystal, even the lion stone, *How-how-imsh-im-laub* . But in Congese's sight she had no price.

Seeing this, the hearts of the old men, the ancient hunters, became heavy; for they said, "Does laughter come of the sea?"

And the old women said, "Nay, the price of this woman shall be red."

But Congese walked in the cedar forest with the moon-woman. Hummingbirds flashed by myriads in the wet, scented glooms, and Hantskil stretched out her hands to them. Little yellow lilies grew in the dry places, and over these she bent her head even while she smiled her faint, eternal smile. Congese was hurt when she went. He would go and catch fish for her or bring her a new pelt, or he would set his slaves to gather great mounds of flowers and shells, since she found these things pleasant. He would lay them at her feet. And Hantskil would look at him with wisdom and pity, and her hand would touch his hand. Then Congese would lay himself at her feet with the spoil, while his heart beat with a sound of fate, like the beat of the gong in the hollows of the lost junk.

Now, there was a chief of the northern Haida called Weha, and he was a very great chief. He had many warriors and slaves, and when he gave a potlatch, his guests could hardly carry away the wealth he distributed.

He heard of the beauty of Hantskil, and he prepared a feast and sent messengers to Congese, bidding him to the feast, with his brothers and his fighting men and his golden wife. Congese would have left the moon-woman at home, but it would have been a discourtesy, when Weha had named her by her name; so he took her with him, and in his heart were love and wonder and a sense of fate, but no fear.

Weha set apart a new house for Congese and his wife. They feasted and gave and took gifts. Then Congese went alone with Hantskil to sleep in the new house, while his men lay by the fires; for Weha would have it so.

In the dark of the night Congese woke, for the moon-woman had laid her hand upon his mouth. He lay still a moment, then rolled in the skins, as a man rolls in sleep. A red glow came from the embers in the fire pit: it hung the raftered roof with shadow. Opposite the dais where Congese lay was the entrance, the low door in the belly of the totem pole. Congese watched, and he saw a man's face thrust swiftly in at the door hole and withdrawn.

Then Congese knew, as well as if he had planned it himself, what was Weha's design. He looked at Hantskil in silence, and smiled because he was chief, but he knew the time of happiness was past. Weha was planning to kill him while he slept and take Hantskil.

Congese slipped from the sleeping place. In his hand was his black stone club, carved with eagle and beaver, as heavy as iron. He stood on one side of the door, and Hantskil stood on the other.

In a moment a man came crawling through the door without any sound. He rose on one knee, and Hantskil covered his face with her mantle, and Congese heaved up the black club. It fell. The man sank forward, and Hantskil pulled him aside. Again they waited on each side of the low door.

A second man thrust his head in; once more the club fell. But this man groaned as he died, and some one whispered outside, "Cowhoe, Cowhoe, is all well?"

"All is well," Congese whispered back. "I hurt my hand on a splinter." The third man crawled in, and him also Congese struck where the spine meets the skull. He

died, and Hantskil pulled him away from the door. Six men Congese slew in silence. Then no more came, and in a little while he heard Weha calling softly, "Is it done?"

Congese signed to Hantskil. He came suddenly through the door, pulling her behind him. He burst through a knot of men crouching at the base of the pole, and scattered them. They were heavy with food and drink, and gave way before him. Holding the moon-woman in one arm, Congese looked toward the beaches. But the whole village and the feast fires were between him and his canoes. He turned and fled to the forest, carrying Hantskil.

It was dark in the forest, but Congese ran on until he could no longer hear the clamour of the pursuit or see the flare of the fires. His heart was dark with rage and grief, and he feared the dark forest, where the spirits walked. When he could go no farther, he set Hantskil down and lay beside her. She covered his face with her hands, and her fingers, slender and golden, smoothed his black locks. Soon he slept.

There began days of strange life for Hantskil and Congese — the life of a shadow in the forest, of a fox before dogs, of a crow when the eagle is hungry. Many warriors, many slaves, had Weha, and he was mad with love of the moon-woman. He hunted them, and there was no rest.

Congese grew lean and wild; his eyes were red from lack of sleep, and his hair fell about his shoulders. No longer he wore the deep fringed mantle of a chief or the silver crest upon his forehead; he bound his loins with a fox's skin and his hair with cedar bark. He snared birds for Hantskil, and caught fish that she might eat. But often, so close was the pursuit, they had to run from their half-eaten meal, and the feet of Weha's men scattered the hot ashes of their cooking fires.

For days and days Weha herded them, and always away from the sea. Sometimes, waking from troubled rest, Congese would see the moonlight silvering the tops of the huge cedar forest; and he would think of the moon above the wide sea, and his war canoe sweeping homeward with a sound of wings, and he would groan in his heart. Hantskil grew weak, so that sometimes he must carry her; but she never showed fear, and her face never lost its assured faint smile, like the smile on the faces of the little golden gods.

At last, breaking back desperately towards the sea Congese fell into a trap. Weha's men herded him and Hantskil up a long cleft in the side of a mountain. There was no way out of that valley, and Weha's men camped in the mouth of it, while Congese and Hantskil sat down among the stones to wait. They smiled at each other. They knew an end was near.

Soon a man came and stood at the opening of the cleft in the mountain and called Congese; he had no arms, and he threw white eagle's down into the air as a sign that he came in peace. Congese rose up, gaunt and terrible, and went down the mountain to meet the herald.

"What would you?" he demanded.

The herald said, "Listen to Weha's word. Give up the woman, the golden woman of the sea, to Weha, and you shall go in peace, you and those of your house. And to this let the spirits of the forest bear witness. And if you will not agree, here is one that shall plead with you."

The man thrust forward a young boy, who fell at Congese's feet. Congese smiled terribly, for the boy was his brother, whom he loved more than anything in the world but Hantskil.

Again Congese asked, "What would you?"

His brother answered, weeping, "*Eowa!* If you do not give up the woman into Weha's hands, we shall all be slain. I and your other brothers, and twenty of our men, strong young hunters, are held prisoners in Weha's village. And if you do not give up Hantskil, we shall all be slain. We shall be slain like slaves at the raising of a totem pole, and we are well born men; and there will be no one to catch fish for our wives and our fathers; and our brothers' little children will go cold, with no skins to wrap

them; they will die of hunger and cold, and this will be a great shame to you and a darkness on your name." And he laid his head on Congese's feet and wept. The moon-woman had followed Congese. Something she knew of his tongue. Now, standing behind him, she set her hand on his shoulder. Congese turned, and looked deep into her eyes. And when he had read what was in her eyes he laughed, because he was a chief. Men were afraid of his laughter. He said to the herald, "Go to Weha and tell him that the lives of my people shall not lie in his hand. Bid him come here in the morning, and I will bring him the moon-woman." So the herald took that message; and the night came on the cedar forest, and men were afraid, lying about their fires. But in the valley Congese and Hantskil built no fire.

At dawn Weha and all his men were waiting in the open space at the mouth of the valley. Many warriors were there, tall men, with their faces blackened for war, their crests upon their heads, and their copper shields upon their arms. They sat in a circle about Weha, and their looks were heavy, for something made them smell sorrow. Behind them the thin smokes of the dying fires lifted against the great columns of the cedar forest.

They saw Congese walking toward them in the thin light. He walked like a man drunk, and he carried in his arms the moon-woman. He stepped out among the warriors, and the stillness was not shaken even by a breath. He walked to Weha, and laid the woman at Weha's feet.

And the moon-woman was dead. She lay dead at the feet of Weha, and on her face was a small proud smile.

A sound like the sigh of the wind went about the circle of warriors, for she was a wonder and a beauty to them, a fire in the heart, and a star in the eyes, and they were afraid of the man who had slain her, loving her better than they did. Weha drew his mantle over his face. For a little while no man spoke. Then Congese laughed and said, "Here is the woman, according to my promise. Now I will go, I and mine; for I have kept my word that the ears of the forest heard me speak."

Another moan went about the circle of the chiefs. Weha sprang up, and his hand was on his spear. But it fell away, for he was afraid at the look on Congese's face — the look he had learned from the moon-woman. And Weha bowed his head and said, "You are free to go."

Congese asked, "And this woman?"

Weha cried loudly, "Take her and go, for we cannot bear this thing you have done."

So Congese lifted her again in his gaunt arms, and she lay there, smiling a little, as one who has no fear. And Congese walked across the space, while all men made way for him. He went into the forest, walking toward the sea, and Weha's warriors, as one man, stood up and followed him.

A day and a night, without haste, without rest, Congese strode through the cedar forest, carrying the moon-woman. On the second day he came to Weha's village. Weha's men, who had followed him in silence, called to the houses, but Congese did not hear. He walked through the village, and his men came out of the houses and went with him, but he did not see them. He went down to the sea, no man speaking to him because of their fear. He laid Hantskil in the bottom of his canoe, and launched it outward through the slow surf. He stepped in and took his paddle and drove out to sea. His men launched other canoes and followed him; he did not once look back; and no man spoke.

All day Congese paddled out and out, on a straight line, like a man who knows where he is going and the end of his journey. In the evening, with a young moon stooping toward the sea, those in the canoes behind him saw a dark thing, island or ship or mystery of the gods, drifting in the golden pathway of the moon.

Congese paddled toward it, and they followed at a distance. It was there, the magic ship from which the moon-woman had come, high of bow and stern, more than

ever a wreck, and white with sleeping gulls. It swung slowly upon the tide, as it had been swinging on the tides of all the year, waiting for the moon-woman. They saw again the row of carven gods, smiling upon their flowers, as Hantskil was smiling at the knees of Congese.

Congese went on. When the prow of his canoe touched the side of the junk, he made fast. He stooped over Hantskil and took something from her neck. Then again he lifted her in his arms. He climbed the wreckage slowly, carrying her. He laid her on the deck and covered her with his chief's mantle, which had been in the canoe, Then he returned, and sat in his boat, and the tide moved the junk away from him. Very slowly, very surely, it was drawn out to sea on the pathway of the moon. He watched it, silent, smiling a little, the smile of mastery fit for the lips of a chief. It dwindled toward the limits of his world. The moon sank, the sea was dark, and soon he saw it no more.

Then Congese fell down in the canoe, and for a long while he was as a man who is dead. And his brothers, hushed and wondering, took him into their canoe, and brought him to his home again.

And of the rest of Congese's life I know nothing, nor of the love or grief or fighting that might have been in it.

But Congese's great-great-grandson I know, who is also a chief. He wears a red sweater and rubber boots and he owns a big white painted powerboat, the *One-Dollar* . He is a very modern Indian.

But in the niche of the stubby mast that supports the long trolling rods aboard the *One-Dollar* is a little ivory disk, carved by some artist of a far-off land in a design of cherry branches across a sickle moon.

The ivory is old and soiled now. It is this which Congese took from the body of the moon-woman before he laid her on the deck of the ship from which she came.

And Congese's great-great-grandson says the thing brings good luck when the great king salmon are running beneath the April moon.

NOTES

THE PRISONER

Page 54 **panem de coelo . . . in splendoribus sanctorum**: You offer the bread of heaven to them, alleluia. And with you is the beginning of your virtue everyday in the splendor of holy things.

SERGEANT AFRICA

Page 61 **askaris**: a native soldier especially of eastern Africa in the service of a European power.*

THE CLOSED DOOR

Page 66 **aguariente**: a liquor made from sugar cane common in South and Central America.*
Page 68 **jefe**: chief.

THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD

Page 91 **nigaud**: simpleton.

THE THIRD GENERATION

Page 126 **ouananiche**: a small landlocked salmon.*

THE MEN WHO CLIMBED

Page 135 **fleshpots**: a word signifying luxurous living. See Exodus 16:3.
Page 135 **musquash**: muskrat (of Algonquin origin).*

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* Definition taken from Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

Introduction to Bibliography

The impetus behind this bibliography came from my reading of S.R. MacGillivray's entry on Marjorie Pickthall in the Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature. The Oxford Companion, unlike other general guides to Canadian literature (Michael Gnarowski's A Concise Bibliography of English-Canadian Literature for example), not only lists her collections of poetry, her novels and her one collection of short stories but also points to the existence of a significant number of fugitive short stories. Pickthall, the Oxford Companion states,

> completed over two hundred short stories . . . , many of which were written during the war years in England and submitted to various publications there . . . . A selection of twenty-four stories was published post-humously in London under the misleading title Angel Shoes . . . . (648)

The fact that the Oxford Companion does not provide the source of its information about these "over two hundred" short stories formed my first obstacle. I turned to the major indexes of periodical literature. While The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature has references to forty-three stories, The Periodical Index to Canadian Literature and Pooles Index to Periodical Literature each contain only one reference to a story by Pickthall.

These indexes have proved only minimally helpful for a number of reasons. The time period in which Pickthall published her short stories is, in general, woefully inadequately indexed.[1] Pooles Index stops in 1906, before Pickthall begins publishing in earnest, and The Periodical Index to Canadian Literature only begins in 1938, sixteen years after her death. Although the Readers' Guide covers the time span in which

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[1]The Canadian Index of Humanities Manuscripts is just starting to reach periodicals; its records currently contain no references to Pickthall.

Pickthall wrote, it indexes only fifteen of the fifty-three periodicals that published her stories.[23]

The discovery of Lorne Pierce's documentation of Pickthall's writing appeared, at first, to offset the inadequacies of the indexes.[4] His bibliography lists two hundred and fifteen short story titles and two hundred and sixty-three incidents of their publication. Although it offers limited information about each publication (i.e. the titles of the journals are abbreviated; no volume numbers or page numbers are listed), Pierce's bibliography provided the basic framework for my project. When I began to verify Pierce's entries by comparing them with the references in the indexes, I discovered a number of discrepancies. A number of stories that Pierce indicated were published in periodicals indexed in the Readers' Guide were not listed in the guide. I have since determined that, while six of these appear to be an oversight on the part of the Readers' Guide,[5] the remaining five are the result of inaccurate documentation on Pierce's part.

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[2]The following list of periodicals indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature is cumulative:

Volume 1, (1900-1904): The Canadian Magazine, The Century Magazine, The Delineator, Dial, Harper's Monthly Magazine, Harper's Weekly Magazine, Ladies Home Journal, McClure's Magazine, Women's Home Companion .

Volume 2, (1905-1909): Collier's, The National Weekly, Sunset: The Pacific Monthly .

Volume 3 (1919-1921): The Bellman, Good Housekeeping.

Volume 4 (1922-1924): Atlantic Monthly.

Volume 5 (1925-1928): The Golden Book Magazine.

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[4]Lorne Pierce. Marjorie Pickthall: A Book of Remembrance (Toronto: Ryerson, 1925): 203-14.

[5]The following stories are not mentioned in the Readers' Guide:

"Gipsy's Weather." McClure's Magazine 54 (June, 1922): 22-25.

"The Woman in the Shrine." McClure's Magazine 54 (Dec., 1922): 73-85.

"Interlude." Sunset: The Pacific Monthly (Oct., 1908): 390-94.

"A Good Time." McClure's Magazine 54 (Jan., 1923): 44-47.

"What He Wanted." The Delineator (Jan., 1923): 4.

"The Door on the Past." McClure's Magazine (March, 1923): 86-92.

In total, I have found eighty-nine errors in publication dates, ten errors in story titles, and several instances where Pierce did not realize that Pickthall had published a story under several different titles. The errors in publication dates are not spread evenly among the different periodicals. While Pierce's documentation of the appearance of Pickthall's stories in some periodicals is relatively error free, his documentation of her stories in others is full of errors. For example, of the nine entries for East and West, four are incorrect; the three entries for Pall Mall Magazine are incorrect; of the twenty-two entries for Boy's World, twenty-one are wrong.

A few of Pierce's errors are likely typographical errors. He dates the publication of "The Eye of a Needle" in Harper's Weekly Magazine December, 1920. It is not too difficult, when one looks at the actual publication date, December 20, 1913, to imagine how this error was made. Another example concerns the mistitling of the story "The Green Loco." In an early copy of Pierce's bibliography typed on Ryerson Press letterhead, the word "loco" has been misspelled and several letters have been typed on top of each other.[6] It is quite possible that the illegibility of the word "loco" on the typed copy led to the substitution of the word "love" in the published bibliography. The majority of errors, however, are likely the result of incomplete research.

Dorothy Harlowe's bibliography in her book, A Catalogue of Canadian Manuscripts Collected by Lorne Pierce and Presented to Queen's University, listing one hundred and sixteen of Pickthall's short stories in manuscript, typescript and published form, has helped to fill in the gaps in Pierce's bibliography. She lists one story title and four incidents of publication not in Pierce's bibliography, provides volume numbers and page numbers for many stories listed by Pierce, and gives information enabling me to correct two of Pierce's errors. However, in seventeen cases Harlowe makes the same errors in publication dates that Pierce does. In other instances

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[6] File 11, Box 67, Lorne Pierce Collections, Queen's University Archives.

she gives the date when Pickthall sold the story to a magazine, rather than the date when the story was published. The most vexing aspect of this bibliography, however, is that even though it ostensibly lists the holdings of the Lorne Pierce Collection at Queen's University Archives, it contains sixty-seven references to publications of Pickthall's stories, copies of which are not in the collection at Queen's. For example, the collection has a typescript copy of the story, "The Abiding City," but the collection does not have any copies of the periodicals in which it was published; Harlowe, however, by listing two incidents of the story's publication--"Pan, Oct., 1921, . . . Red Book, July, 1922"--implies that the Lorne Pierce Collection contains proof of these publications.

Conversely, the collection at Queen's contains ninety-nine publications of Pickthall's stories that are not mentioned in Harlowe's bibliography. The Finding Guide, the collection's list of the Pickthall holdings, has been a useful reference. The only problems that I have encountered in using the Finding Guide occur with the references made to periodicals that do not print the date of publication on the top of each page. The dates in the Finding Guide for stories published in Pearson's Magazine, The Windsor Magazine and The Royal Magazine appear to be taken from the dates written in pencil on the copies of the stories in the collection. From the numerous descrepancies between Pierce's and the Finding Guide's dates of publication for these stories, one may assume that Pierce did not write the dates on these copies. From the correspondence between these dates and those in a bibliography by Arthur Pickthall, Marjorie's father, it is possible that the writing is his.[7]

In spite of the amount of information I have gained from accessing archival holdings, the preferred manner of verifying the publication dates is, of course, inspection of the bound volumes or microfilm copies of the periodicals themselves.

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[7]File 33, Box 4, Lorne Pierce Collection, Queen's University Archives.

Very few of the periodicals Pickthall published in have been indexed, The Strand Magazine, Pall Mall Magazine (1893-1912), and MacLean's Magazine being the exceptions. Searching for stories in a number of the periodicals is made more difficult by the fact that they do not have a table of contents for each issue or volume. Interlibrary loans has been immensely helpful in obtaining copies of stories in periodicals not in the University of Alberta libraries. A number of periodicals, and certain issues of certain periodicals, however, are not available in North America.

Often, in response to my interlibrary loan requests for a copy of a story, I would receive from the library holding a copy of the periodical a statement that the story was not in the periodical as indicated. This information, while indicating the error in Pierce's or Harlowe's reference, did not provide me with the correct date of publication. In an attempt to get around this problem I ordered copies of the tables of contents of several periodicals for the years in which they published Pickthall's stories. Although this method provided me with several new references, "Wilderness Gold" published in McClure's Magazine for example, it did not prove to be an effective method of verifying publication dates. Most of these requests turned up only a random sampling of tables of contents. Where all the volumes were available, the costs were too high.

With the rising interest in the writings of Marjorie Pickthall, I hope that this bibliography, by clearing up the errors in the documentation of her short stories, will make her writing more easily accessible.

The following bibliography has been divided into four sections. Section one lists the incidents of publication that I have verified by actual inspection of a copy of the story, either by accessing a copy of the periodical or by obtaining a copy of the story through interlibrary loans. Section two contains those incidents of publication that I

have verified through bibliographical citations. I have separated these two classifications because, although it is small, there is a possibility that the bibliographies I have used as my sources might contain erroneous entries.

Section three lists those entries that I have been unable to verify. Some of these entries have proved problematic simply because I have been unable to access certain periodicals. Interlibrary loans has informed me that these journals are not in the holdings of any North American Library. Some entries appear in this section because of errors in the references I am using as sources; the stories are not in the periodicals as the bibliographies indicate. In some instances, where I have access to the periodical, I have been able to note that the story does not appear in any volume of the periodical; however, where I have relied on interlibrary loans, I am able only to note that the story does not appear in the specific volume cited in my source.

Section four lists the manuscripts of those stories that have, to my knowledge, never been published.

The following are sample entries taken from section one of my bibliography:

"Larrabie's Tree." The Strand Magazine 58 (Nov., 1919): 415-22.
[Pierce; Index to the Strand Magazine]
Note: Pierce has Sept., 1919 as the date of publication.
[See section #2, 1922, "Stronger than the Law," for reprint information]

"When a Man's Down." Nash's Illustrated Weekly (Nov. 29, 1919): 8-9. [Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1919 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in Collier's, The National Weekly 73 (April 5, 1924): 10-11, 33.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

The first one or two lines of the entry are standard bibliographical citations. The next line, contained in square brackets, indicates which other bibliographies contain a reference to this story's publication (the table on the following pages provides

information about these abbreviations). The line in italics indicates specific errors in the bibliographies I have used as sources. Following this, as indicated in the second of the two examples, is a reference to reprints of the story. Following the line in italics in the first example, is a cross-reference to another section of the bibliography that contains information about the reprinting of the story. The last line of the second example indicates which library holds the original manuscript or typescript of the story.

A large number of the entries in section three of the bibliography contain the following note: "*The above publication date is wrong.* " This statement indicates that interlibrary loans was unable to locate the story using the reference information I gave them. The story is not published in the place that my sources indicate. I am not sure if interlibrary loans searches the volumes before and after the date I provide, should that date prove erronous. Therefore, there is a possibility that the story might be found under another date. Some entries in section three contain the above note with the additional remark, "*Unable to locate the story in the periodical.* " This indicates that I have had access to the periodical, and that after a complete search of the issues that lie three or four years on either side of the erronous publication date, I have been unable to find the story. It is, I conclude, highly unlikely that these stories appear in the periodical at all.

TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Behold the Star	Society of Brothers, eds. Behold the Star: A Christmas Anthology. New York: Plough, 1967.
A Book of Canadian Stories	Pacey, Desmond, ed. A Book of Canadian Stories. Toronto: Ryerson, 1947.
The Brave and the Fair	Ferris, Helen, ed. The Brave and the Fair: Stories of Courage and Romance. N.p.: Winston, 1960.
Canadian Short Stories	Knister, Raymond, ed. Canadian Short Stories. Toronto: Macmillan, 1928.
Cavalcade of the North	Nelson, George Edmondson, ed. Cavalcade of the North. New York: Doubleday, 1958.
Golden Tales of Canada	Becker, M.L., ed. Golden Tales of Canada. 1938. Freeport, N.Y.: Books for Libraries, 1972.
Harlowe	Harlowe, Dorothy, ed. A Catalogue of Canadian Manuscripts Collected by Lorne Pierce and Presented to Queen's University. Toronto: Ryerson, 1946.
O'Brien	O'Brien, Edward J., ed. Best Short Stories of 1914, 15, . . . 24. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. [Bibliography in each volume]
Pall Mall Index	Pall Mall Magazine Index: 1893-1912. London: Routledge, n.d.
Pierce	Pierce, Lorne. Marjorie Pickthall: A Book of Remembrance. Toronto: Ryerson, 1925. [Bibliography, pp. 203-14]
Pooles	Poole, William Frederick, ed. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
Read With Me	Costain, Thomas, ed. Read With Me. New York: Doubleday, 1965.
Readers' Guide	Guthrie, Anna Lorraine, ed. Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Minneapolis: The H.W. Wilson Co.
Short Stories	Schweikert, Harry Christian, ed. Short Stories. New York: Harcourt, 1925.

Short Story Index	Cook, Dorothy E., and Isabel S. Monroe, eds. Short Story Index. New York: H.W. Wilson, 1953.
Short Story Magic	Swayze, Beulah, ed. Short Story Magic. Toronto: Ryerson, 1955.
Sporting Spirit	Gray, Charles Wright, ed. Sporting Spirit: An Anthology. New York: Holt, 1925.
Strand Magazine Index	Beare, Geraldine ed. Index to the Strand Magazine 1891-1950. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood, 1982.

LIBRARIES

Acadia U Lib.	Acadia University Archives Acadia University Woolfville, Nova Scotia
Victoria U	Victoria University Library University of Toronto Toronto, Ontario
N. York Public Lib.	North York Public Library Canadiana Collection Toronto, Ontario
Queen's	Lorne Pierce Collection Queen's University Archives Queen's University Kingston, Ontario

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SHORT STORIES
SECTION ONE

1903

"The Conversion of Punniappare." East and West 1 (Feb. 23, 1903): 37-43.
Note: Awarded first prize in East and West story competition.

"MacGillicuddy of the Mowhawks." East and West 1 (Mar. 21, 1903): 91.

"The Little Wind God." East and West 1 (Apr. 18, 1903): 125.

"The Greater Gift." East and West 1 (July 4, 1903): 210-11.

"A-wah-lah of the Innuit." East and West 1 (Aug. 15, 1903): 258-59.

"At the Shrine of St. Anne: A Story of French Canada." East and West 1 (Oct. 17, 1903): 333-34.

"The Winning of the North Star." East and West 1 (Dec. 12, 1903): 1, 2.

1904

"In Paths Unknown: A Story of the Northern Woods." Short Stories (June, 1904): 257-68.
[Pierce]
Note: Awarded second prize in Short Stories' competition.

"Hope's Crossing." East and West 2 (Oct. 29, 1904): 346-47.

1905

"The Road to Fortune's Gap." East and West 3 (Feb. 25, 1905): 58-59.

"The Sea's Child." Toronto Globe (Apr. 22, 1905): 10.
[Pierce]

"The Kindred Soul: A Summer Tale." Short Stories (June, 1905): 291-304.
[Pierce]

"Carl, the Careless." The King's Own (June 3, 1905): 85-86.
[Pierce]

"Yamada's Choice." The King's Own (Aug. 5, 1905): 122.
[Pierce]

"Coals of Fire." East and West 3 (Sept. 16, 1905): 291.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has July, 1905 as date of publication.

"The Fairy Horn." Toronto Globe (Sept. 2, 1905): 10.
[Pierce]

1906

"Little Miss Moccasins." East and West 4 (Jan. 13, 1906): 1-2.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has July, 1905 as date of publication.

"On Ile de Paradis." The Canadian Magazine 26 (Mar., 1906): 417-21.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]

"On the Shinlac Shoal." Westminster (June, 1906): 362-66.
[Pierce]

"Den's Dominion Day." Boy's World 5 (June 23, 1906): 3.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has March, 1906 as date of publication.

"The White Kayoshk." Boy's World 5 (July 21, 1906): 1, 7.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has March, 1906 as date of publication.
[Manuscript at Queen's]

"The Roots of Atete." East and West 4 (Apr. 7, 1906): 106-07.
[Pierce]

"The Opeonga: A Story of the Great Lakes." Canadian Life and Resources (Mar., 1906): 23-24.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has May, 1906 as date of publication.

"The Way to the Yellow Horse." Boy's World 5 (Sept. 8, 1906): 1-2.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has May, 1906 as date of publication, and "The Way of the Yellow Horse" as the title.
Reprinted in East and West (Mar. 2, 1907): 66-68.
[Pierce]

"The Belle Aurore: A Story of the Great Lakes." Temple Bar 134 (Sept., 1906): 261-69.
[Pierce; Pooles]

"Anderl: The Story of an Alien." Short Stories 64 (Oct., 1906): 82-86.
[Pierce]

"The Miracle Flowers." The Canadian Courier 1 (Dec., 1906): 18-19.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in Canadian Home Journal (Jan., 1925): 20-21.

"The Coming of the Christ-Kind." The Canadian Courier 1 (Dec. 22, 1906): 20-21.

"The House of the Acacias." Toronto Globe (Dec. 29, 1906): 12.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1907 as date of publication.

1907

"Lost Trail: A Tale of the Northern Woods." Short Stories 66 (Apr., 1907): 58-64.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in The Canadian Courier (Nov. 9, 1907): 20-21.
[Pierce]

"The Engineer in Charge." Boy's World 6 (May 4, 1907): 1-2.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Nov., 1906 as date of publication.

"The Day of Victory." Boy's World 6 (May 18, 1907): 1.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Nov., 1906 as date of publication.

"Snaring of the Sun and the Making of the Land World." Toronto Globe (May 11, 1907): 12.
[Pierce]

"His Home." The Canadian Courier 1 (May 11, 1907): 20-21.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has June, 1907 as date of publication.

"All Together." Boy's World 6 (June 22, 1907): 1, 8.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Nov., 1906 as date of publication.

"The Green Canoe." Toronto Globe (June 22, 1907): 12.
[Pierce]

"The Inevitable Hour." Short Stories 67 (July, 1907): 121-24.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Canadian Courier 2 (July, 1907): 16-17.
[Pierce]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Night Watch." East and West 5 (Sept. 14, 1907): 1-2.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has June, 1907 as date of publication.
[See section #3, 1908 for reprint information]

"Senior Bill and Seganus." Short Stories 68 (Oct., 1907): 108-14.
[Pierce]

"The Sea Monsters: An Ancient Legend." Toronto Globe (Oct. 19, 1907): 12.

"A Hyacinth Day." Toronto Globe (Dec. 21, 1907): 12.

1908

"La Tristesse: A Story of French Canada." Atlantic Monthly 101 (Jan., 1908): 87-91.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Manuscript and Typescript at Queen's]

"The Tea-Leaf Lady." Toronto Globe (Feb. 22, 1908): 12.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has March, 1908 as the date of publication.

"Bility Bent." Boy's World (Apr. 4, 1908): 1, 8.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Feb., 1908 as date of publication.

"The Soul of the Child." The Canadian Courier 2 (Apr. 10, 1908): 16.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Evening Primroses." Toronto Globe (Apr. 14, 1908): 12.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has May, 1908 as the publication date.

"Fiddle." The Canadian Courier 3 (May 30, 1908): 13-14.
[Pierce]

"The Cornstalk." Boy's World 7 (June 20, 1908): 3.
[Pierce]

"The House of Many Memories." Toronto Globe (July 4, 1908): 12.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Aug., 1908 as the date of publication.

"The Voice and the Shadow: A Study of Fair Rosamond in New France."
The Canadian Courier 4 (July 25, 1908): 17.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has "The Voice of the Shadow" as the title of the story.

"The City of Dreams." Toronto Globe (Aug. 15, 1908): 12.
[Pierce]

"The Lodge on the Hillside." East and West 6 (Aug., 1908): 275.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has as July, 1908 the date of publication.

"Interlude." Pacific Magazine (Oct., 1908): 390-94.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in The Canadian Courier 5 (Jan., 1909): 15, 21, 22.
[Pierce]

"'In the *Shada's* Hold.' A Story of the Great Lakes." East and West 6 (Oct. 17, 1908): 333-34.
[Pierce]

"The Prehistoric Man." Toronto Globe (Nov. 7, 1908): 3.
[Pierce]

"The Solitude." Toronto Globe (Dec. 19, 1908): 3.
[Pierce]

"That Poet of Picaud's." Toronto Globe (Christmas Issue, Dec., 1908): 28-30.
[Pierce]

1909

"The Triumph of Roger." Young Peoples' Weekly 23 (Jan. 9, 1909): 1.

"Lisette to the Rescue." Girl's Companion 8 (Jan. 23, 1909): 1-2.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has July, 1908 as the date of publication, and "Pic's Lisette" as the title of the story.

"Masemba." East and West 7 (Jan. 16, 1909): 18-19.
[Pierce]

"The Hut on Arrowhead." Boy's World 8 (Jan. 30, 1909): 4.

"Rodahver." The Canadian Courier 5 (Feb., 1909): 14, 20.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in The Metropolitan Magazine 39 (Feb., 1909): 560-63.
[Pierce]

"Virginia's Ride." Young People's Weekly 23 (Feb. 13, 1909): 1.
[See section #3, 1908 for reprint information]

"His Second Chance." Boy's World 8 (Mar. 13, 1909): 1, 5.

"The Coming of the Keego." Girl's Companion 8 (March 27, 1909): 1-2.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Oct., 1908 as the date of publication.

"The White Moose." The King's Own (Sept. 4, 1909): 142.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has July, 1909 as the date of publication.

"The Awakening: The Story of a Dream Come True." The Home Journal (July, 1909): 19.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has title of periodical listed as Canadian Home Journal .
Reprinted in Canadian Home Journal 20 (Apr., 1924): 3-4.

"In the Old McGarry." Boy's World 8 (Aug. 14, 1909): 1, 6.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has July 1908 as the date of publication.

"The Lost Orchard." The Canadian Magazine 33 (Aug., 1909): 348-50.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
[Manuscript at Acadia U Lib.]

"The Nick of Time." Boy's World 8 (Oct. 9, 1909): 1, 5.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Aug., 1908 as the date of publication.

"Partner: A Story of Thanksgiving." Boy's World 8 (Nov. 20, 1909): 1, 6.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Sept., 1909 as the date of publication.

"The Church in the Wilderness." Cassell's Family Magazine (Dec., 1909): 252-56.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Canadian Courier 7 (Dec. 18, 1909): 14-15.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Worker in Sandal-Wood." Atlantic Monthly 104 (Dec., 1909): 786-89.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
Reprinted as "The Worker in Sandalwood" in A Book of Canadian Short Stories, Short Story Magic, in Cavalcade of the North, in Read With Me, and in Behold the Star.
[See section #2, 1938 and section #3, 1920 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Strangers." Toronto Globe (Dec. 25, 1909): 4.
[Pierce]

1910

"A New Year's Gift." Boy's World 4 (Jan. 1, 1910): 3.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Sept., 1909 as the date of publication.

"Rod's Valentine." Boy's World 4 (Feb. 12, 1910): 1, 6.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1910 as the date of publication.

"Blizzardy Bill." The Youth's Companion 84 (Mar. 31, 1910): 167-68.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has March, 1909 as the date of publication and "Bizzard Bill" as the title of the story.

"The Little Brother of Pedro." The Youth's Companion 84 (Nov. 17, 1910): 641.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Feb., 1910 as the date of publication.

"Left Behind." The Delineator 75 (June, 1910): 526.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]

"Noblesse Oblige." The Youth's Companion (Aug. 25, 1910): 438-39.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Oct., 1909 as the date of publication.

"O-Jii-San." Sunset: The Pacific Monthly 25 (Aug., 1910): 139-42.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Black Orchid." McClure's Magazine 35 (Sept., 1910): 567-69.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]

"The Twa Macs." The Canadian Magazine 36 (Dec., 1910): 99-105.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Pierce has "The Twa Mac's" as the title of the story.
[Manuscript at N. York Public Lib.]

1912

"Blanchisseuse Dorée." The Canadian Magazine 40 (Dec., 1912): 193-96.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

1913

"Mannering's Men." The Century Magazine 86 (July, 1913): 427-29.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[See section #3, 1922 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Luck." Pall Mall Magazine 52 (Sept., 1913): 301-09.
[Pierce; Pall Mall Index]
Reprinted in The Century Magazine 104 (June, 1922): 186-94.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Pierce has Oct., 1913 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes and in Golden Tales of Canada.

"The Eye of a Needle." Harper's Weekly Magazine 58 (Dec. 20, 1913): 19, 21.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Pierce has Dec., 1920 as the date of publication

1914

"Friends." The Century Magazine 87 (March, 1914): 754-59.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Cheap." Harper's Monthly Magazine 128 (May, 1914): 848-52.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in The Golden Book Magazine 5 (May, 1927): 634-38.
[Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Bog-Wood Box." Graphic (Christmas, Dec., 1914).
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has March 31, 1913 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"He that Cometh After." Harper's Monthly Magazine 130 (Dec., 1914): 123-27.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Harlowe has Dec. 1917 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

1915

"A Total Loss." The Sketch (Dec. 22, 1915): 268-70.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1916 as the date of publication.

"Stories." The Bellman 18 (June 12, 1915): 743-45.
Note: Pierce has July, 1915 as the date of publication.
[See section #2, 1916 for reprint information]

1916

"The Weathercock." The Sketch (Nov. 1, 1916): 106, 108.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in Toronto Saturday Night (Jan. 6, 1917): 21.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Feb., 1917 as the date of publication.
[See section #3, 1917 for reprint information]

"The Feather." The Queen: The Lady's Newspaper (Nov.18, 1916): 718-19.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1917 as the date of publication.

1917

"The King's House." The Sketch (Feb. 7, 1917): 130, 132.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has March, 1917 as the date of publication.

"The Distant Drums." The London Magazine (Mar., 1917): 95-101.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has "The Fighting Man" as the title of the story.
Reprinted in The Canadian Magazine 69 (Feb., 1928): 10-11.
[Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Flower of Silence." Toronto Saturday Night (Mar. 3, 1917).
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Both Pierce and Harlowe have May, 1917 as the date of publication.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Inheritance." The Windsor Magazine 47 (1917-18): 191-95.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

1918

"The Forgiver." The Bellman 24 (Jan. 5, 1918): 17-19.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Sporting Race." Chums 26 (Aug. 31, 1918): 609-11.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Sept., 1918 as the date of publication.

"The Third Generation." The Bellman 25 (Dec.14, 1918): 659-62.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Little Things." The Windsor Magazine 48 (1918): 205-10.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Girl on the Other side." The Windsor Magazine 48 (1918): 251-56.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in Toronto Saturday Night (Sept., 1923).
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Stove." The Windsor Magazine 49 (1918-19): 285-92.
[Pierce, Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Red Book Magazine 39 (May, 1922): 68-70, 116- 17.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes and in Short Stories.
Reprinted as "The Hungry Stove" in The Brave and the Fair.
[Typescript at Queen's]

1919

"The Men Who Climbed." The Strand Magazine 57 (Jan., 1919): 15-21.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in The Red Book Magazine 40 (June 1922): 46-48, 137-38.
[Pierce]
Reprinted in The New Outlook (June 24, 1925): 15-16.
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes, in Sporting Spirit, and in Canadian Short Stories.
[Typescript at Victoria U]

"Two Ways." The Royal Magazine (Apr., 1919): 449-54.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Delineator 103 (Aug., 1923): 5, 69, 70.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Seventh Dream." The London Magazine 43 (May 3, 1919): 301-08.
[Harlowe]
[See section #2, 1919 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Smoking Flax." John O'London's Weekly (May 17, 1919): 169-71.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has June, 1919 as the date of publication.
[See section #3, 1919 for reprint information]

"Larrabie's Tree." The Strand Magazine 58 (Nov., 1919): 415-22.
[Pierce; Strand Magazine Index]
Note: Pierce has Sept., 1919 as the date of publication.
[See section #2, 1922, "Stronger than the Law," for reprint information]

"When a Man's Down." Nash's Illustrated Weekly (Nov. 29, 1919): 8-9.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1919 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in Collier's, The National Weekly 73 (Apr. 5, 1924): 10-11, 33.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The House that Jack Built." The Sphere (Dec. 27, 1919): 312, iv.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Both Pierce and Harlowe have April, 1920 as the date of publication.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Freedom." The Windsor Magazine 50 (1919): 37-43.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has June, 1918 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in The Red Book Magazine 40 (April, 1923): 77-80, 104-05.
[Pierce; O'Brien]

"Proof." The Windsor Magazine 50 (1919): 149-54.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Oct., 1918 as the date of publication.
[See section #2, 1922 for reprint information]

"Sergeant Africa." The Windsor Magazine 50 (1919): 204-10.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Red Book Magazine 52 (March, 1924): 72-4, 155, 156.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
Note: Pierce has "Serjeant Africa" as the title of the story.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Last Thing Left." The Windsor Magazine 50 (1919): 303-10.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Harlowe has Sept., 1918 as the date of publication.
[Manuscript at Queen's]

"The Link." The Windsor Magazine 51 (1919-20): 46-52.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Dead Loss." The Windsor Magazine 51 (1919-20): 103-10.
[Pierce]

"Leaving Vereker." The Windsor Magazine 51 (1919-20): 301-06.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #2, 1924, "Leaving Verrall" for reprint information]

"Why?" The Windsor Magazine 51 (1919-20): 384-90.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #3, 1919 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Anything in the World." The Windsor Magazine 51 (1919-20): 519-26.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Red Book Magazine 41 (Sept., 1923): 48-50, 124, 126.
[Pierce; O'Brien]
[Typescript at Queen's]

1920

"Fancy Dress." The Strand Magazine 59 (Mar., 1920): 274-79.
[Pierce; Strand Magazine Index]
Note: Pierce has Feb., 1920 as the date of publication.

"The Name." Sunset: The Pacific Monthly 44 (Mar., 1920): 33-34, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted as "A Life that came to Flower." The Strand Magazine 60 (Sept., 1920): 203-09.
[Pierce; Strand Magazine Index]
Note: Both Pierce and Harlowe have Oct., 1920 as the date of publication.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Without the Light." Good Housekeeping 70 (Mar., 1920): 33-35.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Boy in the Corner." Woman's Home Companion 47 (May, 1920): 17-19.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Both Pierce and Harlowe have May, 1919 as the date of publication.
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
Reprinted in The Grand Magazine (Nov., 1921): 211-13.
[Pierce]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Aftermath." Canadian Home Journal (May, 1920): 6, 7, 40, 76.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has June, 1920 as the date of publication.

"Sharing His Luck." The Blue Magazine (Sept., 1920): 3-9.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Ash - Grove." The Illustrated London News (Dec., 1920): 26-31.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has Jan., 1921 as the date of publication and the "Ash Grove" as the title of the story.
Reprinted in McClure's Magazine (Dec. 15, 1925): 9.
[O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Civilisation." The Windsor Magazine 52 (1920): 358-64.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has "Civilization" as the title of the story.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"P.S." The Windsor Magazine 52 (1920): 486-91.
[Pierce]
[See section #3, 1920 for reprint information]

"Mystery." The Windsor Magazine 53 (1920-21): 77-82.
[Pierce]
Reprinted as "The Thing That Endured," The Red Book Magazine (June, 1924): 98-102.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Dead Matches." The Windsor Magazine 53 (1920-21): 366-72.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted as"Matches." The Delineator 101 (Nov., 1922): 10-11.
[Pierce; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
Note: Pierce has "Matches" and "Dead Matches" as two different stories.
[Typescript at Queen's]

1921

"Beautiful Things." The Royal Magazine (Jan., 1921): 467-73.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has "The Basswood Bough" as the title of the story.
Reprinted as "The Basswood Bough." Collier's, The National Weekly 72 (Sept. 29, 1923): 5-6, 24-5.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Hit." The London Magazine (June, 1921): 319-30.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Green Loco." The Delineator 98 (July, 1921): 9, 46, 53.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Pierce has "The Green Love" as the title of the story.

"A Great Temptation." The London Magazine 47 (Sept., 1921): 16-24.
[Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Abiding City." Pan--The Fiction Magazine (Sept., 1921): 31-36.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Both Pierce and Harlowe have Oct., 1921 as the date of publication.
Reprinted in The Red Book Magazine 39 (July, 1922), 46-48, 119- 20.
[Pierce]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Black Hand." The Century Magazine 102 (Oct., 1921): 803-12.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Reprinted in The Windsor Magazine 55 (1921-22): 514-22.
[Pierce]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Man They Pitied." The Century Magazine 103 (Nov., 1921): 10-19.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #3, 1922 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's and at Victoria U]

"The Pebble." MacLean's 34 (Nov. 1, 1921): 9-10, 47.
[Pierce]

"The Mirage." The Windsor Magazine 54 (1921): 68-74.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
Reprinted in The Delineator 104 (May, 1924): 7, 77-79.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
Note: Readers' Guide has "7, 68-74" as the page numbers.
[Typescript at Queen's]

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has Nov., 1920 as the date of publication.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Pursuer." The Windsor Magazine 54 (1921): 323-28.
[Pierce]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Message." The Windsor Magazine 55 (1921-22): 67-72.
[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has Dec.,1920 as the date of publication.
[Typescript at Queen's]

1922

"The Blossoming." McClure's Magazine 55 (Feb., 1922): 99-103.
[Pierce; O'Brien]

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[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

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[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
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[See section #3, 1918 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Chinaman's House." People's Home Journal 37 (Mar., 1922).
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #3, 1923 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Swordsmith." The Delineator 100 (Mar., 1922): 11-12, 78.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
Note: Pierce has "The Swordsmith" as the title of the story.
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Fighters." The Red Book Magazine 38 (Apr., 1922): 68-70, 164-6.
[Pierce]
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Faith." The Delineator 100 (May, 1922): 17-18, 93-96.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
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[Pierce]
Note: Pierce has April, 1923 as date of publication.
[Typescript at Queen's]

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #3, 1921, "Gypsy's Weather" for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Earthquake." The Red Book Magazine (Aug., 1922): 89-91, 106.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Angels' Shoes." McClure's Magazine 54 (Aug., 1922): 15-16, 127.
[Pierce]
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Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.

"The Fisher of the Moon." The Century Magazine 104 (Oct., 1922): 803-10.
[Pierce; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Closed Door." McClure's Magazine 54 (Oct., 1922): 84-88.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Rankin's Table." The Red Book Magazine 39 (Oct., 1922): 66-8, 112-13.
[Pierce; O'Brien]
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[See section #3, 1920 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

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[Pierce; O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1922 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

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[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
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[Typescript at Queen's]

1923

"What He Wanted." The Delineator 102 (Jan., 1923): 4-5, 72, 73.
[Pierce; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
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[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]

"The Door on the Past." McClure's Magazine (Mar., 1923): 86-92.
[Pierce; O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1921, "The Door of the Past" for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"A Complete Education." Canadian Home Journal (Apr., 1923): 3-4.

1924

"The Avenger." People's Home Journal (Mar., 1924).
[Pierce; Harlowe]
[See section #3, 1922, "The Clearing" for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Heart of Pity." The Red Book Magazine 52 (Apr., 1924): 87-89, 96, 98, 100.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1919 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"A Home to Let." The Red Book Magazine (May, 1924): 90-92, 108, 110.
[Harlowe; O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1919 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"A Man Will Fight for His Own." Collier's, The National Weekly 74 (July 19, 1924): 12, 31-32.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]

"A Stranger in Delora." The Red Book Magazine (July, 1924): 98-101.
[O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1920 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"Coward's Courage." Collier's, The National Weekly 74 (Aug. 16, 1924): 10-11, 26.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]

"The Water Bottle." The Red Book Magazine (Sept., 1924): 78.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien]
[Typescript at Queen's]

1925

"Thirty Below." Blue Book (Mar., 1925): 135-40.
[O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1917 for reprint information]

"Pulse of Life." Woman's Home Companion 52 (Mar., 1925): 7-8.
[O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[Typescript at Queen's]

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1916

"Stories." Illustrated Sunday Magazine (May 28, 1916).
[O'Brien]
[See section #1, 1915 for reprint information]
Reprinted in Angels' Shoes.
[Typescript at Queen's]

1919

"The Seventh Dream." Ladies' Home Journal 36 (Aug., 1919), 12-13.
[Pierce; Harlowe; Readers' Guide]
Note: Both Pierce and Harlow have April 1919 as the date of publication.
[See section #1, 1919 for reprint information]

1920

"Without the Light." Good Housekeeping 70 (Mar., 1920): 33-35.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
[See section #3, 1921 for reprint information]

1922

"Stronger than the Law." Collier's, The National Weekly 70 (Sept. 9, 1922): 9-10.
[Pierce; Readers' Guide]
[See section #1, 1919, "Larrabie's Tree" for reprint information]

"Proof." Collier's, The National Weekly 70 (Dec. 16, 1922): 5-6.
[Pierce; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[See section #1, 1919 for reprint information]

1923

"A Good Time." McClure's Magazine 54 (Jan., 1923): 44-47.
[Pierce; O'Brien]
[See section #3, 1920 for reprint information]
[Typescript at Queen's]

"The Sleeping Faun." Collier's, The National Weekly 71 (Feb. 10, 1923): 7-8.
[Pierce; Harlowe; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
[See section #3, 1914 for reprint information]
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[Typescript at Queen's]

1924

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[Pierce; O'Brien; Readers' Guide]
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[See section #1, 1919, "Leaving Vereker" for reprint information]
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1938

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[Short Story Index]
[See section #1, 1909, and section #3, 1920 for reprint information]

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1898

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Note: Unable to locate story in periodical.

1906

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[Pierce]
Note: Library unable to locate copy of periodical.

"Gloria Mundy." The King's Own (Apr., 1906).
[Pierce]
Note: Library unable to obtain a copy of periodical.

"The League-long Furrow." Canadian Life (Nov., 1906).
[Pierce]
Note: The above publication date is wrong.

1907

"The Elm Tree." Toronto Globe (Mar., 1907).
[Pierce]
Note: The above publication date is wrong. Unable to locate in periodical.

"Our Lady of Humility." Canadian Life (Mar., 1907).
[Pierce]
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"The Sea Monsters." Toronto Globe (Nov., 1907).
[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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1908

"The Night Watch." Philadelphia and Pittsburg (Jan., 1908).
[Pierce]
Note: Library unable to locate copy of periodical.
[See section #1, 1907 for reprint information]

"The Uncle-Boy." Young People's Weekly (July, 1908).
[Pierce]
Note: Library unable to locate copy of periodical.

"A Little Knowledge." Boy's World (Aug., 1908).
[Pierce]
Note: The above publication date is wrong.

"Virginia's Ride." Girl's Companion (Nov., 1908).
[Pierce]
Note: the above publication date is wrong. Unable to locate in periodical.
Reprinted in East and West 5 (date?), 67.
Note: Copy of story at Queen's, but no date of publication printed on copy.
[See section #1, 1909 for reprint information]

1909

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[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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"The Story of a Heart." Home Journal (Dec., 1909).
[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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"Colly." Boy's World (Dec., 1909).
[Pierce]
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"On the Edge of the Storm." Boy's World (Dec., 1909).
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1910

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[Pierce]
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1913

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[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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1914

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[See section #2, 1923 for reprint information]

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[Pierce]
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1917

"The Weathercock." The Illustrated London News (Jan., 1917).
[Pierce]
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[See section #1, 1916 for reprint information]

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Note: Pierce has "A Blank Wall" as the title of the story.
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[Pierce]
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[See section #1, 1925 for reprint information]

"Rose in the fire." Novel Magazine (Dec., 1917).
[Pierce]
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"The Little Grocer." The Royal Magazine (Dec., 1917): 128-32.
[Pierce; Harlowe]
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1918

"Will-in-the-Way." The Sketch (Feb., 1918).
[Pierce]
Note: The above publication date is wrong.
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[Pierce]
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"The White Man." The Royal Magazine (Mar., 1918).
[Pierce]
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[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: The above publication date is wrong. Queen's has a copy of the printed story but without a date printed on it.
[Typescript at Queen's]

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[Pierce, Harlowe]
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1919

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[Pierce]
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[Pierce]
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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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1920

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[See section #1, 1924 for reprint information]

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[See section #1, 1920 for reprint information]

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[See section #1, 1909 for reprint information]
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1921

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
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[See section #1, 1921 for reprint information]

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[Pierce; Harlowe]
Note: Pierce has "Gipsy's Weather" as the title of the story.
Note: Harlowe has March, 1922 as the date of publication. Library unable to locate copy of periodical.
[See bib #1, 1922, "Gipsey's Weather" for reprint information]

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[See section #1, 1922 for reprint information]

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[See section #2, 1920 for reprint information]

1922

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[Harlowe]
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[See section #1, 1913 for reprint information]

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[Pierce; O'Brien]
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1923

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